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Schleiermacher

SCHLEIERMACHER

Published by Smith, Elder & Co 65 Cornhill 1859

THE LIFE

OF

SCHLEIERMACHER,

AS UNFOLDED IN

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY FREDERICA ROWAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

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PREFACE.

A WISH has frequently been expressed that Schleiermacher's surviving relatives would give publicity to a selection, at least, of the numerous letters of the deceased left in their possession. Various reasons have hitherto prevented their complying with this wish.

Schleiermacher has written but few letters in which scientific and public matters are treated of—and these are not in the possession of his family—yet it is such in particular that have an interest for the general public. However, during the earlier part of his life, while he stood alone in the world, it was a constant necessity of his heart to pour itself out fully and freely, in confidential communication with friends, on all subjects which stirred his inward life. This necessity is frequently alluded to in his letters. Thus, under date 15th February, 1799, he says: "I stretch forth all my roots and leaves in search of affection; it is necessary for me to feel myself in immediate contact with it, and when I am unable to drink in full draughts of it, I at once dry up and wither. Such is my nature, there is no remedy for it; and if there were I should not wish to employ it." The intimate bonds of friendship

entered into under the influence of this feeling were more frequently formed with women than with men. In reference to this he writes to his sister in a letter of 23rd March, 1799, that this tendency also is deeply rooted in his nature, because there is much in hi soul that most men cannot understand; at the same time, allusions and references to public life and to science are by no means wanting in the letters, but are, on the contrary, constantly occurring; for, from early youth Schleiermacher was strongly moved by public events, and it was ever his endeavour not to isolate himself, but to live in and for the community; and of him it may with truth be said, that his scientific life, and his personal life, his theory and practice, were always tending towards perfect harmony.

But that which has been spoken so freely from the heart, and which in many cases has reference to the most delicate relations of his inner life, is for this very reason so sacred in the eyes of those who stood nearest to the deceased, and who were bound to him by the closest ties of affection, that it was not without great reluctance that they could resolve to deliver up these intimate communings to strangers, who cannot be expected to regard them with the same feelings of reverence and love. To this were added considerations connected with the peculiarities of Schleiermacher's character. In like manner, as following an inward necessity of his nature, he endeavoured, in regard to science, to free himself as far as possible from everything traditional, and to trace an independent path for himself on such foundation as his convictions pointed out to him as firm and immove-

able—so also in social intercourse, in all relations between man and man, he held the conventional in no respect, in as far as it appeared to him as *purely* conventional and without any higher claim to authority. Thus heeding but little the remarks and talk of the world, because he was of opinion, as he expresses it in one of his letters to his sister, that it was the duty of men of his profession to despise mere appearances whenever there was good reason for so doing, he sought (or rather he was unconsciously led) to follow in relation to those he loved, a mode of conduct peculiar and natural to himself, and which expressed the connection in its entire truth; and although these endeavours might, no doubt, be shown to be in intimate and evident relation to the mental tendencies of the age in which Schleiermacher's life developed itself, they naturally gave rise to fears that he might be misunderstood, more especially as such was the case even in his lifetime. Of still greater importance, however, was the consideration that these confidential communications refer almost exclusively to the earlier period of Schleiermacher's life, and that they ceased almost entirely when he established a home of his own, and contemporaneously found a sphere of action that made such great demands on his strength and activity, that little time was left for corresponding with his friends as formerly, even had the desire for such constant communication continued. But in reality this desire ceased when he found in his family and in his immediate circle that sympathy which he had before sought for at a distance. At the same time it will be readily understood that a man like Schleiermacher,

whose mental life was ever progressing, must during a period of five and twenty years (for so long he was preserved to his family) have experienced much that could not fail to exercise a modifying effect on his views and feelings, and that he could not therefore at the earlier period to which the letters mostly belong, have attained the height which he subsequently reached; and therefore, to have to refer the reader exclusively to his printed works and sermons for the evidences of the progress of his mental life during this later period, seemed very unsatisfactory. When determining, in spite of all the reasons militating against it, to give publicity to the correspondence contained in these volumes, the editors were principally actuated by the desire to complete such accounts of Schleiermacher's life as have appeared from time to time in a very imperfect form, and to afford means of following more in detail, and of judging more correctly, the course of his mental development, during one period of his life at least, in as far as it can be traced in his intercourse with friends. Still more, however, have they been actuated by the conviction that all scruples ought to yield to the wishes of those who, taking an affectionate interest in Schleiermacher's public life and activity, are desirous of knowing him likewise as he appeared in the most intimate and delicate relations of domestic life. "I have thought so much about the beauty and sanctity of family life," says Schleiermacher in a letter written in 1808 immediately after his betrothal, "that it is but right that I should now have an opportunity of showing that my precepts were something more than fine-sounding but empty

words—that on the contrary, what I taught was the product of my best powers and of my deepest self-consciousness."

To those who have rejoiced in his doctrines it cannot either be unimportant to see how they were carried out in his personal relations, and what form these inward convictions assumed in his outward life; and although it was as little given to him, as to any other human being, to reproduce his inward life in a pure and perfect form in his outward life, and although the consciousness of his own imperfection and the yearning after greater perfection was never absent from him, yet everything is of interest which gives a deeper insight into the manner in which a man animated by such aspirations, succeeded in giving outward expression to all that he had inwardly conquered.

What Schleiermacher says in the preface to his *Monologues*, viz. that man cannot offer to man a more precious gift than his deepest and most intimate communings with himself, is equally applicable to his most intimate communings with friends and relatives; and the latter are even in so far more valuable, as that which in the former case only dwells in the soul as inward contemplation, must here maintain and commend itself in lively interchange of thought with others.

As such a gift, then, we send forth these pages from the obscurity of the home circle in which they have hitherto been kept. May the spirit of love, of healthy, cheerful, fearless love, which during Schleiermacher's earthly career, embraced, like a clear summer atmosphere, all those who stood near to him, even now that

his lips have been closed for ever, still speak to other minds; and, in whatever way the fleeting word, born of the mood of the moment, may affect them, may it prove profitable to their inner life, and may it be attended with the blessing of God!

INTRODUCTION.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

On the 15th February, 1834, a funeral procession was seen moving through the streets of Berlin, the like of which that capital had rarely before witnessed. The coffin, covered with a black pall and simply decorated with a large copy of the Bible, was borne on the shoulders of twelve students of the University, thirty-six of the most robust of whom had volunteered to perform, alternately, this pious service. After these came a train of mourners on foot, extending upwards of a mile in length, and these were followed by one hundred mourning coaches, headed by the equipages of the King and the Crown Prince. Along the whole line traversed by the procession, dense crowds of sympathizing spectators had gathered, while in the cemetery, beyond the gates of the city, similar crowds were assembled; and on every countenance might be read the fact, that the individual borne to the grave, was one of those representative men in whom are concentrated, as it were, in a focus, the moral and intellectual life of the nation and the period to which they belong, and

who become, in consequence, centres of new light and diffusers of new and vivifying warmth. Such was, indeed, the case; for it was Friedrich Ernst Schleiermacher, whom, by a spontaneous movement, the capital of Protestant Germany was thus honouring in death.

During a quarter of a century Schleiermacher had exercised in that city the double function of a teacher in the university and in the church; and approving himself a fearless citizen in times of imminent peril, and an inspired preacher during a period of great religious indifference, he had, at a most critical juncture in the history of Prussia, contributed more than any other individual to keep alive, in all classes, the pride of nationality and the love of independence, and to awaken religious earnestness and quickening moral sentiments. Ever ready to sacrifice himself, in the interest not only of his country but of the whole German nation, then bending under the yoke of France, his example had acted contagiously, in Berlin more especially, where his influence was supreme, and had sustained in the people that determination to liberate themselves when an opportunity offered, which was ultimately so nobly carried out.

"His fresh, mighty, ever-cheerful spirit," says a contemporary, "had the effect of a courageous army during the period of greatest depression; and the energies which he set in motion were not isolated and superficial, but were the deepest and noblest in the human breast." Children crowded to his religious lessons, men and women of the highest culture hung upon his lips when he addressed them from the pulpit,

and in private life clung to him with reverent affection; while the hundreds of students who flocked in yearly from all parts of Germany to attend his philosophical and theological lectures, carried away by the extraordinary influence of his individuality, assumed the character of disciples rather than of pupils. In this way, as well as through his writings, his influence had spread throughout the whole of Protestant Germany, and attained a height rarely, if ever, equalled in modern times; while over the theologians of the rest of the Protestant world, also, the opinions of this highly gifted man exercised no inconsiderable sway

Five-and-twenty years elapsed, and though Schleiermacher's name and influence were kept alive by his theological and philosophical works and his numerous printed sermons, the admirers and disciples of the great theologian looked in vain for a biography of him, which should exhibit the inner harmony that had existed between the preacher, the scholar, and the man. Such a biography, it was thought, would be doubly interesting and important to those who had not known Schleiermacher personally, as by all who had enjoyed that privilege it was universally maintained, that great as he was as a writer, and wonderful as were the versatility and profundity which he evinced in treating the most diversified branches of human life and human knowledge, it was, nevertheless, through the living influence of his entire personality that he had effected most in the world. Under such circumstances the book, a translation of which is here presented to the English public, though neither a biography nor an autobiography in

the strict sense of the word, but a record of thoughts and feelings fresh and warm as they flowed from his mind and heart, in confidential communion with friends and relatives, could not fail to meet with a hearty welcome in Germany, where it has, indeed, so to say, made Schleiermacher once more a living presence among his countrymen. Among us, also, though less familiar with Schleiermacher, much interest will undoubtedly be felt in a series of letters which, though having especial reference to the most intimate relations of his own life, nevertheless incidentally throw new and interesting light upon all the great provinces of human life and thought, such as the Family, the Church, the State, and Science in its various aspects; and which more particularly lay open to our observation the gradual inward development of an individual, one of whose chief characteristics it was to endeavour "to possess his own soul," to observe its workings, to trace its individual peculiarities, and to sift the accidental from the essential; whose lively self-consciousness and constant self-observation did not, however, degenerate into sickly dreaminess, but was combined with healthful vigour and manly resoluteness of action in the outward world; whose serenity of mind and calm self-confidence was never disturbed by calumny or cavil; and whose strong moral nature passing unscathed through every storm, remained true to itself under all circumstances.

To make any considerable additions to the book such as it appeared in Germany, has not been attempted by the Translator, though it has been suggested, that as the name of Schleiermacher is not in England, as

among his countrymen, a household word, the letters ought to be prefaced by an exposition of his theological and philosophical system, as also by a short notice of his life. However, it would far exceed her competency to give a full and satisfactory exposition of the religious and scientific significance of a man who, as a Christian teacher and reformer, has by some been placed on a level with Luther and Calvin, and even with St. Paul; from whom is dated a new era in the history of the Church; and who is by many regarded as the individual in whose character and life, the interests and efforts of the great and important period during which he lived, are most fully and purely mirrored; while by others he is denounced with bitterness as a pantheist and a neologian, and as the principal leaf in the "trefoil of unbelief," of which De Wette and Marheineke are represented as the two others.

Moreover, it was with the feeling that a man's mind is not only "a kingdom to himself," but also a most pleasant and profitable realm for others to rove in—more particularly when it bears a strongly pronounced individual character, as in the present case—that the Translator undertook to introduce to the English reader the *man* Schleiermacher, not the theologian; and the man and his private life, at least, are portrayed in these letters with a minuteness of detail that leaves nothing to be desired, while as a necessary consequence of the sincerity and the harmonious constitution of his mind and character, much light is also shed by them on his religious and philosophical views.

A few letters from Schleiermacher's father and

mother being included in the series, we learn to know the earliest tendencies of the child and the moral and religious atmosphere in which the young plant is reared; we follow him from the parental home to the Herrnhut establishment, into which he is led by fear of the corruptions of the world instilled by his parents into his inexperienced mind, and whence he is driven forth again in a few years by religious doubts, fostered, not only by the sceptical tendencies of his mind, but by the suspicions roused in consequence of the rigour, with which every divergent opinion on these subjects is excluded from the knowledge of the youths in the seminary at Barby. We meet him next at the university, poor, austere and proud, but seeking truth with earnest mind, until at the end of two years his necessities force him to accept the position of private tutor in a noble family, where he receives his first polish in intercourse with refined and noble-minded women. This connection, again, we see broken off abruptly because his honest mind cannot and will not bend to circumstances, though his heart is knit to the family by ties of strong affection; and we follow him to Berlin, where he resides for a short time as teacher in a seminary for schoolmasters, and thence to Landsberg, where two years are spent as assistant to a superannuated clergyman. These are the years of mental growth.

When we find him again in Berlin as chaplain to a charitable institution there, his mind has attained a development that commands attention, and friends begin to augur future distinction. Having formed an intimate friendship with the beautiful and accomplished

Henrietta Herz, he meets in her house all the choice spirits of Berlin society; and stimulated by her and by Frederick Schlegel (of his connection with whom the letters give a full and interesting account) he plans with the latter the translation of Plato, which is to prove one of the brightest jewels in his crown of fame, and writes his first great literary work, the *Discourses on Religion, addressed to the Cultivated Classes among its Contemners.* In point of religion Protestant Germany was, at that period, pretty equally divided between Rationalism, that had degenerated into religious indifference, and Supernaturalism, that had petrified into a lifeless, hereditary acquiescence in an historically transmitted faith. In his discourses Schleiermacher addressed himself principally to those who looked down upon religion as an antiquated prejudice, or at the highest as a crutch to prop up morality, and considered piety as the sign of a weak mind; but the boldness with which he set aside all mere traditional faith, and proved true religion to have its source in the innermost feelings and deepest instincts of man, was in a manner an indirect attack upon the other party also.

The effect of the discourses, more particularly upon the younger generation, was perfectly electrical,* and

* As an instance of the effect produced by the *Discourses*, the subjoined passage from the autobiography of the somewhat eccentric Harms, who was afterwards opposed to Schleiermacher on many points, may be quoted:—"A friend said to me one day in the lecture-room—'I say, Harms, I have got a book that is just the thing for you. I don't know what to do with it, but I dare say you do; you shall have it, but you must tell me by-and-by what you think of it.' It was Schleiermacher's *Discourses on Religion.* After the lecture, as I had to pass my friend's house, he went up and got the book for me,

was followed up by the *Monologues*, written a year later, and in which he depicts the ideal state to which his soul aspires. The letters introduce us to various friends whom this revelation of his inner being drew towards him; but though we are kept minutely acquainted with the progress of the composition of the *Discourses*, we hear but little of the favourable effect produced by them, while, on the contrary, we trace the injurious misunderstandings to which they give rise in the mind of his most influential patrons, and which lead to various complications. We trace also, in the letters, the effects upon his own mind of his unfortunate

and I walked home with it under my arm. It was Saturday about noon. In the afternoon I began to read, having told my attendant to inform every one who might call, that I did not wish to be disturbed. I read far into the night, and finished the book. After that I slept a few hours. On Sunday morning I began again from the beginning, read again the whole forenoon, and began again after dinner; and then came a sensation in my head, as if two screws had been clapped upon my temples. Hereupon, I laid by the book, and walked round little Kiel—a solitary walk; and during this walk it was that I suddenly recognized that all rationalism, and all æsthetics, and all knowledge derived from ourselves, and all action emanating from ourselves, are utterly worthless and useless as regards the work of salvation, and that the necessity of our salvation coming from another source, so to say, flashed upon me. If to any one this sounds mysterious, or mystical, and this narrative seems like a myth, or a phantasm, they may take it as such; I cannot describe the matter more distinctly; but so much I know, that I may, with truth, call it the hour in which my higher life was born. I received from that book the impulse of a movement that will never cease. More than this Schleiermacher did not do for me; but so much he did do, and, next to God, I thank him for it, and always have done so, and will do so until we meet again (after death), and not until then will I cease."

When it is considered that the very book, which produced the effect described above, barely escaped being condemned by the public censor, for what were considered its pantheistic tendencies, the incident becomes curiously illustrative of the folly of exclusion in matters of opinion.

attachment to a married lady, which drives him eventually into voluntary exile at Stolpe in Pomerania, there to await the legal separation from her husband, which shall allow him to make her his wife. And we are glad to find by the correspondence with the object of his devotion, carried on from this place, that although he was sufficiently imbued with the notions of the times and the society amid which he lived, not to feel the necessity of subduing a passion which, at a later period of his life he would have regarded as unholy, he never in his intercourse with her outstepped the bounds of respectful affection, and even scrupulously avoided anything like clandestine correspondence with her. In his eyes her union with her husband, which lacked every inward bond, was not a real marriage, and might therefore be dissolved with as little violation of the laws of morality as of the laws of the state, which admitted divorce by mutual consent, without any criminal cause on either side; and far from his conscience being troubled by the connection, we see how the thought of his union with her is mixed up with all his highest aspirations. We see, also, when the connection is ultimately broken off, how bravely he battles with the sickness of the heart that follows the destruction of all his hopes; in like manner as through life, he conquers, with a power of will truly astounding, the torturing ailments of a sickly constitution, and renders his weak body an ever-ready instrument in the service of his mind.

From Stolpe, where he wrote his *Critical Inquiry into all existing Systems of Ethics*, and completed his

translation of the first volume of Plato, we follow him to Halle, where he is appointed Professor of Theology and preacher to the university, and witness how he forgets his own sorrows in his interest for science and religion, and for the young minds committed to his charge, whom he not only gathers around him in the lecture room, but also in his home. When the time of danger and disaster breaks over Prussia, we find his letters not only filled with allusions to, and descriptions of, the events of the day, but also with sentiments of the noblest patriotism, and breathing courage and the heroism of self-sacrifice unto all whom he addresses, while his own acts prove that he is himself sincerely animated by the spirit which he endeavours to inspire into others. As time passes on, we further see how, while the deepest gloom is brooding over his country, a new happiness is preparing for himself; and no section of the letters is so interesting as that which comprises his correspondence with the young wife and mother, who, after the death of her first husband, one of his most beloved friends, becomes the partner of his life.

After Schleiermacher's marriage, and his appointment as preacher in the church of the Holy Trinity in Berlin, and professor at the newly-established university there, to the foundation of which he had so zealously contributed, his letters become more rare. The craving for sympathy, which formed one of his chief characteristics, and which dictated the greater number of his letters, found satisfaction in his home; and his ever widening sphere of public activity and

influence left him little time for private correspondence. However, when separated from those dearest to his heart, the necessity for constant communication was again felt; and several absences, which gave rise to correspondence, thus allow us to follow him in his letters through the later period of his life also, if not so consecutively as during the former, yet sufficiently so to enable us to see that he carried out practically as husband, father, teacher, and citizen, all that he had dreamt of and aspired to in youth.

The letters are divided into four sections; the first of which embraces the earliest period of Schleiermacher's life, up to his appointment as assistant preacher in Landsberg, and to the death of his father in 1794; and the second, the years intervening between that event and his appointment as *professor extraordinarius* in the university of Halle in 1804; the third section comprises the following period up to his marriage in 1809; and the fourth contains letters written at intervals during the subsequent years of his life, and up to within a very short time of his death, which took place on the 12th February, 1834.

The correspondence is preceded by an autobiographical sketch drawn up by Schleiermacher for the ecclesiastical authorities on occasion of his ordination and first appointment as preacher, and each section is headed by a short editorial notice of such outward circumstances of his life, a knowledge of which has been considered necessary for the proper understanding of the letters. To these very scanty notices the translator has ventured to add such supplementary charac-

teristics of Schleiermacher, at the various periods, as she has been able to glean from the memoirs of contemporary notabilities; but, with the exception of these, and the further addition of a few foot-notes, and the interpolation of a few letters drawn from other sources, as also the elimination of some trivial passages and unimportant letters, the book appears in English as it is in German. For, although the minuteness of detail that prevails, more especially in Schleiermacher's letters to his sister in the first volume, may be found tedious by some readers, the translator has shrunk from using the pruning-knife more freely, as these very details, and the feelings with which he regards them, afford an insight into some of the most loveable parts of his nature, and also allow us to catch many glimpses of family life and social life, in a strange country and a bygone time, which are not without interest. To those who know how to unite the numerous traits revealed in these letters into an organic whole, they will present a living picture of a most attractive and strongly pronounced individuality, cast in a form in striking contrast with our national characteristics, and, therefore, the more interesting and worthy of study.

LIFE

OF

FRIEDRICH ERNST SCHLEIERMACHER

AS

UNFOLDED IN HIS LETTERS.

PART I.

FROM SCHLEIERMACHER'S CHILDHOOD UNTIL HIS APPOINTMENT AS PREACHER IN LANDSBERG, AND THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER IN THE AUTUMN OF 1794.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS born on the 21st November, 1768, in Breslau, where my father then resided as chaplain of the Reformed Church* to a regiment in Silesia. My mother, to whom, on account of the frequent professional journeys of my father, I was indebted for my education while at home, was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Mr. Stubenrauch, chaplain in ordinary to the king. Of the first years of my life I retain, of course, but a few detached recollections, which are not worthy of a place in this sketch. When I was five years old, I began to attend the Friedrich's school, conducted by the Rev.

* This is the term used in Germany to distinguish the Calvinistic from the Lutheran Church.—TRANS.

Mr. Heinz, chaplain in ordinary; and as I acquired very rapidly the mechanical parts and the first rules of the Latin language, and with equal rapidity committed to memory a number of vocables, the half of which I had generally forgotten by the next day, I soon passed through the lower forms. This progress having very early gained for me a reputation for cleverness, and having, as must inevitably be the case in a large school, placed me above a number of older and bigger boys, I began to be proud and conceited, and as a not unfrequent consequence of these qualities, I also acquired an irritability and violence of manner which were not grounded in my constitution. My mother, who, though she was fondly attached to me, was by no means blind to my faults, endeavoured, by acting upon my religious feelings, to change my pride into gratitude towards God, and although her own temperament inclined towards the same fault, she opposed to my violence a systematic calmness and an obvious justice, which convinced me by experience that I was the only one who suffered from my conduct, and that the good, which I wished to effect on such occasions, would be much more easily achieved in another manner. My pride was humbled by other means. As reading-books and chrestomathies had not yet been introduced into the school, I was soon made to read a Latin author. Here I saw nothing but darkness; for although I learnt to translate the words mechanically into my mother tongue, I could not penetrate into the sense, and my mother, who directed my German readings with much judgment, had taught me not to read with-

out understanding. When I endeavoured to collect into a whole the detached pieces, which I had read at school, my deficiency in the necessary preliminary knowledge, frequently rendered me incapable of forming a vivid conception of the subject, a fact which made me very uneasy; and as I perceived none of this uneasiness in my comrades, I began seriously to doubt the much-lauded greatness of my natural faculties, and was in a state of constant fear lest others also should make this unexpected discovery. The imperfect scientific instruction which I received contributed to bring about the same result. Natural history, and natural philosophy, the rudiments of which are now taught to the youngest scholars, I only learnt to know through the *Children's Friend*;* and I was often quite alarmed at not being able to understand how it was that water boiled or froze, while I believed that everybody about me was familiar with the matter. In history also I could take no interest; I do not know whether it was that the lessons were not given with sufficient animation, but I know that they caused me deadly *ennui*, and that it cost me incredible trouble to retain the chronology of the four monarchies, and the order of succession of the Persian kings.

To this point I had attained, when my parents left Breslau and took up their abode in Pless in Upper Silesia, whence, a year later, they removed to the colony of Anhalt. They did not consider it advisable to leave me behind, a circumstance which was highly

* A German child's book of the nature of the "Evenings at Home," and others.—TRANS.

pleasing to me; and thus I spent several years partly in the country with them, partly at school in Pless. From my tenth to my twelfth year I was mostly in the country. When my father was at home, he occupied himself with my instruction, but during his absence little could be done to increase my knowledge. My dislike of the sciences, for which I believed myself to have no special talent, increased. I began actually to hate the study of languages, but, through the endeavours of my mother, I unconsciously imbibed an amount of practical knowledge which was quite unusual among children, in that part of the country at least.

From my twelfth to my fourteenth year, during which period I was at a boarding-school in Pless, I fell into the hands of a pupil of Ernesti, who, however inferior he might be as a scholar and a pedagogue, was of immense service to me. His enthusiasm for the classical languages, together with my ambitious desire to surpass others, stimulated the activity of my mind, and stories of celebrated men animated my zeal. But during this period, also, I had a peculiar thorn in the flesh. It consisted in a strange scepticism, the origin of which I can no longer recollect. I conceived the idea that all the ancient authors, and with them the whole of ancient history, were supposititious. The only reason, indeed, that I had for this belief, was that I was not acquainted with any proofs of their genuineness, and that all that I knew about them seemed to me disjointed and unreal. The reputation for cleverness which I still enjoyed, and which I was most anxious not to destroy by any disclosure of what I conceived to

be a more than ordinary amount of ignorance and incapacity, had produced a closeness of character in me that caused me to keep silent on the subject of these strange doubts also, which, nevertheless, troubled me much, and I resolved to await the time when my own investigations should enable me to confirm or to refute them.

At this period my parents, whilst on a journey, became acquainted with the educational establishment of the United Brethren, at Niesky, in Upper Lusatia,* and they determined to place me and my younger brother there. My father spoke to me about the moral depravity which prevailed in most large schools, and the many dangerous yet very attractive acquaintances that I had formed, and, still more, the recollection which I retained of what I had heard, and what I had also in some measure experienced regarding the schools in Breslau, filled me in like manner with apprehensions, while, at the same time, the descriptions which were made of the innocent piety that reigned among the young people at Niesky, of the rural character of the whole institution, and of the wise mixture of instruction and amusement which prevailed there, prepossessed me very much in its favour; and I awaited with impatience the time appointed for our departure. But it was not so easy to obtain the necessary consent of the Direc-

* The chief educational establishments in Germany in connection with the Moravian Church are at Gnadenfrei, in Upper Silesia (Prussian part), and at Niesky, in Upper Lusatia (Prussian part). The former is the Moravian University, where the future ministers study theology. This university was formerly located at Lindheim, Marienborn, Barby, and Niesky.—TRANS.

tory;* and even after they had expressed their willingness to receive us, our admission still depended upon chance. In the interval, until the matter could be settled, we remained at Gnadenfrei, and here were laid the germs of an imaginativeness in matters of religion which, had I been of a more ardent temperament, would probably have made me a visionary, but to which I am nevertheless indebted for many a precious experience, and which is the cause, that while in most people the disposition of the mind is formed unconsciously by theory and observation, in my case it bears the impress, and is the conscious product, of my own mental history. I had already sustained manifold internal religious conflicts. The doctrine of eternal punishment and reward had already exercised a disturbing power over my childish imagination, and in my eleventh year I spent several sleepless nights in consequence of not being able to come to a satisfactory conclusion concerning the mutual relation between the sufferings of Christ and the punishment for which these sufferings were a substitute.

Now commenced another struggle generated by the views held among the United Brethren relative to the doctrines of the natural corruption of man and of the supernatural means of grace, and the manner in which these doctrines were interwoven with every discourse and every lesson—a struggle which endured almost as long as I remained a member of the congregation. My

* The governing body of the Moravian Church, who have their seat at Berthelsdorf, near Herrnhut, in Saxony. The present appellation of this body is "The Elders' Conference of the Unity."—TRANS.

own experience furnished me with abundant evidence in favour of the truth of the first of these two chief pillars of the ascetic-mystic system, and at length I came to look upon every good action as suspicious, or as resulting merely from the force of circumstances. I was thus in that state of torture, with producing which our reformers have so frequently been taunted: my belief in the innate moral faculty of man had been taken from me, and as yet nothing had been substituted in its stead. For in vain I aspired after those supernatural experiences, of the necessity of which every glance at myself with reference to the doctrine of future retribution convinced me—of the reality of which, *externally to myself*, every lesson and every hymn, yes, every glance at the Brethren, so attractive while under their influence, persuaded me. Yet me they seemed ever to flee, though at times I thought that I had seized a shadow of them at least; for I soon perceived that it was no more than the work of my own mind, the result of the fruitless straining of my imagination.

Vain were the endeavours of my excellent mother to reconcile her own more correct views of the two doctrines with that which I was taught on this head in the congregation, and to tranquillize my heart. That, being in this condition of mind, I should have formed a strong attachment to the Brethren's congregation, and that I should have considered it a great misfortune to be refused membership, was but natural. I even formed the resolution that in case admission to the Pædagogium* should be denied me, I would learn

* There are at Niesky two institutions, the one named the Præda-

some honourable trade in the community, rather than enter, beyond its limits, that path of literary and scientific glory for which my master in Pless had inspired me with so much enthusiasm; and it was while reflecting on this resolve in all its greatness that I was tempted, for the first time, to look upon an impulsion of my own mind as being a supernatural effect.

In this state of mind I entered, in the year 1783, the Pædagogium at Niesky, and I shall always remember with pleasure the time which I spent there, and, subsequently, in the seminary at Barby. The method of instruction was certainly not the best that I am acquainted with, but it was the best that I had ever until then been subjected to; and the memory of one of the teachers there, more especially—he was a brother of *Ober-Consistorialrath* Hilmer—I shall ever gratefully revere. Though sickly in body, he was unremitting in industry and in his duty to his pupils; and to a truly philosophical mind he joined a most remarkable talent for teaching. His lectures on history were admirably adapted to cultivate and enrich the intellect, and opened to me quite a new and unknown field; while his method of teaching the Latin language was so easy, and at the same time so philosophical, that

gogium, and the other the *Knabenanstalt.* The former is intended mostly, but not exclusively, for Moravian boys who wish to enter the ministry. It is a kind of preparatory college, suited to those who desire a good classical and mathematical education, or who intend entering the seminary (or University) at Gnadenfrei. The course is one of six years; and youth enter mostly in their twelfth or fourteenth year. The name Pædagogium was probably taken from the appellation of the celebrated institution at Halle, in which Zinzendorff was educated.—TRANS.

I not only acquired a fresh taste for that idiom, but, moreover, gained the power of improving myself in other languages. In addition to him, I owe any progress that I may have made there to one of my schoolfellows, who was, in an equal degree, the confidant of my heart and the companion of my intellect. Our joys and our sorrows had a common source; we thought, we felt, we studied in common, and I know that even to this day we are called, in the community, by the name of Orestes and Pylades.* Our literary undertakings were colossal and most adventurous; but although the time and trouble spent upon them was out of all proportion to the use we derived from them, they have not proved entirely fruitless. Provided with a very slight knowledge of the language, and in addition to this, armed with nothing better than Hederich's dictionary and Merk's grammar, we fell upon the Greek poets, and devoured, with comparatively great rapidity, Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Pindar. That much of what we read remained unintelligible to us, by no means cooled our ardour; we knew that a great deal of auxiliary knowledge must be required which we did not as yet possess; but we were satisfied with what we did understand, and hoped to acquire new light. We had never had a lesson on Greek antiquities; but, by degrees, we made many discoveries ourselves, and wrote, in most triumphant mood, essays abounding in quotations, which contained nothing more than what the whole world knew. Still

* This friend was Von Albertini, subsequently bishop of the fraternity.

more ridiculous was our undertaking to read the Old Testament, with the help of Danz's grammar and Stock's dictionary, although we were utterly devoid of all the necessary preliminary knowledge; and yet it was only in the obscurities of Ezekiel that we stuck. Here also, however, we obtained (at the cost of a most disproportionate expenditure of labour, it is true, yet with all the greater gain of enjoyment) a number of notices, which we could not otherwise have acquired in our position.

The seminary at Barby, to which I was removed together with my friend in 1785, is in fact the university of the Brotherhood. My friend and myself were both unusually young when promoted to its benches; but our joy at this distinction was qualified by many a fear and tribulation. We went thither in the expectation of being appointed teachers in a few years; but if we were only to be teachers of science, it seemed to us moving in an intolerable circle to be learning something merely for the sake of teaching it to some one else, who in his turn was learning it to be able to impart it to others; for in the congregation we saw no application of the sciences to the affairs of life, which rendered it worth while to spend so much time and trouble upon them. On the other hand, if we were to be teachers and wardens in the community, we felt persuaded that we were, and should long be, deficient in every qualification for such an office. However happy we might feel in pursuing our common studies, and in the consciousness of our friendship, this happiness was disturbed every time we gave ourselves up to serious

reflection. We were still striving in vain for supernatural experiences, and for that which in the phraseology of the Brethren was termed intercourse with Jesus; the most violent tension of our imagination remained fruitless, and the voluntary aids which it lent, were always discovered to be deceptive. Up to this period we had sought consolation in Greek poetry, and had found it a glorious *solamen;* now, however, the matter was brought more and more home to us. But a new leaf was soon to be turned over. We were reposing on the trophies of the wide-spread philosophical reputation which we enjoyed, and we began to philosophize. The increase of external liberty also seemed to loosen the fetters of the mind; for certainly it was not the miserable logic which we heard, nor the limited reading that we enjoyed, nor the example of older comrades who played the part of freethinkers, that awakened in us the spirit of investigation. The plot of the psychological drama had reached its climax: the time had come when the confusion must be reduced to order, and this could only take place in accordance with the internal condition of our minds. The investigations of modern theologians into the Christian system, and the inquiries of modern philosophers regarding the soul of man, were of no avail to us, for although we heard occasionally that something of the kind was going on in the world, we could only guess at the results from what we discovered ourselves. We trespassed indeed inasmuch as we obtained books through means of forbidden correspondence and by secret and circuitous routes, but it was only for Wieland's poems and Goethe's Werther

that we pined—it was for our feelings only that we sought food from without—as for our intellects, they were in too great a state of fermentation, and we were too much absorbed in watching this fermentation, to be receptive for the ideas of others. But the more I am tempted to dwell upon this the first blossoming period of my mind, the more I feel that in pages which are not destined for myself, I ought not to venture to depict even a few of the numerous recollections that rush in upon me.

My convictions soon differed so widely from the system adopted by the United Brethren, that I thought I could no longer conscientiously remain a member of the congregation, and the utterances of my ideas also became so distinct, that the attention of the superiors was attracted to the trefoil (for a young Englishman of remarkable talent had by this time joined my friend and myself). In vain was every means of conversion employed; I could no longer be drawn out of the path I had entered; but long after, I still felt the exhaustion consequent upon the immense exertions I was obliged to make to conquer the numerous obstacles and impediments that were placed in my way as soon as it was discovered that I had entered this path. My father granted my request to be allowed to leave Barby, and to go to the University of Halle. This I did in the spring of the year 1787, and under very unfavourable circumstances. Utterly unacquainted with the world of which I had seen nothing since my fourteenth year—with the consciousness of being very deficient in suppleness of mind, and outward polish—having the most disadvantageous

opinion of the brutality of my future comrades, and despairing of being able to make friends among them, I found within myself no remedy against the evils I anticipated; for I was shy, and enervated by long subjection to depressing circumstances. The only support on which I depended was that of a fatherly friend, on whose affection and advice I knew I could rely, namely, Professor Stubenrauch, the brother of my mother, whom I had lost some years previously. The merits of this uncle in regard to me are too great and too numerous to allow of my touching upon them in detail, and nothing gives me more pain than to think that I have not availed myself sufficiently of his friendship to be able to say in lieu of all praise: "See what I have become, and to him I owe it."

The progress which my inner man made during that period, still lies too near to me, to allow me to take a comprehensive view of it, and I shall, therefore, confine myself to the outward events of my life. Into my studies I had not yet succeeded in introducing a proper degree of harmony; I did not either study with a view to the future, but merely with the desire to satisfy the present craving; and, in consequence, I tasted a little of everything, and did not take a final decision until very late. Still more detrimental to me was that conceit which is peculiar to the self-educated, to whom I in a great measure belonged. They generally adhere obstinately to the method by means of which they have with great exertion acquired but very little; they despise *learning*, and maintain that it does not so much matter what you know as how you know it. While at Halle I

desired neither to learn the science of Scripture interpretation nor of philosophy, and I therefore attended no exegetical, and but one philosophical, course, and this merely to obtain data to which to attach my own reflections. One thing, however, I perceived that it was absolutely necessary to learn, and that was history, and more especially the history of human opinions, the need of which I keenly felt. In consequence I devoted myself to this science in both its branches, and soon began to search for the sources of those parts which particularly interested me.

The shortness of my stay at the academy, which only lasted two years, did not indeed admit of much more than a kind of fragmentary study of all sciences, with the hope of picking up a little of each; yet I am willing to confess that had I been less obstinate, and had I possessed more outward culture, I might, in many respects, have derived greater advantages from this stay. After the lapse of the above-mentioned time, I went for a year to my uncle Stubenrauch's, who had in the meantime exchanged his professorship for a living in Drossen in Neumark: a quiet year, spent in enjoyment of his valued intercourse, and during which I endeavoured to supplement, to a certain extent, the fragmentary knowledge I had acquired of the theological sciences, and to establish a greater inward connection between the fragments. Then also I began, for the first time, to think of the future, and not without serious misgivings I presented myself for the examination *pro licentia*, which I passed in the summer of 1790.

Through the Rev. Mr. Sack, Chaplain in Ordinary

to the King, who had ever shown me much kindness out of friendship for my uncle, I soon after received the offer of a situation as tutor in the family of Count Dohna, of Schlobitten, in the province of Prussia, whither I went in the autumn. In this house I spent three years, upon the whole, very happily. My pupil, a well-disposed, and in many respects psychologically remarkable boy, made, not indeed rapid, but still tolerable progress, without causing me pain or annoyance of any kind; and a sister of his, who took part in the lessons, afforded me the pleasant and gratifying spectacle of a female mind highly receptive for all kinds of knowledge.

Upon the whole, the numerous family occupied me in various ways, so that less time than I might have desired was left me to pursue my own studies; but the characters of all were so amiable and so estimable, that it gave me true pleasure when I was able from time to time to contribute to their domestic enjoyment; and the delight I experienced at being a witness of, and participator in, so high a degree of family happiness, was the greater, because it is said to be so rare a phenomenon in houses of this rank. Yet from the very commencement my position was such as not to promise long duration. When parents and educators either do not entirely agree, or do not at once come to an explanation, and establish the limits of the authority of both, the latter always occupy a very unstable position. This was my case, and my want of experience prevented me from seeing at once all the consequences and taking measures to countervail them. Thus great

differences in our appreciation of methods and modes of teaching soon became apparent, together with a certain endeavour to stave off explanations, and rather to prevent jarrings by all kinds of little expedients. Expedients, however, can never be more than palliatives, and only serve to postpone the evil. I sought in the mildest way possible to vindicate my ideas, and to maintain my principle of never acting contrary to my convictions, on any matter of importance, from a mere desire of compliance, at least, not without trying every means of escape; but my perseverance must, no doubt, in spite of my endeavours to the contrary, have appeared like obstinacy, and a collision could not but ensue, more especially as my firmness was opposed to a hasty and capricious temper; and thus a connection, which had been to me rich in pleasant things and the source of many valuable experiences, was terminated, not unexpectedly, yet abruptly.

Soon after my return from Prussia, in the autumn of last year (1793), a new career was opened to me; I became a member of the seminary for college teachers, established here in Berlin, under the direction of Dr. Gedike, and the situation of teacher in the Kornmesser Orphan Asylum having become vacant, I was, at the same time, temporarily appointed to undertake part of the instruction there, which secured to me the advantage of free lodgings in the house. In the first-named position I felt myself a perfect novice. Since my sixteenth year I had known but one great educational establishment, and that was governed in a spirit quite peculiar to itself, so that I had now, in regard

to many things, to acquire my first experiences, which were not always agreeable, and some time passed before I was able to measure the ground, and to take my proper stand. In the last-named position, on the contrary, I soon felt at home; I have always experienced much pleasure in fulfilling the duties which devolved upon me in connection with it, and I sincerely wish that the good which I have been able to effect among the pupils of the house in which I write this, may be obvious and considerable.

I have held these two situations half a year only, and am now about to exchange them for the office of a Christian teacher, having already received ordination as such. Pastor Schumann, of Landsberg, on the Warthe, a relative of mine, whose acquaintance I made during my stay in Drossen, and whom I have since then repeatedly visited, and for whom I have preached at various times—has been obliged, on account of ill health, to solicit a release from his duties, and the appointment of an assistant; and, out of friendship, he mentioned me as the person from whom he most desired to obtain the required help. This change, thus proposed, seems to me desirable in many respects; and I have been confirmed in this view by the opinion of my superiors and of all those persons who, with a kindness that I cannot sufficiently acknowledge, take an interest in my concerns. My petition likewise met with no opposition from the most reverend Ecclesiastical Directory, which has, on the contrary, appointed me to act as my uncle's substitute in Landsberg.

May my conduct in the new office I am about to

enter be such as to justify the confidence which my superiors have evinced in appointing me to it. It is my resolve to do everything that in me lies to do honour to it; and may God, who has hitherto so visibly guided my destiny towards it, and has afforded me various opportunities for developing my mind usefully in regard to it, and for acquiring a practical knowledge of many preliminary duties and offices, also give His blessing to this last important turn in my career, so that I may be able to show by the faithful and wise exercise of the pre-eminently important duties entrusted to me that I have profited by His goodness.

Extracts of Letters from Schleiermacher's Mother to her Brother Stubenrauch.

[I.] *Breslau, October*, 1774.

. . . . You will not, I trust, be displeased at my allowing little Fritz to write you a letter, though as yet he only scribbles. He might perhaps have done it better had he written by daylight; but he did not think of it until candle-light. The dear boy gives us much pleasure and much hope. He has a most affectionate heart and a very good head. Next month he will be six years old. Pastor H—— is much pleased with the attention which he shows, and the distinct answers which he gives during the lessons in religion. God grant that he may continue thus, and not allow himself to be misled by others. . . . .

[II.] [Without date.]

. . . . You will ask why I have not long ago answered Lotte's and your letters. Ah, my darling brother, so it is. Great is the joy and pleasure of our hearts, when we

receive letters, but when we are to write them ——! Well, this time my dear husband had just returned from an absence of three months when I received your welcome letter, which assured me of your tender affection. I made a firm resolution to answer it and also Lotte's letter at once, but then my dear husband had been absent so long, and there were so many things to tell and to ask about, and to wash, and to look after, and to mend; and good friends sent us invitations and we invited them in return, and thus twelve weeks, during which my husband remained here, went by as if carried away on the wings of the wind; and now he has already been absent again three weeks.

The news of your David's health has given me sincere pleasure. What joy it must be to you to feel yourself a father! For I picture you to myself as a very loving father, who appreciates this happiness more than a hundred others would do in similar circumstances. I cannot conceive how it can be that so many parents bear no real love to their children, for what do we possess in this life that we can calculate upon calling our own on the other side of the grave also, if it be not virtue and our children. And what a sweet consolation may it not be on our death-bed, if we leave good children behind us, or if any have gone before us, to feel that we may confidently look forward to reunion with them, and to receiving together with them new joys and eternal bliss from the hand of the Godhead. This is indeed the only source whence we can derive consolation when we lose our children, and much, much time is required before we can thoroughly feel it. What parents, who do not look forward to such a future, feel at such a loss is beyond my comprehension.

God preserve your darling boy and let you have much joy of him! But that you are already thinking of teaching the little fellow to read, that surprises me, as he is hardly two years old. However, children are very different; but in one thing, dearest, I think you will agree with us, and that is, that children must not be driven to their lessons by fear of punishment, but that they must be taught in play

and be spurred on by emulation. It seems to be a law of our nature that we should play during one period of our lives, and if we do not do so during the earliest part, we must do so afterwards. Of this we have examples in various precocious young *savants;* for instance in the young Baratier, who in his thirteenth year attended university lectures, in his eighteenth year began to play like a child, and in his twentieth died rather weak in mind. An example of a different kind I may cite in our Lotte. From her birth she was weak and sickly, and in consequence sulky and peevish. Her nurse was kind, but old and very quiet, and never tried to amuse the child. Lottchen's only pleasure was, therefore, to stand at the window or before the street-door. Her playthings she was afraid of, and she cried when they were shown to her, except a little lamb, which she was always carrying about in her arms. In this way two years and a half elapsed. I had then a very severe illness, and when I rose from my bed Lottchen could speak and run about. I then began to teach her the alphabet, and the letters being large and new to her, they pleased her, and she soon enough learnt to know them. I began already to be quite proud at the thought of the sickly child learning to read so quickly, but there is a long leap between knowing the letters and knowing how to read.

In the interval Vieckchen, who was a strong and lively child, and who had a nurse like herself, had begun to find pleasure in play. Lottchen, who saw her little lamb and other playthings in Vieckchen's hands, was astonished, cried, laughed, drew nearer, took part in the sport, and little by little she became so fond of play, that she no longer liked her letters, and cried when I wanted to force her to learn. I consulted my husband, who was then absent, as to what I had better do. Let her play, was his answer, the desire to learn will come in time; and so it did: but not until she was five years old, when she began to be curious to know what I was reading. Then she became so zealous that she quite persecuted me with her A B C book, and very soon learnt to read fluently. . . . .

Fritz began to read when he was four years old, but Carl, whom my husband calls our savage, and who is now three years and a half, speaks very indistinctly, will never obey without the rod, is dreadfully obstinate and very lively, but also in excellent health.

Thus, my dear brother, for one child more patience is required, for another more encouragement. In short, each must be treated in a different way, and therefore it is easier to lay down general rules than to practise them. If Fritz continues as he has begun, he will be very efficient in languages. His masters are very much pleased with him; he is already in the third form, and though he is the smallest boy in the school he is always at the head of his class. It is the custom of the school to give each child a ticket every week stating how he has behaved, in regard to lessons and other matters. In two years Fritz's ticket has once contained the words "pretty well;" all the other times it has been "good," "industrious," "very good," "very industrious." These tickets are great excitements to good conduct, and upon the whole one cannot help admiring the excellent discipline which Mr. H—— maintains in the school. . . . .

[III.] *Pless* [no date].

. . . . Fritz did not, as you suppose, remain in Breslau. No, dear brother, I do not think I could have made up my mind to leave him at his tender age without any guidance for his heart. The school here is very tolerable, and he may still learn something there. What we shall do in time, when his heart has been strengthened in goodness, I do not as yet know. The day before yesterday, which was my birthday, they prepared a touching pleasure for me. They came to my bedside in the morning, when I awoke, and sang Basedow's song: "This festal day of your life is a joyful day to us;" and then having expressed their good wishes, they presented me with fresh flowers, and Lottchen gave me besides a tulle neckerchief, and Fritz a drawing. . . . .

[IV.] *Anhalt*, 1780.

. . . . Our children are all with us, and Lottchen encloses a little letter for you. The good God has poured out His grace upon her in these days. On Maundy-Thursday she made her confession of faith with a deeply moved heart. God grant that she may remain true to the promise she has made before Him, and strengthen her with His Spirit so to do; for without this we can do nothing. She is quite content in our solitude, and occupies herself a great deal with household matters, and with little Caroline. Fritz occupies himself with French and Latin translations, and teaches Carl to read and to reckon. Otherwise we leave the children a good deal at liberty to strengthen their bodies by exercise and fresh air. The two boys are quite opposite natures. Fritz is all spirit, and Carl all body; therefore we still keep the former at home, for he has knowledge enough for his age, and we only wish that his heart was as good as his understanding; but his heart has been corrupted by the constant praise bestowed on his intellect at Breslau, and he has become vain and conceited. Had we left him in Breslau, he would probably have been quite ready for the University at fourteen, so quickly does he progress in everything. Mr. S——, the head master in Pless, has become very much attached to him on account of his industry, and has expressed his surprise that he should not have begun mathematics at Breslau, as he comprehends everything with so much ease. I have great confidence in Mr. S——, and hope that at the end of a year we shall place Fritz under his care. He loves the boy and the boy loves him, and with love you may make Fritz do a good deal. . . .

Schleiermacher's Father to his Brother-in-law.

[V.] *Anhalt* [no date].

. . . . About six weeks ago we returned home from a rather long journey, the object of which was our children, whose temporal and eternal welfare has for some time past weighed on my heart more than ever—particularly that

of our two sons, as we were somewhat embarrassed what to do with them, in consequence of the rector, Mr. S——, having been recalled to his native city. But the promise of our Lord, "call on me in thy need," has been mercifully fulfilled in regard to us. More than a year ago we had heard of an excellent educational institution, which was said to have been established by the Moravian Brethren at Niesky in Upper Lusatia, and in the autumn we determined in consequence to undertake a journey thither. We arrived in Upper Lusatia just at the time when not only the Directory from Barby, but a number of deputies, from the congregations of the Brethren throughout the world, were assembled in Synod at Berthelsdorf. Such an assembly was quite new to us, and we learnt there to know a number of worthy men, who are working together with *one* mind and one heart, for the most pious object man can entertain, viz., the founding and spreading of the kingdom of Jesus. Many of these worthy people were already known to me through their writings, and through the history of their missions, which I had read; and during my journeys since the last war, I had often visited their establishments, and witnessed their devotional exercises; but my dear wife was most forcibly impressed by what she saw of these excellent people with whom we at once felt at home, and with whom we harmonized as with bosom friends, so that it was not long before we whispered to each other, "Here it is good to be." But it was not ordained that we should pitch our tent there, and consequently, after we had seen everything at Herrnhut, we journeyed on to Niesky, where we found the educational establishment in every respect excellent beyond expectation. The village is small but pleasant, and the air very pure. The educational establishment consists of the pædagogio and a child's school;* in the former, there are about forty young people,

* The Pædagogium has been referred to in a former note. The child's school now, we believe, termed boys' school, is the junior training school for those who purpose going into the Pædagogium; but at the present day, at least, it affords education both to Moravian

and in the latter more than sixty children. I visited as many of the classes as possible, and in all I found the instruction thorough-going. The supervision exercised in this institution, as also the economical arrangements, seem to me as perfect as any I have ever known. However, what to us was most satisfactory was, that the one great and important object of man, reconciliation with God, is here, as in all Moravian establishments, founded upon the only true basis, the bloody sacrifice of Christ, which—when, by the grace of God it has become active in the heart of man, and he has accepted it, and by true faith has made it his own—forms the sole source whence is derived every virtue of which man is capable, in time and in eternity. In all other schools with which I am acquainted, however good they may be, externals merely are worked at; all endeavours being directed, according to the parable of our Saviour, towards putting one new patch after the other, on the old coat. Under such circumstances happy is he, who discovers before the end of his days the great rent that runs through the whole, and who in his dismay, flies to Him who alone has the power of healing.

That our children have within the last year opened their eyes to this human corruption, and that they have, each in his or her own way, been enabled to discover it in themselves, we cannot but look upon as the work of God's spirit in their hearts. These effects of divine grace became more and more evident throughout the winter; they were every day more impressed with the nature of true peace; and they became, in consequence, more and more anxious not to be sent away from us and out into the world, full of their natural corruption, but implored to be allowed to go to Niesky. We took them there on the 27th of March, and our children at once felt themselves at home. The heart of our dear daughter, more especially, sympathized so strongly with the

boys and to youths of other denominations who only desire a good commercial education; hence, you find in it boys from six to sixteen years of age.—TRANS.

arrangements and the form of divine service in the congregation, that she conceived, and also soon expressed, a warm desire to be permitted to remain there. Her mother, who was the one whom this wish most concerned, as she would thereby be deprived of a dear companion and assistant, nevertheless did not hesitate long before she determined to sacrifice her own interests to the true welfare of her child, should it be proved, after a time, that the wish of her daughter was not evanescent, but was based on a firm foundation, and would be acceptable to Him who governs all things.

Schleiermacher's Mother to her Brother.

[VI.] *Anhalt* [no date].

. . . . I do not know, dear brother, what conception you have formed of the congregation of the United Brethren, but I can assure you that I love them and honour them with all my heart, and that my soul rejoices that a merciful God has so guided things as to enable us to give our sons into their keeping; for I have often trembled for the poor children, when considering the soul-endangering opinions, principles, and habits that are so prevalent in the present times. Alas! how should we have been able to preserve them from the subtle poison of the present times? We, therefore, thank our dear Father, from the depths of our souls, for having so disposed their young hearts, that they desire not to rush into perdition with the world. O Lord! keep them in Thy truth, that they may see that through Thy love alone can they be happy and can they be saved. . . . .

The Father to the Son.

[VII.]

DEAR SON, *Anhalt, 21st November*, 1781.

This day thirteen years ago, I rejoiced greatly when your mother brought you into the world, and I was told it was a son. To-day also, I heartily rejoice in you, for how great and in how manifold ways has not the love and goodness of God been evinced towards you during these thirteen

years! Try to be conscious of this love, and to feel yourself happy in the enjoyment of it; rejoice also in your parents, as we rejoice in you, and we will then all eternally rejoice in Him who is the fountain of every joy, and who alone can keep them alive through all eternity. This is the prayer, and hope, and wish of

Your tenderly attached Father.

The Mother to the Son.

[VIII.]

Anhalt, 21st January, 1782.

I am glad to see from your letters, my dear son, that our morning hours have not been without use to you. Often recal to mind whatever good thoughts you then heard, and you will ever derive new blessings from them. You write, my dear son, that you feel keenly that the love of Jesus Christ does not as yet dwell in your heart, that you are a poor sinner, and that up to this moment you have not been pardoned by Jesus, and you ask for our advice as to how you are to acquire this spirit of love to Christ. Oh! if you really do feel the need of it, and a yearning after it, then only pray, in truth and in simplicity of heart, to our dear Saviour and faithful Helper, to accord to you His spirit and His aid; for does He not call all those to Himself whose souls stand in need of Him, and does He not promise that what we ask in His name, we shall receive. Only beware, my child, that you do not attempt to begin with your own improvement; for in our own strength we can do nought; but flee with your consciousness of imperfection and sin, with your every want and desire, to the Son of God, to receive grace, yea, one grace after the other, from His abundance. Ah! surely, there will be joy in heaven at your coming, and what happiness, what bliss will it not be to you to be from youth at one with your Saviour, to conquer in His strength all those obstacles to perfection which meet us here under so many forms, and to restore His image in your heart. And now, as regards your physical wants. . . . .

The Father to the Sons.

[IX.]

MY DEAR CHILDREN, *Anhalt, 10th August*, 1783.

It gave me great pleasure to learn from your sister, a short time ago, that you were well, and grateful to our dear Lord and Saviour for having guided you to Niesky. But our hearts would have been still more gratified had you yourselves written a few lines, more especially to express your grateful love to your dear mother on her birthday. You may, indeed, have thought that we would probably be absent from home; but when our hearts prompt us to a right thing, we must not listen to such excuses, but be true to the impulse, and leave the result to Him who is the best ruler. In future, dear children, do as I have advised you. Whenever you think of us, or anything about yourselves occurs to you which you would wish us to know, note it down in a few words in your diaries, and at the end of some weeks make a letter out of what you have thus noted. Your letter will then be easy and natural, and you will thus avoid all affectation and the various kinds of self-deception which are born of it. . . . .

The Mother to the Son.

[X.]

DEARLY BELOVED SON, *Gnadenfrei, 26th October*, 1783.

Soon after our arrival in this pleasant place, we received the glad and welcome tidings of our dear son's reception into the communion of the Lord. Our hearts also were moved thereby to joyful thanks and sincere self-abasement. For my part, I look upon your sister's and your approaching admission into the congregation, as a proof of the gracious satisfaction of our dear Saviour with the step which we have taken in this direction with regard to our beloved children; and I rejoice most heartily, my dear son, that in your mind also the conception of the peace, which our faithful Shepherd wishes to extend to all, is ever becoming clearer. Yes, we cannot possibly fail to see the grace and mercy exercised by

Him for the welfare of our souls, when we take into consideration the manner in which He has guided us of late years, and how, more especially as regards you, our eyes were opened about Teschen, and the way to Halle was, so to say, closed to us. I recal those circumstances to your mind, because it is impossible to mistake the hand of the Lord herein, and because He has so graciously and so mercifully drawn us by bonds of love away from the temptations of the world. Let us, therefore, in return, my dear son, cling firmly to Him alone, who is the faithful Shepherd of our souls; let us give up our hearts entirely to Him; let us pour out all our griefs to Him; let us speak to His heart, and daily pray to Him to cast out and take away everything that tends to separate us from Him. Thus He will be able to fill our hearts with His love; and happy shall we be, when able to say—I live, yet it is not I, but Christ, who lives in me. I have the most joyful hope that our blessed Saviour, who has commenced His work in us, will carry it forward until that day be attained.

Schleiermacher to his Sister Charlotte.

[XI.]

DEAREST SISTER, *Niesky, 30th August*, 1793.

With true joy, gratitude, and humility, I heard first from Fritz von T—— that you had been allowed to remove to Gnadenfrei; afterwards, I saw from your dear letter that you had already taken up your abode in the choir-house;* and

* The members of a Moravian congregation are divided according to age and position in life into sections or choirs. Thus there are choirs of the married brethren and sisters, the widows and the widowers, the single sisters and brethren, youths, maidens (the two latter from the twelfth or thirteenth to the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth year, according to circumstances), and, lastly, the choir of children of both sexes up to the twelfth or thirteenth year. Each choir has its own special meetings for exhortation and edification. On the Continent there are still houses for the single sisters, widows, and single brethren. The entrance and departure are per-

now I obtain the further news from your dear nursing mother,* that you were received into the community on the last *Gemeinde Tag*,† on occasion of which event, I congratulate you most heartily, and pray that the Saviour will grant you His blessing.

You have, no doubt, reason to be vexed with me that I have remained so long silent after having received these pleasant accounts, and that I have not written even a single line to you; but I know that you will excuse me, when I tell you that it is because I could not make up my mind to send you a short note only, the first time I wrote to you in the choir-house, and yet I could not do otherwise, without putting you to the expense of postage (which I was loth to do), as I could not find a safe opportunity; and I, therefore, postponed writing until the arrival of your nursing parents, who have at last come, and, to my great joy, have brought me letters from our dear parents and from yourself. That my

fectly optional. Each brother and sister pays for board and lodging, and seeks to gain a livelihood by labour and occupation of some kind or other, unless when in the enjoyment of an independent competency. In some of the brethren's houses flourishing trades are carried on, each trade being superintended by a master, who is responsible to the person who has the chief control of all the temporal concerns of the house, and who is called the Warden.—TRANS.

* The *Pflegemutter*, literally, nursing mother, was a female who superintended little children—often the wife of the person who had the care of an educational establishment. *Pfleger* and *Pflegerinn*, called in the English and American congregations of the Moravian Church *labourer* and *labouress*, are the individuals who have the spiritual charge of the inmates of the choir-houses.—TRANS.

† The *Gemeinde Tag*, literally the Congregation Day, was one of several days in the year, set apart for particular religious services, in which the whole congregation participated. At first, in the renewed Moravian Church at Herrnhut, they were held monthly, and letters from distant missionaries, or interesting intelligence regarding "the kingdom of God," were communicated. The days thus specially observed are no longer maintained, as regards each congregation as a whole, but in the continental settlements there are still four *Kinder Gemeintage*, or congregation days, for the children during the course of the year.—TRANS.

dear parents had not received my letter has greatly surprised me, and I do not wonder that they felt hurt at my supposed silence, more especially on occasion of our dear mother's birthday. By this opportunity they will, however, receive a second long and circumstantial letter from me and Carl, who is as well in health, and, as you may conceive, as much pleased as I am. I must earnestly beg you to forward it to Anhalt as speedily as possible, that is to say, if you mean to write and not to await the arrival of my father. I hope you may soon have a visit from our beloved mother. How greatly will she not rejoice to see you, contrary to expectation, so soon established in the choir-house, and so thoroughly happy among the sisters. But I do wish that I might soon have a visit from you, not only that I might see you in the dress of the sisterhood, though I am very impatient for that, but also that I might have a long chat with you about many things; therefore, the first time any one from Gnadenfrei is coming here, you must jump into the carriage and surprise us with an unexpected visit of a week. That would be delightful! . . . .

And now, dear sister, I think you would like to hear how the conferences in this place are regulated; for the same rules do not prevail in all congregations. Sunday, at half-past nine o'clock, we have the Litany; at ten, a sermon; at two, strangers' meeting for the Diaspora;* at

* At first these were meetings in Herrnhut for the aged, and infirm, and sick, who could not attend the public service on Sundays and festival days. Some competent person repeated the sermon of the morning, and in course of time, as many strangers attended, it got the name of *Fremden Stunde*, or Strangers'-hour, or Strangers'-meeting. The term diaspora means Dispersion, with reference to James i. 1, 1 Peter i. 1, and John vii. 35. At a very early period of the "renewed" Moravian Church, invitations were sent from various quarters of Europe for godly men to labour in the national churches. These men did not dispense the sacraments, but visited, prayed, read the Bible, and kept meetings for those who, without leaving the national churches, sought "to be built up in communion" with right-minded, pious persons. There is a large number of persons on

five, a *Liturgie** for the full members; at eight, *Gemeinstunde.*†

On week days, at half-past nine o'clock, children's meeting; at seven, evening meeting; at nine, singing meeting.‡ On Fridays, at nine in the evening, we have the Liturgy: "O Lord, full," &c. &c. On Saturdays we have no evening meeting, but a singing meeting at seven.

Dearest sister, my sheet is now full; but very soon you shall have another like it. I hope that Carl will still bring me a little letter to enclose; at all events I can assure you that he is merry, cheerful, and in good health. And now farewell. Love me, and think often of your affectionate brother.

the Continent in this kind of connection with the United Brethren's church, and such was probably the case with Schleiermacher's parents. Each band or group is called a Diaspora Society; and one, or more, has its own "labourer," or minister. Round most of the continental settlements there is such a society, and they have three or four days in the year when they come together in the settlement and have their own meetings.—TRANS.

* The *Liturgie* is a singing meeting, in which printed books are used. These contain verses in different metres, and adapted to different chorales, so as to afford variety, but giving a consecutive statement of some portion of Christian doctrine, with suitable application to the heart.—TRANS.

† The *Gemeinstunde* was originally in Herrnhut a discourse or address delivered to the members of the congregation on Sunday evening. It was intended to be a "vehicle" for conveying admonition and encouragement, according to the peculiar wants of the congregation. The term afterwards came to signify any exposition of Scripture or address as directed to the members of the Church as distinguished from the public preaching of the gospel.—TRANS.

‡ The singing meeting is distinguished from the *Liturgie* in as much as in these the officiating clergyman chooses verses from the printed hymn-book just as it pleases him, yet with reference to the peculiar circumstances of the day or church festival, &c. On the Continent the members know so many of these hymns by heart, that they do not take their books with them, nor does the leader make any use of his, simply commencing the verse, when the practised organist falls in with the chorale. These *liturgies* and singing-meetings are greatly relished by the musical Germans.—TRANS.

[XII.]

DEARLY BELOVED SISTER,. [No date.]

Like yourself, I cannot allow this excellent opportunity to go by without writing to you, particularly as Countess Lisette has strongly recommended me to do so. Your last letter, which contained the only accounts I have had of my father during the last four months, was the more welcome on that account, though not quite satisfactory. I think of writing to him next week, as my letter will then arrive in Gnadenfrei exactly at the right moment; I will at the same time execute all the commissions, and make Carl write also, if only ten lines.

You seem this year to have altered your opinion relative to the summer; and I have likewise altered my mind. I used to be very fond of summer, but now I like winter better. My love of walking, too, has subsided, because I have too much of it, and because the country here is not particularly attractive, as you will see when you pay us a visit, which the Countess gives me the hope you will do some day. I believe, also, that winter is more favourable for study, and the first snow will be a most welcome sight to me. The walks round Gnadenfrei are more attractive, and there I should probably feel as you do. However, neither my love for winter nor my hatred to summer disturb the cheerful state of my mind; but when I find that I do not love the Saviour enough, that I do not sufficiently honour him; when the daily intercourse with him does not go on uninterrupted, then I am disturbed. But as often as we draw near to Him feeling ourselves sinners, who can only be saved through His mercy—as often as we pray to Him for a look of grace, we never go away from Him empty. He never abandons us, however much we may deserve it; yet the more undisturbed our minds the better, the more consistent, the more tranquil, the nearer to Heaven—happiest for us would it be, were we there altogether. But His will be done; it is the best.

One word more only. I would rather have heard from

you than from Countess Lisette, that our father had been ill at Gnadenfrei. Ought you not to have been the first to have informed me of this? You might also remind my father that my purse is suffering from consumption, and that brought on by fruit. Who would have believed it? Papa alone can cure it. And now fare thee well, under the guardianship of the Saviour, to whom I commend you as also myself.

Your loving Brother.

[XIII.]

DEAREST CHARLOTTE, [No date.]

You are right, I expected nothing less than to receive a letter from you from Anhalt; and yesterday, when I got it, I could hardly restrain a cry of joy, and the exclamation—"Oh, were I but also there!" But, Charlotte, I believe if this were the case, I would rejoice much more than you seem to do, according to the impression I have received from your letter, and more especially as I see by the address that our father was at home when you wrote. You are sorry to have been disturbed in your blissful tranquillity, and to a certain extent I can agree with you; but, dear sister, duty is duty, and we ought ever to do it cheerfully. I think, that though you bustle about in the house and garden from five o'clock in the morning until ten in the evening, you may be equally safe, and feel yourself equally near to the Saviour, as in the tranquil state of inactivity (if you will allow me the expression) which you enjoyed in Gnadenfrei. If this were not so, how should I do, or any of those who study, constantly obliged, as we are, to turn our thoughts to other matters? But the heart may, nevertheless, feel the peace and the love of Jesus, as I can assert from my own experience, thanks be to His mercy.

That you were deprived of the satisfaction of celebrating Passion week and Easter in the congregation I regret with you; but I trust that the Saviour has vouchsafed to you some consolation and compensation. The office at ——— is not, indeed, performed in so solemn and edifying a manner

as among us; the thoughts are more easily drawn off, holy feelings of love and reverence are not excited to the same extent; the whole relation of our hearts to the Saviour does not appear so distinctly as in the verses which the *Liturgus** gives out; but, Charlotte, the essential matter is, nevertheless, the same. The body of Christ, which was given as a ransom for us, is partaken of, and so likewise the blood which was shed in forgiveness of our sins, and the effects must be the same provided we present ourselves at the table in a reverential and loving spirit, and with hearts humbled with thoughts of the mercy of the Saviour and of their own shortcomings, yet comforted and joyful, because allowed to strengthen themselves with His strength. This you have, no doubt, experienced.

Regarding your stay at home I would further address a few requests to you, provided they do not come too late. First of all, try to rejoice at being once more called upon to occupy yourself with household duties; it is absolutely necessary that a young woman should have some knowledge of these matters; for you cannot know whither the Saviour may lead you, or whether it be your destiny to sit for ever in the choir-house before an embroidery frame. Secondly, be not over anxious as to whether you are doing the thing properly or not; such anxiety is good for nothing. My principle is: boldly begun is half won. Of course it is understood that the "boldly begun" is not to exclude the necessary prudence and consideration. Thirdly, remember that you will be watched on all sides, and that from your conduct conclusions will be drawn relative to the community. Be not, therefore, dull and dejected, that people may not thereby be confirmed in their notion that Herrnhuters are all discontented dissemblers. Fourthly, speak properly; and do not make use of any expressions which you have only learnt in the sister-house; for they are good for nothing and no one will understand them.

* The officiating minister.

[XIV.]

DEARLY BELOVED SISTER! *Niesky, 22nd December*, 1783.

Brother Z—— has given me the distressing intelligence of the departure of our dear mother for her long home, which he had learnt from my father's letter to brother Sh——. He sent for me and Carl one Wednesday forenoon. I saw at once that he had nothing good to announce to us, and my heart began to beat directly I entered the room. He read the greater part of the letter to us; and the first day it was to me like a dream which I could not believe. The description of her last hours has had a very good effect on me; and the event, in regard to which the Saviour has doubtless his wise intentions, makes me feel more than ever the blessing of being in this community. I often think of what she said in Gnadenfrei: "Now that all the children are going to the Brethren, I shall be of little more use here, so I may as well lay me down and go to sleep." And when I took leave of her here, I felt as if I should never see her again. Our father is the one whom I most pity; I fancy his state must be dreadful. Oh! how I wish that to him also might be granted the happiness of being in a congregation of the Brethren; but I do not think that this will be his lot. He is now doubly an object of thought and of prayerful intercession to me. Since August I have not had a single line from him, and I dare say his first letter to me will be as great a trial to him as my first letter to him was to me. And now I will conclude, recommending myself to your love and to your intercessions; and assuring you of my hearty sympathy in case you stand as much in need of such as I do, and of my sincere joy in case you are better off. Farewell, and continue to love,

Your devotedly attached Brother.

The Father to the Children.

[XV.] *Anhalt, 31st January*, 1784.

MY DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN!

You are now motherless orphans, and the dear Saviour has reconciled you to her departure, by granting you the

grace to have faith in Himself, by which faith you know that she also, because she believed in Him, will be with Him for evermore. Therefore, never forget her, but let her memory be to you an incitement to praise your Creator and Saviour, who gave you a mother that loved your souls and was anxious for your eternal welfare, and who became, through His mercy, a blessed instrument in His hand, to keep you dear children from the temptations of the wicked world, and to bring you into His communion as into a secure haven. Thank the dear Saviour for this with all your hearts, but pray also to Him without ceasing to make you entirely His own, to grant that your hearts be exclusively devoted to Him, so that you may desire to live for Him alone. Oh! my dear children, whom I now embrace with more undivided fatherly love than ever, whom I often in thought press to my bosom, and whom I daily recommend in prayer to the most faithful heart of my beloved Saviour—Oh! I implore you, be not indifferent in regard to the surpassing mercy that the Saviour has vouchsafed to you and to me in bringing you unto His people.

Schleiermacher to his Sister.

[XVI.]

DEARLY BELOVED SISTER! [No date].

The community here celebrate the office eight days later than the Gnadenfrei and other congregations; consequently yesterday, I was for the second time, by the grace of the Saviour, permitted to be a looker on. In the afternoon, before the love-feast, I received your letter. I am assured that you will rejoice with me—that with me you will thank our good and merciful Saviour, and also pray to Him to bestow upon me His grace, more especially during the fortnight between this and Maundy-Thursday, when I am to partake of His flesh and blood in the Holy Communion, so that it may day by day show forth more gloriously in me. "I will bring them all unto myself," was the text of yesterday; and as regards me also He will graciously fulfil this promise. He has risen from the dead to help all miserable sinners on

earth, and therefore I also have a part in Him, He alone is my stay, the God who died for me upon the cross.

On occasion of your approaching birthday, the first that you will celebrate in the congregation, I wish you the special peace of the Saviour, and many blessings; I will think of you on that day. Ah! did but the love of Christ fill our hearts day and night! Were we but always pleasant in His sight, were we but in constant, uninterrupted communion with Him, did we but cling to Him so that not even for one moment could we be drawn away from Him! With these wishes for us both I conclude. Remember me, and love your brother, who loves you in Jesus. . . . . .

[XVII.] [No date.]

. . . . On the 21st, the unmarried brethren here celebrated an anniversary, on which occasion twelve youths from our house, who left for Barby two days later, were admitted into the Brother choir. Already at the time of my confirmation I looked forward with joy to the choir communion,* which is partaken of on this occasion, and you may conceive my grief when I found that we would not be allowed to share in it. I quite agree with what you say about the recent beautiful festivals, and to me also they have brought a blessing. It is true that all days that God gives, ought, in the community, to be days sacred to the memory of His martyrdom; but on occasion of such holidays and memorial festivals, we feel nevertheless a greater and more lasting blessing. And now continue to love me, as you may be assured, I continue to love you, and think often of,

Your affectionate Brother.

[XVIII.] [No date.]

. . . . After all, the removal to another choir, which awaits me in four weeks, is no insignificant step, and when I look back upon the past, my mind is strangely moved.

* This is the Holy Communion partaken of by the officiating clergymen and some one choir of the congregation.—TRANS.

I have been an apprentice in the community somewhat more than two years; that is not a very long time, yet in this short period how much have I not experienced, that is to say, much evil as regards myself, and much mercy as regards the Saviour; I have merited wrath, say I on my side; I have atoned for you, cries the Lamb from the cross. When I reflect upon what is required of a brother, I feel that I should despair, were I to venture upon the step, relying upon myself and upon my own strength; therefore, dear Charlotte, think often of me in your communings with the Saviour, and pray to Him to grant me His grace in my new calling. . . . . Farewell, dear Charlotte, and let not the thirty additional miles, that will in future separate us, lessen, but rather increase, your love for me. . . . .

The Father to the Son.

[XIX.]

MY DEAR SON, *Gnadenfrei, 6th October*, 1784.

I am heartily rejoiced at and grateful for the mercy which the Saviour has vouchsafed to you, when I see from your letters that through His spirit He has kept alive in you the desire and the endeavour to live to please him alone. Thank Him from the bottom of your heart for this inexpressible mercy, and also because He makes you feel that you do not even now love Him as you ought. But this must not discourage you, nor even awaken in you the desire that this bitterness may soon be taken from you. Most earnestly do I pray that this, as well as everything that you may further experience, may lead you to fix your eyes steadfastly and with unswerving faith on his wounds, which have the power to conquer all discontent; and by gazing at which, we may even here below enjoy heavenly bliss. The contemplation of His wounds and of the tears which He has shed for you, will make time seem short to you during the days of expectancy.

The best and only advice I can give you, my dear son, in the present state of your heart, is to call without ceasing upon the Saviour to let you evermore experience the power

of His blood, and then you will be able to sing with entire truth—"Thy dear blood, the sap of life, gives me ever new strength to live." . . . .

Continue to write often to your dear sister, whose company I have been enjoying for some days, and love each other, and encourage each other in faith and devotion, and pray also for me. . . . .

Stubenrauch to Schleiermacher.

[xx.] *Halle, 19th November,* 1785.

My very dear and valued Nephew,

. . . . It has pleased me very much to be able to trace in your letters the whole course and arrangement of your studies. I have always known the seminary in which you are studying to be a very useful institution, and well adapted to its purpose; and I rejoice that you have there excellent opportunities for acquiring a thorough knowledge of philosophy and theology, without being obliged to visit our academy, where so many a respectable youth has forfeited his entire peace of mind, has been burdened with doubts and empty speculations or useless criticism, and has lost what was dearest to him, without acquiring any adequate compensation. You are most fortunate—and you cannot sufficiently thank your faithful Lord and Saviour for it—in having escaped exposure to all such temptations to err from the truth that leads to salvation. Nevertheless, I would most earnestly entreat you not to look upon all dissenters in the same light, and to habituate yourself to be tolerant. I know full well that toleration is a word much in fashion at the present moment, and that it is frequently abused; but I always think that, if we would judge justly those who are misled, we must take into consideration the more or less favourable position which they have occupied, their education, and the first lessons and impressions which they have derived from it; and besides this, we must allow that there are differences of grades and classes among the so-called

innovators. I do not doubt that the Brethren, who are so just in all their thoughts, likewise point this out to you when an opportunity occurs during the exegetical lectures which you are now attending, and that they recommend a wise toleration to their young auditors—and you will thus have learned to recognise the great amount of evil that has resulted through many centuries from the early established principle, *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus.* . . . . That you are so specially interested in exegesis redounds to your honour, and gives me great pleasure; for the right understanding of the Scriptures is after all the fundamental matter on which depends not only our own tranquillity and peace of mind, but also the blessing that will attend us in our vocation.

[XXI.] *Halle, 10th December*, 1785.

. . . . This time, I begin by answering the last part of your letter. In alluding to *nulla salus extra ecclesiam*, I was far from intending to impute blame to the excellent Brotherhood, but merely meant to recommend to you a true, active, wide, and well-understood toleration, because it seems to me that, although much has been said and written about toleration in the last decennium, little real toleration is exercised.

That you read the *Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung* gives me true pleasure; for, in my opinion, this is one of the best periodicals, and renders many others superfluous. Your judgment of Barth is quite correct. Who is the author of the *Moral Lessons for all Ranks*, I do not like to say, as I am not quite sure. Tell me in your next, whether you still like mathematics as much as formerly. In Barby you cannot fail, I think, to obtain further instruction herein.

The Father to the Son.

[XXII.] *Anhalt, 27th January*, 1786.

I thank you, my dear son, for your sincere wishes on occasion of the new year; yet more, however, I wish that

you and I may both be enabled gratefully to enjoy all the benefits that the Saviour has conferred upon us in so unmerited a manner. The future is in His hand, and cannot, therefore, have anything but good in store for us; but to enjoy the present and the past, and to have ever a due appreciation of His loving kindness, this is bliss, and this I desire for you.

I trust that I shall be able to let you have the twenty dollars which you ask for, although my income is very accurately apportioned; but you must have patience, and give time. . . . .

The Son to the Father.

[XXIII.]

DEAREST FATHER, *Barby, March*, 1786.

Last Saturday I received the enclosed, and might consequently have written one post day earlier, had not a bad finger prevented me. However, I sit down as soon as possible to thank you with all my heart for your last letter, and for all your fatherly love.

At the very commencement you impress upon me the great rule, to enjoy the present and to be grateful for the past, but as regards the future to rely upon the Lord in whose hand it is. I fully acknowledge, dear father, that this rule is necessary, particularly to one situated as I am, if he would lead a happy and contented life; but I must confess my weakness on this point also. It is true that when I look back upon my life of seventeen years, I recognise so many remarkable proofs of the kind and merciful guidance of the Lord, and of His watchfulness over all circumstances relating even to the meanest of his rational creatures, that I feel constrained to prostrate myself in the dust, and to say: With what mercy, and patience, and love hast Thou led me, O Lord. My thoughts are confounded thereat, yet the unbounded confidence which this ought to inspire fails me; and when I look into the future, I am much troubled, not by

the question *how great*, for that is rather indifferent to me, but by the question *when* and *where*.

It is great comfort to me that you will be so kind as to help me out with the twenty dollars. The best thanks that I can give you for all your goodness, is to conduct myself so as to be a joy to the Saviour, to you, and to the community to which I belong by grace; and may the Lord so grant it! Towards this consummation all my endeavours are directed.

Stübenrauch to Schleiermacher.

[XXIV.] *Halle, 14th March*, 1786.

. . . . The fact that my two last letters principally contained recommendations to wise toleration, you must by no means interpret as being meant to convey an accusation of intolerance against the Brotherhood; these recommendations were rather the consequence of conversations and books, which at that time occupied my mind. . . . . Under such circumstances I could not sufficiently impress the duty of true tolerance on a youth so dear to me. However, I see distinctly from your last letter that we are quite agreed on this point. I further agree with you herein, that whereas our forefathers perhaps went too far in their representations of the avenging justice of God, and thus almost entirely lost sight of His boundless love and mercy towards fallen man, so in our day, on the contrary, many persons praise exclusively the fatherly love of God; and if formerly people were perhaps too much terrified at the inflexible justice of God, now, on the contrary, by having God's goodness constantly recalled to their minds, they are as it were lulled to sleep and rendered indolent. . . . . Here we perceive most distinctly what great mischief results when, instead of holding in mind the intimate connection and the mutual relation between the great truths of our religion, we give ourselves up to a onesided contemplation of certain injurious results that *may* follow from an exaggerated repre-

sentation of isolated truths; for from such a contemplation arise the imprudent (to use a very mild term) expressions relative to the doctrine of the atonement in the *Berlin Monthly Journal* and elsewhere.

I am very much pleased to hear that you still continue a friend of the mathematical sciences, and I rejoice that you are to receive further instruction herein in the course of the next half year. This may be of great service to you through life, as, indeed, I think I already perceive the advantage which you have derived from this science, in the greater clearness and correctness of your perceptions.

You have no doubt heard of Mendelsohn's death; perhaps also you may have seen in the papers the following distich:—

> There is a God, so Moses taught;
> But Mendelsohn the proof has brought.

Upon which the subjoined parody has been made here:—

> The wise believe 'cause Moses taught it;
> From Mendelsohn but fools have caught it.

I should like to know your opinion of this parody.

[XXV.] *Halle, 25th April*, 1786.

. . . . Your judgment of Moses Mendelsohn pleases me very much, and so likewise your feeling of the impropriety of that distich. It seems to me, however, that you are not quite just to Mendelsohn when you say that "we have had among us men who, regarded as philosophers, may well be placed on a level with him and whose death has, nevertheless, created far less sensation." For Mendelsohn was more than a philosopher; in fact, our literature, our language, and also sound criticism, are greatly indebted to him.

The Son to the Father.

[XXVI.] *Barby*, 1786.

Thanks to moderate exercise and to a wholesome diet, which is also very wholesome for my purse, I am now,

praise be to God, healthy and cheerful. With one thing only I am not content. I wish very much to study theology, and that thoroughly; but I shall not be able to boast of having done anything of the kind when I leave this, for in my opinion we are kept within too narrow limits in point of reading. Except what we see in the scientific periodicals, we learn nothing about the objections, arguments, and discussions raised in the present day in regard to exegesis and dogmatics. Even in the lectures delivered to us sufficient mention is not made of these matters, and yet knowledge of them is absolutely necessary for a future theologian. The fact that they fear to lay them before us, awakens in many minds a suspicion that the objections of the innovators must approve themselves to the intellect and be difficult to refute. I do not, however, share this opinion; and upon the whole, the small amount of discontent I feel in regard to this subject does not as yet disturb my tranquillity, and you are the only person to whom I have mentioned it.

I recommend myself to yours and mamma's* tender affection, and am with entire filial love and reverence.

Your most dutiful son.

The Father to the Son.

[XXVII.]

MY DEAR SON, *Anhalt, 42nd August*, 1786.

I wish you and your comrade joy at having got Count Reuss for your warden; that you, more especially, are highly pleased at it, and that you are relieved from the necessity of writing to ask for money and an increase of allowance, I see by your letter. It is certainly very good when a man can be free from pecuniary cares while he is studying. I was not so fortunate; but my narrow circumstances proved very beneficial to me, and thus I hope that the dear Saviour will graciously turn to your true good, that which may at first seem a hardship to you—such as, for instance, your delicate health. His invisible hand ever leads us along the safest

* The father had by this time married again.

path, if we do but give ourselves up to His guidance like little children. Do this as regards your studies also, dear son, and be assured that you will lose nothing by it, should even the objections and criticisms of the innovators remain unknown to you. Keep out of the way of this tree of knowledge, and of that dangerous love of profundity which would lure you towards it. I have read almost all the refutations of infidelity, but they have not convinced me; but I have, on the contrary, learned from experience that faith is the *regalia* of the Deity, and can only be the work of His mercy. Besides, you do not intend to be a vain theologian, but are preparing to render yourself capable of bringing souls to the Saviour, and for this purpose, you need not all that knowledge; and you cannot sufficiently thank your Saviour for having brought you into the community of the Brethren, where you can so well do without it. Believe, moreover, that the Bible is an inexhaustible spring at which you may abundantly quench your thirst for knowledge. Make yourself, more especially, thoroughly acquainted with the Hebrew; for that many a treasure is still buried in this language, you may in a measure learn from the commentaries of brother R——. Should you wish, in addition to this, to read something pleasant, and at the same time edifying and likely to confirm you in your faith, you will find this in the writings of Martinot, Sander, Bonnet, and Harvey (principally of the latter), men who have endeavoured to trace in material nature also the love, the wisdom, and the power of God, who died upon the cross for us godless ones. It is, undoubtedly, very elevating; yet, when we remember and believe in the martyrdom of God, it makes us at the same time bow low in the dust, and inspires us with the deepest compunction, when in such books we learn to know not only the unfathomable depth of God's love, which has condescended to us miserable and lost sinners, but also its height, length, and breadth. Here you will find a wide field for the exercise of your love of knowledge, in which you will be secure against pride and vanity, and will, ultimately, be led back again to blessed simplicity.

The Son to the Father.

[XXVIII.]

TENDERLY BELOVED FATHER, *Barby, 21st January, 1787.*

Though tardily expressed, my wishes for you in the New Year are not, therefore, the less sincere or the less fervent. The older we grow, dear father, the longer we witness the course of events in the world, the more persuaded we become, that neither for ourselves nor for others ought we to wish any of those things which are generally the object of desire, lest we should in reality be wishing for evil. Everything is, under some circumstances, happiness, and under others, unhappiness, except peace, tranquillity of mind, and submissiveness of heart; and this is what I wish for you, in addition to that which must be most valued by a father, well-founded joy in your children. The more I, as your son, wish you this from the bottom of my filial heart, the more it costs me, the more it pains me in the depth of my soul, that I must now announce to you something which will cause your hope, in the fulfilment of this wish, to waver.

I confessed to you, in my last letter, my dissatisfaction with the limited scope of my position here, and pointed out how easily, under such circumstances, religious doubts may, in our times, arise among young people. I thus endeavoured to prepare you for the intelligence that these doubts have been awakened in me, but I did not attain my object. You believed that your answer had set me at rest; and for six whole months I most unjustifiably remained silent, because I could not find it in my heart to destroy this illusion.

Faith is the regalia of the Godhead, you say. Alas! dearest father, if you believe that, without this faith, no one can attain to salvation in the next world, nor to tranquillity in this—and such, I know, is your belief—oh! then, pray to God to grant it to me, for to me it is now lost. I cannot believe that He, who called Himself the Son of Man, was the true, eternal God: I cannot believe that His death was a vicarious atonement, because He never expressly said so Himself; and I cannot believe it to have been necessary, because God, who

evidently did not create men for perfection, but for the pursuit of it, cannot possibly intend to punish them eternally, because they have not attained it.

Alas! best of fathers, the deep and acute suffering which I endure while writing this letter, prevents me from giving you in detail the history of my soul as regards my opinions, or all my strong reasons for entertaining them; but I implore you, do not look upon them as merely transient views, without deep roots. During almost a whole year they have had a hold upon me, and it is long and earnest reflection that has determined me to adopt them. I entreat you not to keep back from me your strongest counter-reasons; but I candidly confess that I do not think you will succeed in convincing me *at present*, for I hold firmly by my convictions. And now are told these tidings which must be so terribly startling to you! Try to enter entirely into my feelings, and you will, perhaps, be able in some measure to understand what it must have cost me to write these lines, devoted to you as I am, my good father, with such tender filial affection, acknowledging as I do your great love for me, and being conscious that I owe everything to you; for that I entertain these feelings, I can aver with a good conscience, and I am sure that you also are persuaded of it. They have been written with trembling hand and with many tears; but even now I would not send them forth, had not my superiors encouraged me; and even in a manner charged me to write to you. Comfort yourself, dear father, for I know you were long in the same state that I am now. Doubts assailed you at one time as they now do me, and yet you have become what you now are. Think, hope, believe, that the same may be the case with me; and be assured that, although I may not be of the same faith as you, I will, nevertheless, ever strive to become an honourable, upright, and useful man; and, after all, that is the most essential thing.

I have openly laid my thoughts before my present superiors, and, upon the whole, I have been treated very kindly. They have told me that they would wait some time to see whether

a happy change might not take place; but, at the same time, they have given me frequently and distinctly to understand, which is indeed a matter of course, that I must not look forward to obtaining even the most insignificant office in the community, until my convictions have undergone this change. I know, dear father, that however great may be the pain which I am now causing you, you will not withdraw from me your fatherly love and care. You will see, without my suggesting it, that it will be necessary even in case it cannot soon be realized—which, alas! I am convinced it cannot be—that measures should at once be taken to enable me to become a useful man beyond the limits of the community, as within it I cannot at present be so. If your circumstances will at all admit of it, pray, allow me to go to Halle, if only for two years. You must see that my success in life depends upon this. I can hardly believe that you will give your consent to my continuing my theological studies there, for you will not be willing to add one more to the heterodox teachers of our country. However, if you can do so with a good conscience, as I would at all events probably devote myself to a scholastic career, it will suit me much the best, for I am better prepared herein than in other sciences, and my inclination also lies this way. There, also, I would be more likely to change my views than by continued study in the congregation, for I would have more opportunities of testing every diversity of opinion, and would, perhaps, learn to see that many reasons are on one side not so strong, and on the other, stronger than I at present conceive. However, I leave it entirely to you to determine what I shall study. In regard to law there is this objection, that a jurist belonging to the burgher class rarely obtains an appointment; and in regard to medicine there is this other objection, that on account of my deficiency in preliminary knowledge, I would require two years more, while at the same time, the lectures are much more expensive. Perhaps uncle can give me free lodgings or free board in his house; or, perhaps, I might obtain free board elsewhere, or even a small stipend. Six young members of the Brotherhood

are already studying the law in Halle, and these, together with my old friend W——, from Breslau, and Mr. S——, would be sufficient society for me; so that from this side you would not have reason to fear the corruption of the university, besides which, my time would be fully occupied with study, and I would live quietly under the guardianship of my uncle.

If you would communicate with the Brethren in Herrnhut upon the subject, and represent the matter to them, you might, perhaps, succeed in obtaining their consent to my going to Halle, in which case should I hereafter change my convictions, I would be at liberty to return to the community. The Brethren will no doubt understand that this diversion of my thoughts to quite different subjects would be the most likely means gradually to effect the desired change. However, should this even for a time entirely separate me from the congregation, it will, nevertheless, be better than that I should remain in the community with unaltered convictions, leading an inactive and discontented life. On the other hand, should I change in Halle, it is not impossible that I might return to the Brethren.

You will perceive in reading this letter, dear father, how hard it has been to me to write it. May God give you strength to receive the intelligence without injury to your health, without too great pain, and without suffering it to impair your fatherly love for me. He knows best what it has cost me to impart it to you.

And now, one request more only: make up your mind as quickly as possible. After Easter begin all the courses in Halle, and of what use would it be that I should remain another half-year here, consuming a great deal of money, and yet at last have to go?

In sorrow, dear father, I kiss your hands, and entreat you to look at everything from the most favourable side, and to consider well, and to bestow upon me in future, also, as far as it is possible, that fatherly affection which is so indescribably valued by

Your distressed and most dutiful Son.

The Father to the Son.

[XXIX.]

Anhalt, 6th February, 1787.

. . . . Oh, thou insensate son! who has deluded thee, that thou no longer obeyest the truth, thou, before whose eyes Christ was pictured, and who now crucifiest him? You were so well started, who has held you back from obeying the truth? Such persuasion is not from Him who has called you; but a little leaven leavens the whole loaf. The same wickedness of heart which, four years ago, made you fear that through it you would be lost in the world, and which drove you into the congregation, alas! you have furthermore nourished in yourself, and it has now leavened your whole being, and is driving you out of the congregation. Oh! my son—my son! How deeply do you humble me! What sighs you call forth from my soul! And if the departed watch over us, oh! what a cruel disturber of the tranquillity of your blessed mother have you become, now that even your stranger stepmother is weeping over you.

Go forth, then, into the world, whose honours you are seeking. Try if its husks can satisfy your soul which refuses the divine cordial which Jesus bestows on all hearts that thirst for Him. Have you, then, never tasted one little drop of balsam from His wounds? And was it all hypocrisy and deception which you used to write, and which you have so often protested that you felt? But if it were truth, oh! then it will witness awfully against you on the last day, if you do not turn back again to the eternal merciful God. John, chap. xii. 48—50. Ep. to the Heb. chap. vi. 4–6.

Alas! into what a state of delusion has the wickedness of your heart plunged you! You believe that in the world you will find the way back again to the community to which you belonged (for, alas! in your heart you are no longer there); and equally contradictory are your objections, which you seem to think so strong. Nay, strong and powerful are the conceit and pride of your heart, but not so your arguments, which a child could refute. You mention that Jesus Himself never

said that he was the Son of God, or, what is the same, that He was the true, eternal God; and yet it was for this confession that the High Priest, who, together with all the Jews, considered it blasphemy, condemned Him to death. You foolishly imagine that God created man for the pursuing of perfection, but not for perfection itself; consequently, God has created man in anger, and for eternal unhappiness, as He has given him a conception of something, and a craving after something to which in all eternity he can never attain. But no! it is not that which you call perfection, but it is the glorification of God which is the first, as it is the last end of all His works, and all His revelations; He is love, and whoever remains in the enjoyment of His love remains in God and God in him; this passage ought to have taught you that as God is one, so also He can have but *one* end, viz.: that His love, His praise, and His glorification shall constitute our present and future bliss, for He alone is all in all. But if the glorification of God shall at the same time constitute our happiness (for there can be but *one* end), then also must His love, His praise, and His glorification be our only and eternal concern, so that in it we shall find eternal joy, and the fulfilment of our wishes in all eternity. In order, however, that the bliss which God in His love has prepared for us, may become the sole object of our wishes, and in consequence our true happiness, you cannot but see, dear son, that our hearts must be entirely changed, and that we must return from multiformity to unity, and from love of the flesh and of self to the love of the one only loveable Being. Therefore, then, has God so first loved us, that He did not spare His son begotten of Himself, but gave him up a ransom for us—in order that when, through the power of His spirit, we have obtained faith in this, that the true God suffered death for us lost sinners, a new life may be generated in our dead bodies, a fire be kindled of grateful love, and entire devotion, and a zeal for the glorification of God which shall not be quenched through all eternity. Of this faith, as the source of love, and of the glorification of God, I wrote to you that it was the Godhead's royal due, and that with full right, in order that

not to the creature, even in the very smallest degree, but to God alone, be the honour of our happiness here, and our salvation hereafter. For therefore has He included everything in unbelief that He might have mercy on all. If then, my dear son, you be really earnestly anxious to possess this only saving faith, then seek it, pray for it on your knees to the great God and Creator, who as man bled for you on the cross; pray for it as for a gift that His mercy alone can bestow. But, if it be your own glory that you are seeking, if you disdain the God of your fathers, if you will go forth and serve strange gods, then make your own choice; but I and my house will serve the God who has ransomed us.

Alas! my heart trembles with a fearful foreboding that the affectionate warnings of your father, who is tenderly concerned in your well-being, that my experiences and even your own, will prove fruitless; for your letter shows how strong is the delusion under which you are labouring. Thou only, O my God and Saviour! canst open the eyes of this poor blinded child. Oh! have mercy upon him, for the sake of Thy own dear merits, and such share of them as Thou hast already vouchsafed to him, that this may not prove utterly vain, and that it may not witness against him on the day of judgment!

And now, O son, whom I press with tears to my sorrowful heart! with heartrending grief I discard thee, for discard thee I must, as thou no longer worshippest the God of thy fathers, as thou no longer kneelest at the same altar with him—yet, once more, my son, before we part—oh! tell me, what has the poor, meek, and humble-hearted Jesus done to thee, that thou renouncest his strength and his divine peace? Did you find no consolation when you laid before Him your need, the anguish of your heart? And now, in return for the divine long-suffering and patience with which He listened to you, you deny Him? You break the promise which you so often pronounced: with Thee Jesus I will abide? Why wouldst thou leave Him?—hast thou never received the word of life from Him?

But I must hasten to take leave of you. God only knows

with what feelings. Alas! not with those tears of joy gushing from a melted heart, with which you, three years ago, took leave of the world, and dedicated yourself to the Lord and to his congregation. O my son! forget not those tears —nor the tears of thankfulness and joy, which flowed from the eyes of your faithful and loving mother at the thought of what the Lord was doing for you—nor the earnest prayers with which the congregation received you into its bosom—nor either the tears of bitter grief, which you are now pressing from your father's eyes. Whithersoever you go, let them be ever before your memory. But if it be possible (and why should it not be, as to God nothing is impossible), then listen to the entreaties of your father who prays: Turn back, my son, turn back! Human virtue is not to be perfect, but to turn back speedily from the path of error. O Lord Jesus, Shepherd of the human race! bring back to Thyself Thy straying lamb! Do it for the glory of Thy own name! Amen!

I shall not as yet write to Halle, because I hope that the blessing of the Lord may attend my words and my prayers.

Should you write to your uncle—to do which I give you my permission in case your thoughts are not changed—then regard yourself as having taken leave of me and of the congregation; but longer than a year and a half, reckoning from Easter next, I cannot let you study; in that time you must make yourself efficient for some tutorship or other.

I can add no more except the assurance that with sorrowing and heavy heart, I remain your deeply compassionate and loving father.

The Son to the Father.

[xxx.]

Barby, 12th February, 1787.

TENDERLY BELOVED AND BEST OF FATHERS,

By this time you will have received the distressing letter. Oh! how often I have wished that I had been less honest, and that I had not disclosed my thoughts to any one,

or at least that I had not sent off the letter to you! I should then have spared my good father all the pain and troublous consequences of this matter, the end of which God only knows. But once it must have been done, and now I am glad that I took courage, because I have since then been informed that I cannot be allowed to remain here longer than Easter. Do not write to Herrnhut, dearest father; it would be lost trouble. A dissenter like myself cannot be tolerated here; they fear that I may impart to others the dangerous poison, and wherever I may be I can no longer be considered as a member of the Brotherhood.

I wish, dear father, that you were as convinced as I am, that, under the present circumstances, this step cannot be otherwise than beneficial to me. With my views regarding the doctrines and the constitution of the Brotherhood, I could not at all events have felt tranquil, cheerful, and happy here. I should not be able to get rid of my doubts did I remain here, whereas, while studying theology at Halle, this may very probably occur. To you it will perhaps appear unlikely that in the very midst of so many heterodox teachers I should change my views; but if I know myself, this is the likeliest way for me to become convinced of error. It is the insufficiency of the proofs given here in support of certain doctrines, as well as the fact that the opinions of dissenters are either passed over in silence or mentioned without any reference to the reasons on which they are grounded, and also the absence of every opportunity for investigating these subjects myself, together with my natural predilection for whatever is evidently suppressed, that is the cause of my having gradually attained the point where I now am. In Halle all this will cease. I shall be in a position to prove everything, while the attractive manner in which it may be presented, will have no effect on me, as I have accustomed myself to divest everything that I read or hear of every ornament, and then to ponder over it. But what is more, I shall have my uncle there, to whom I may freely open all my thoughts, and with whom I may converse about them. This

I can do to no one here. The labourers refuse to enter upon any argument with me or to undertake to refute me, and with my friends I am strictly forbidden to speak upon the subject.

I hope, dear father, that you will consider these reasons valid, and that you will allow me to continue the study of theology, as in every case, if I do not change my opinions, I shall never accept any other than a scholastic appointment. What would be the result if I were to study medicine or law, which I dislike, and for which I feel myself quite unsuited? Even against my will my mind would constantly be drawn away from my professional studies, to ponder upon the subject so interesting to me. But how I am to manage to live in Halle is another question. My friend there has sent me the following list of the most necessary expenses:—Wood, annually, twelve florins; lodgings, with attendance, twenty-four florins: from these two items little or nothing can be struck off. Dinner, forty florins; but herein I shall be able to make a considerable reduction. Breakfast and supper, forty-eight florins; but as I never take coffee, and eat very little in the evening, I may be able to cut off at least the half of this. Hairdresser, eight florins; boot and clothes brushing, eight florins; laundress, eight florins; and in these calculations clothes, linen, fees to professors, and the necessary books, besides other miscellaneous expenses, are not included. The worst of all is, that I am very—very badly off for linen and clothes, that by Easter I shall have nothing left of my allowance here, and that I must, nevertheless, order several things, as I cannot possibly appear in Halle in the same trim as here.

And now, dearest father, be so kind as to inform me of your determination with as little delay as possible, that your poor dejected son may not be driven forth from here without knowing whither to turn his steps. You can hardly picture to yourself what I have suffered, as the labourers have intimated to me, that, under the circumstances, it was possible, and even probable, that you might throw me off entirely,

and leave me to my fate, in which case they declared to me in advance, that I could reckon upon no pity, no mercy here, nor hope to be allowed to remain here. My blood boiled at hearing you judged so unjustly, so unkindly; but I suppressed my indignation. Oh! how many difficult and distressing scenes I shall still have to go through. I commend myself to Divine Providence, and to your prayers and your fatherly care, as

Your most dutiful Son,

FRITZ.

[XXXI.]

BEST, MOST BELOVED OF FATHERS, [No date.]

Oh! could you picture to yourself the distressing, the miserable condition of your son! I was but too wretched beforehand, and now your letter has more than doubled my wretchedness. However, I recognise in it the tender heart of a father who still loves his apostate son and leaves no means untried to bring him back into the former path. But can there be anything more terrible to a son who so deeply loves and reveres his father, than such a position? Oh! how many bitter tears have flowed from my eyes! How many sleepless nights, how many joyless days, has the thought of your grief, which I feel as keenly as you do, cost me! It is torture to me to think that I am the cause of it, and yet that it is not in my power to relieve it. Oh, how often have I wished that I could still cling as trustingly and firmly to your faith as I used to do! For I did cling firmly to it. What I said I felt was not hypocrisy, I did really feel it; but it was only the natural effect of the novel circumstances amid which I was placed.

But, dearest father, I implore you, do not look at everything from the worst side; do not seek in my views everything exactly the reverse of what you think. You say that the glorification of God is the end of our being, and I say the perfection of the creature; is not this in the end the same thing? Is not the Creator more and more glorified the happier and the more perfect His creatures are? I also consider

the glorification of God, the endeavour to become ever more pleasant in His sight, the first of duties; I also would regard myself as the most unfeeling, the most miserable of men, did I not feel the most sincere love and filial gratitude towards the all-good God, who, even in the midst of the painful circumstances that are now besetting me, lets me experience such far preponderating good. Why do you say, dearest father, that I no longer worship your God, but that I desire to serve stranger gods? Is it not one and the same God who has created you and me, and who sustains us, and whom we both reverence? Why can we no longer kneel before the same altar and pray to our common Father? Oh, woe is me! As what do you look upon your unhappy son? I entertain doubts regarding the doctrine of the Atonement and the divinity of Christ, and you speak as if I were denying God! And these doubts, moreover, are but the natural consequences of my position. How could I believe on mere assertion, that all the objections raised by our modern theologians, and supported by critical, exegetical, and philosophical reasons, were nought? How could I avoid reflecting on these matters, and, alas! how can I help that the result of my reflections has turned out so unhappily for myself! Is it, then, so very inconsistent to believe that doubts, which have been caused by the peculiarity of my position, would be likely to be dispersed by a change in this position?

O best of fathers, if you but knew how sincere I am herein! it is not love of the world that has inspired me with the wish to leave the congregation (which departure, were it even not my wish, has now, alas! become a melancholy necessity), but the conviction that were I to abide in it, I should never be able to get rid of my doubts. For I am debarred from the possibility of examining for myself in how far the objections of the innovators may or may not be well founded, as I am forbidden to read anything of the kind, and no one here will even refute my own objections. Your refutation of my doubts as to the divinity of Christ has not convinced me. Everything depends upon what was at that time under-

stood by the words υἱὸς θεοῦ. That *unity with the Divine Being* was not always meant, results clearly from the fact that the Apostles frequently used these words in reference to the Christians. That the High Priest declared it to be a blasphemous expression is no better proof, for he allowed himself to make use of the vilest means to bring an accusation against Christ.

Believe me, dearest father, removal into a freer sphere, where I shall be able to investigate all these questions thoroughly, will be the best, indeed the only means of reclaiming me. Let me take away the consolation with me, that I am still in possession of your paternal affection, and that you still entertain the hope that, although your son may never again return to the community of the Brethren (for I must confess that there is much in the doctrines and the constitution of the latter, which is not likely ever again to be approved of by me), he may, nevertheless, return to a firm faith in true Christianity; for I am quite conscious, that a sceptic can never enjoy that undisturbed tranquillity of soul which is the lot of a believing Christian.

Before I received your letter, I had already written to my uncle in Halle to make preliminary inquiries; and now that you know that it cannot be otherwise, I hope you will beg him to take me under his protection; and if he cannot afford me material aid, at least to assist me with advice. Allow me to kiss your hands respectfully, and once more to implore you earnestly and sorrowfully to continue your love to your afflicted son.

Stubenrauch to Schleiermacher.

[XXXII.] *Halle, 17th February*, 1787.

. . . . The painful anxiety which the contents of your last has caused me, equals the pleasure which I usually derive from your letters. Your open-hearted candour I entirely approve of; but as you foresaw many difficulties yourself, I cannot but wish that you had disclosed your state of mind to me before you communicated on the subject with your

superiors in Barby. For in truth, now that your resolution is formed, I know not what to advise. I will, however, frankly state what I think about the matter.

As I was so entirely unprepared for the principal intelligence conveyed in your letter — for you had not in your former letters given expression to any divergence of opinion as to the chief doctrines of the Brethren—I must openly confess to you, that I cannot help suspecting that, perhaps, wounded sensibility has in some way or other induced you to take this sudden resolution. This does not, however, imply that I blame you or that I am displeased with you; for I must first know whether this sensibility is wrong or exaggerated, and whether the insult has been real or merely imaginary, &c. &c. You complain of doubts that assail you. If these doubts were the cause of the depression of spirits and indisposition under which you suffered last summer, and which I took for hypochondria, I must say I wish you had had confidence enough in me to make me acquainted with them at the time. If I be not mistaken, I have already expressed to you, in one of my letters, that there are certain theories, appertaining to theology and to philosophy, regarding which a general uniformity of opinion cannot be expected; and that we must be content if we come as near to truth as is necessary for our progress in well-doing, and for our inward tranquillity. Therefore, if the doctrine of the depravity of human nature as held in the congregation, seems to you exaggerated, I would beg you to reflect whether you will be likely to find any church or sect, the majority of the members of which think exactly like yourself on this and other points. I apprehend that you must already have met with great divergence of views on various points of this nature, in the theological works that you have read. However, if certain feelings, which you do not experience, be much insisted upon, you, no doubt, do much better to state this openly than to play the hypocrite. But, at the same time, I would beg you to examine without partiality, whether you have not previously had such feelings, sensations, or conceptions (for the exact term cannot matter),

and whether you can with truth affirm that, what you then believed that you felt, was in reality a delusion. I almost fear that it may be your rapid progress in mathematics that has induced the doubts of which you complain, by leading you to expect the same unfailing certainty in regard to theological truth and doctrines as is obtained in regard to mathematical problems. At all events, I hope with you, that your doubts may ultimately be set at rest. But, whether it be absolutely necessary for this consummation, that you should withdraw from the congregation, that I must leave to your own further consideration. I can by no means give my advice for or against. . . . .

Should you persevere in your determination, you cannot, certainly, maintain yourself and attend the university for less than from 160 to 180 dollars a year. There are already so many candidates awaiting vacancies on the foundation for free boarding for members of the Reformed Church, that I hardly believe you could be admitted before the end of the year. And what would be your prospects as regards promotion? Under the circumstances, I know nothing better to advise than that you should devote yourself more especially to the scholastic or academic profession; otherwise, if I understand rightly the present state of our ecclesiastical affairs, you may remain a long time without preferment. Therefore, once more, I say reflect maturely, and let me soon know the result of your reflections.

[XXXIII.]

MY VERY DEAR NEPHEW, *Halle, 16th March*, 1787.

I need not, I am sure, expatiate upon the heartfelt pity that I feel for you in your present position; for that such would be my feelings, the whole character of my mind and opinions, such as they have been revealed to you in former letters, must have convinced you. That your dear good father would be much grieved I could easily conceive; but I did not anticipate that he would have added so much to your distress by his manner of looking upon the matter. I rejoice, however,

that in spite of the severity of his letter, you do not misjudge his paternal love, and to this, indeed, you must attribute those expressions which are most calculated to increase your melancholy; for, being the first outburst of a disappointment that came upon him so unexpectedly, they bear the impress of his deepest distress; and at such a moment it is but natural that he should exaggerate every danger, and see nothing but misfortune. In a letter, which I have addressed to him, I have endeavoured to calm your dear good father, and have, more especially, tried to console him with the hope that, when more at peace, you may ultimately shake off your doubts. . . . .

In the meantime take courage, and seek, more especially, consolation in sincere, earnest, and humble prayer to God, imploring Him to guide you to the truth, and then you may be assured He will allow you to find it.

With your answer to my former letter I am quite satisfied. I think you were right in openly confessing the truth to your superior, and feel certain that had you availed yourself of subterfuges, you would not have been able to sustain them. That you have refrained from all proselytizing I fully believe; but I am surprised that they are not better prepared at Barby, and more especially in the seminary, to bear with gentleness with such honest doubters as may at times be found among the students, and to give them time and opportunities to recover from their errors, without forcing them directly to leave the Congregation.

As you write that you are coming here at Easter to continue your studies, I presume that you have commissioned some one to look out for lodgings for you. As yet, I have not written to your father about your stay here and its probable duration, because I did not wish him to think that I was writing at your instigation. As regards all arrangements concerning your future studies, we will settle these verbally; but my advice is still that you should specially devote yourself to scholastic studies, and as you are accustomed to read and to think for yourself, and have also, most likely, already acquired a good foundation in several sciences, I would fur-

ther advise that you should only attend the most indispensable lectures, which limitation will be very necessary, even should you be enabled to remain here two years.

And now, once more, rely upon God, and upon your good conscience and faithful love of truth, and endeavour to master your distress. I sincerely hope that you may also soon receive a cheering letter from your dear father; this, I am sure, would be the best balm for your grief, and would contribute more than anything else to calm you.

The Father to the Son.

[XXXIV.]

Anhalt, 19th March, 1787.

MY DEAR MUCH-TO-BE-PITIED SON!

Your last letter, which I received yesterday, I cannot at present fully answer; but I deplore your delusion, and pray to God that He will not deliver you over to yourself, but that He will show His divine mercy by soon guiding you back to the truth.

I shall write to your uncle to-day concerning you, and beg him, if possible, to admit you into his house, and to his table. If he will consent to this, you will have many reasons for congratulating yourself, and among other advantages, you will enjoy there an opportunity of practising the French language, which is now so indispensable. But even should you not be admitted into his house, I hope you will always honour and obey your deceased mother's brother as a father.

You have not acted prudently in addressing yourself to the young W——; he is the son of a wealthy man, and cannot, therefore, serve you as a standard. When you write next, let me know exactly what amount of serviceable clothes, body-linen, and bed-linen you still have, and also what would be the cheapest means of conveyance for yourself and luggage to Halle, and what it will cost. That your teachers draw back from you in a certain measure, is not astonishing; it is their duty to take care that the one mangy sheep do not contaminate the whole flock. Should you feel a desire to spread your

opinions, you may look upon this as a decided proof that pride, egotism, and intolerance have taken possession of you; but may God preserve you from this. You cannot say with the apostles: The love of Christ impels us. Therefore tremble and pray to God to give you light.

The conduct of young Mr. Von S——, in Halle, gives great satisfaction here; cultivate his acquaintance when you go thither, but with proper reserve, and with due consideration for his rank. Ah! my dear son, may God preserve you from pride; pray for this without ceasing; and be assured that your father who loves you so tenderly, can better than any one else warn you against the many dangerous rocks that beset your path; but in order to enable him to do so, you must open your whole heart to him. Continue to regard me, dear son, as your best earthly friend, and conceal nothing from me, in order that I may be able to advise and aid you.

When I shall be more at leisure than at present—I have to start to-morrow on a journey of ten days—I will answer you more fully. As soon as you have secured a lodging in Halle, you had better transport yourself and your things thither in the cheapest mode possible. I will take care that by Easter the necessary means for your support shall be in the hands of your uncle.

Answer my letter carefully, so as not to pass over anything; and may the Lord in His mercy never desert you, is the earnest prayer of your very affectionate father.

Stubenrauch to Schleiermacher.

[xxxv.] *Halle, 30th March,* 1787.

. . . . I have just received the enclosed from your father, and hasten to forward it to you. It is not, and indeed could not be, an answer to my letter. Your father wishes us to admit you into our house. With all my heart, if you can bear to be cramped, for we have very little spare room. . . . . The room destined for you is very small; but, perhaps, it may, nevertheless, please you; because you will

be so close to your nearest relatives. I shall write to your dear father to-day, as his peace of mind seems to depend upon our being able to receive you. I will also write him, what I believe to be true, that you can nowhere live cheaper than here, and that I hope that everything will turn out well. . . . .

The Son to the Father.

[XXXVI.]

MOST BELOVED FATHER, *Barby, 12th April*, 1787.

You will easily understand what a consolation and a comfort your last letter has been to me. You still love your poor son so tenderly, you provide for him in such a fatherly manner, he is the subject of your prayers. Oh! that I could now already send you the joyful tidings of my conversion, instead of being obliged to refer you to the future, begging you not to give up all hope. God, who is the Father of all, will watch over and guard me, and will direct everything for the best. Be assured, best of fathers, that my heart shall always lay open before you; what can be more essential to me in my new and unknown career, than your fatherly advice, and the superintendence of my dear uncle, who will have opportunities of observing me close by, and who may thus be able to discover those defects in me which may escape my own notice. This is one reason why I am so pleased at the thought of living in his house. You have at once, dear father, put your finger on my most dangerous enemy—pride. Though I see how foolish it is to be proud of gifts which do not depend upon myself, and although I fully recognise that I have not turned these gifts to as much account as I might have done, there is, nevertheless, cause for me to watch myself narrowly in this respect.

Many kind remembrances to my dear mother, whom I heartily thank for her affectionate sympathy, while I regret that so melancholy an event has caused the first motherly tears that she has shed on my account to be tears of sorrow and not of joy. . . . .

The Father to the Son.

[XXXVII.]

MY DEAR SON, *Schweidnitz, 17th May*, 1787.

God bless your residence in Halle. May His spirit preserve you from all evil, and His fatherly love draw you again to His Son, whom you have denied. Yea, this faithful Shepherd of souls will not Himself cease to seek for you, until, troubled and oppressed by your burdens, you shall turn back to our meek, and humble, and compassionate High Priest. I confidently hope, that the unsatisfactory nature of speculation, and the strength of your own corruption will anew render the crucified God dear to you.

Your two letters, as well as the one from your uncle, I only received a few days ago, so also one from 39, Reuss, together with a bill for fifty-five Saxon dollars, which I cannot, however, pay at present.

You will, no doubt at last, learn to see that even the most triumphant refutation of infidelity does not alone suffice to establish a tranquillizing and living faith in Jesus, but that this must be prayed for to Himself, as the author and consummator of our faith. In order to convince yourself of this, and also that you may learn whither pure speculation may lead you, I would recommend you to read a little book, entitled, *Results of the Philosophy of Jacobi and Mendelsohn*, published by Göschen, of Leipzig, in 1786, and likewise the little pamphlet, the title of which I enclose. If, after reading these, your fatal curiosity should still impel you to attend the exegetical lectures of the modern unbelievers, which are not only contrary to all faith, but also contrary to common sense, I will not forbid your doing so, because I wish to leave you full liberty to act for yourself; but as your father, I earnestly entreat and advise you not to do so; and in like manner, I entreat you not to associate with the evil-disposed, and not to confide too much in your own goodness. Whatever you would undertake, consult first with your dear uncle, and open your heart to him, and to your loving and affectionate

father; and when you have thus learnt to see and feel that faith, trust, and love are the safest guides of an inexperienced soul—safer and more trustworthy guides than reason, blinded by pride and passion, can ever be—this may be to you a striking proof, that your invisible guide, the unfathomable love of the Most High, likewise encompasses you with faith and love, and through these, draws you nearer to Himself, and will at last unite you with Himself, because to Him you belong.

And now, farewell, dear son; seek the Lord with all thy heart; write to me fully and frankly, at least every six weeks. May the eternal love guide thee, and may thou be willing to follow, so as once more to give joy to the sorrowing heart of thy loving father.

[XXXVIII.] [No date.]

. . . . . As you are now attending Eberhard's lectures on metaphysics, I would recommend you at the same time to study and to weigh maturely Professor Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, and also his *Prolegomena of Metaphysics*, so that you may not be adventuring yourself into the boundless desert of transcendental ideas without some safe guide. And then as regards your private study of mathematics, I entreat you, dear son, do not allow yourself to be misled so as to conceive that you can apply the absolute certainty which can be arrived at in this science, as a standard of measure to theological truth; for the latter is of a very different nature, and is derived at one and the same time from historical and ethico-psychological evidence. During your hours of recreation and your walks, I recommend you a little book which is amusing, and at the same time instructive as a warning against enthusiasm; it is called *Theobald, or the Enthusiasts*, and is by the same author as *Stilling*. Though under feigned names, all the stories are strictly true, and one has come within my own experience, being the history of my late father, who appears in the second volume under the name of Darius. This, however, you must not mention to any one except your

uncle; to him you may speak freely on this and all other subjects that I write to you about.

When engaged with the lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, give great attention to the motives which actuated the Apostles, and which are mentioned by Paul in the 2 Cor. v. 14. According to the Gospel of St. John iv. 10, 19, this love was, however, a love arising out of gratitude, out of the recognition of, or faith in, the greatness and depth of God's love manifested in Christ, and in proportion to its sincerity expressing itself in action. Now the feeling of gratitude is so deeply implanted, and so ineradicable in the human heart, that even the most depraved cannot stifle it when once it is awakened; and, therefore, it is conformable with the general laws of the great Creator of the universe, the preservation, order, and beauty of which depend upon the simplest movements, to let the eternal bliss of his moral creatures also, which is equally for His glorification, spring from the simplest and most universal sentiment. Psalm l. 23.

Give my best regards to dear Mr. N——, from whose society I hope a blessing and much advantage for you. For the conversion of your mind, however, I pray to God, who alone can bring it about, when you cease to strive against His Spirit; and then, like all those who have experienced the effects of His grace, you will eternally praise Him and glorify Him. Be tenderly embraced by

Your faithful, loving Father.

The Son to the Father.

[XXXIX.]

DEAREST FATHER, *Halle, 14th August*, 1787.

Your tender inquiries about my health are a new proof of your fatherly affection, and I hasten the more willingly to reply to them as I can give you the desired answer; for since I have been here I have enjoyed such excellent health that I can only remember one day when I did not feel quite well.

The pleasure that I know this will give you, is, however, to me but a slight compensation for the pain of not yet being

able to announce to you what I know you have most at heart, I mean the tidings of a change in my convictions. You write that if I would but observe myself, I would soon become aware that I cannot of myself get rid of my faults. I see that every day, dearest father; but then I do not believe that God demands this of us. He cannot will that we should become faultless here below already, for that is not possible. God, I believe, looks to the heart; to Him the chief matter is whether we really take pains to conquer our defects; whether we exert ourselves to the utmost to do this. And, as I know that you like me to tell you frankly my thoughts, I must inform you that I feel more easy in regard to my opinions now that I have learnt to know many persons who certainly had firm faith in the Gospels, and who were nevertheless not more faultless than others, and, on the contrary, often allowed themselves to be carried away by their faults; while, on the other hand, I have been acquainted with others who were far from believing in the Gospel, and who were nevertheless some of the best men I have ever known; and also, because I find quite sufficient reasons in connection with my views to spur me on to endeavour to become ever more pleasing in the sight of God; for the daily benefactions of God, even exclusive of the one to me incomprehensible benefaction of the Atonement, are so manifest and so unutterably great, that the heart must be most insensible that is not penetrated with love and gratitude to Him. I know that you will approve of the candour of this confession, however much it may otherwise displease you. Of what good would it be to conceal my sentiments from you, as this would not change them, and it is only such frankness that can enable you to work at the conversion which you so much desire.

As for the Kantian philosophy, which you recommend me to study, I have always had a very favourable opinion of it, because it brings back the reason from the desert wastes of metaphysics into its true appointed sphere. At Barby, already, I read the *Prolegomena* with two good friends, but I only understood as much as can be understood without

a previous knowledge of the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*; and, although, in consequence of my not having been able to get the *Kritik*, I have not been in a position, while attending Eberhard's lectures, to compare the Wolfian and the Kantian systems, I shall not fail to do so during the Michaelmas vacations, and with this additional advantage, that my uncle will also then read Kant's writings, in order to learn to know from the fountain-head this, in every respect, so remarkable phenomenon. However, as far as I can as yet understand Kant, he seems to me to leave the judgment free in matters of religion; and Jacobi's philosophy I do not yet quite understand, on account of the great obscurity and confusion of his philosophical terms; and I must once more read all the writings interchanged between him and Mendelsohn.

Theobald I will read as soon as I can get it; I have been longing to do so ever since I saw the reviews of it; but now it will be doubly interesting to me. That the author of *Stilling* should undertake to warn others against enthusiasm is the more praiseworthy, as in his autobiography he seems to favour enthusiasm of various kinds, if not consciously and purposely, yet by the attractive manner in which he depicts circumstances of decidedly romantic character.

My uncle told me that you also wished me to study English and French. The former language I continue with much pleasure, and in the second also I will endeavour to improve (although I have always had a certain dislike of it on account of what seems to me its frivolousness and effeminacy), because I am anxious in every way to follow your excellent advice, and to have an ever increasing right to call myself

Your very dutiful Son.

The Father to the Son.

[XL.]

MY DEAR SON, *Colony of Anhalt, 13th Dec.* 1787.

I do not in the least doubt your assurances that you will do everything in your power to give me pleasure and to ensure your own happiness. Above all, pray diligently to

God that He will Himself be your gracious guide, and open for you the way to true happiness; otherwise, my anxiety and distress on your account will increase more and more the nearer the time for the removal of your dear uncle approaches; for even if all the difficulties in the way of my fetching you from Drossen could be obviated, I should be obliged to leave you again for almost two entire months, and here you would find none of the means required for carrying on your studies. I entreat you therefore, my dear son, begin to think earnestly of your future means of livelihood. You are now nineteen years of age, and God has endowed you with faculties far beyond those of most other young men; apply these faculties more especially to perfectionizing yourself in mathematics, English, and French, in order that you may be qualified by next autumn to support yourself by giving lessons. Apply yourself more particularly to the English language, in which you have already made so good a beginning. Look out for opportunities of cultivating it as a living language—of reading aloud the best English poets, and, altogether, of becoming quite familiar with the idiom, which is at present so much liked. You are fond of it yourself; consequently, you will not find it difficult; and I trust that, if you take a little trouble in the matter, and make inquiries of the professors, and particularly of those in the Pædagogio, you will not either lack opportunity for acquiring a correct pronunciation and fluency in the language. If you will promise from the present moment to devote especial attention and industry to the acquisition of this language, so that in the autumn, if I be alive, I may, with a good conscience, recommend you as a thorough English scholar, I will, in the meantime, endeavour to get you a profitable and agreeable situation in some family of rank and importance. Answer me in regard to this as soon as you can, or as soon as you have found an opportunity of practising the language. I will then curtail my own expenses, and endeavour to send you an additional ducat per month for the next six months. You must, however, take care to obtain a correct English,

and not a Scottish or Irish, pronunciation. In addition to this I would earnestly beg you not to neglect the excellent opportunities you enjoy for speaking French, so that you may not be found wanting in this so universally spoken language, although I would have you give more of your time to the English.

From your dear uncle, to whom I have written fully on the subject, you will learn my wishes relative to yourself, which will, I hope, prove to you how sincerely anxious I am about your true welfare, and induce you to act as far as possible in accordance with my intentions. Do not omit to pray for the blessing of God upon everything that you undertake, and be assured that without this you can do nothing.

The Son to the Father.

[XLI.]

MOST BELOVED FATHER, *Halle, 1st March*, 1788.

Each of your letters is full of new and practical proofs of your great affection and kindness towards me, and I can only hope and strive that what you do for me may not be thrown away upon an unworthy object. But, indeed, the hope you gave me that my stay in Halle may be prolonged yet another half year is even more than I ventured to expect from your last letter, and the more unexpected it was, the more delighted I am, and the more grateful to you; and I trust, more especially as this will be the winter term, that I shall improve in many things which I could not otherwise have learnt.

Lottchen—to whom I will, in accordance with your advice, write a French letter, when I return from Leipzig — also seems to be less anxious about me at present; at least in her last two letters I have not found even one little word of painful lamentation, nothing but warm, sisterly affection.

Mr. Von S—— will return home at Easter, and I will, therefore, in advance excuse myself for not having cultivated his acquaintance as much as you desired. I trust that when you have heard my reasons you will not find that I am to

blame. I value him highly as a young man of real excellence and of most exemplary industry. But in Breslau already he had imbibed far too great a dose of pride of rank, which by no means makes his society attractive. However, as we ought to learn to get on with all kinds of people, this would not have kept me back, had it not been that I had so very little time to spend in social intercourse, for which reason I naturally sought those whose society had more charms for me than Mr. Von S.'s haughty manners. To these latter belong the T.'s, in whose house I had besides the same opportunities of making acquaintance with refined persons, and more particularly with young gentlemen, which was, after all, your chief object when you recommended me to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Von S——. However, I must confess that my intercourse with all has been of a rather distant nature, as we have met in third places only, but I consider that for me it is best that it should be so; for otherwise I might be tempted to spend more time and money than would be right, and too great an intimacy is also likely to frustrate your purpose in as far as this is the acquirement of polished manners.

It is long since my uncle determined that I should spend a few days at Leipzig during the present fair, and I am delighted that you approve of the plan. Indeed, I think it would be an unprecedented case were any one to leave Halle without having witnessed the Leipzig book-fair.

Remember me most dutifully to my dear mother, and give many kisses to my little Anna, who is so fond of me without knowing me. I further commend myself to your fatherly affection as

Your dutiful Son.

The Father to the Son.

[XLII.]

MY DEAR SON, *Anhalt, 1st September*, 1788.

Just two months ago, namely on the 30th of June, I sent what you had asked for, and wrote to my brother-in-law.

The latter has probably by this time arrived at the place of his destination, and business may have prevented him from answering me. But that I have not as yet received an answer from my dear son does surprise me, and at the same time makes me rather anxious about your health. God grant that my anxiety may soon be dissipated by the happy intelligence that you are quite well. Of ourselves I have to tell you with joy and thankfulness, that yesterday week God blessed us with a dear little daughter, who, on last Thursday, already was consecrated by holy baptism, and received the name of Sophie Caroline. Mother and child are, thank God, as well as can be expected under the circumstances. I am sure that my dear son will participate in our joy, and will, with us, thank God heartily for the mercy he has shown us.

Do write to me soon about your health, and give me a detailed account of your studies, and more particularly of how you get on in French; and tell me also what tidings you have from your uncle and what prospects for yourself. I earnestly request, my dear son, that you will inform me with entire frankness whether, with the help of God, you expect, during the winter, to make sufficient progress in the French language to be able to sustain a consecutive conversation in it. I wish to know this that I may frame my recommendations accordingly. If God grant you a good situation, you will have time enough to continue the study of other necessary sciences; but in this important language you must beforehand be quite at home. And still another request I have to make, and that is, that you will be very careful not to send me any supplementary bills, but to let me know everything frankly at once, and at the same time keep steadily in mind that I cannot possibly pay anything that exceeds your fixed allowance.

For the rest, I recommend my dear son earnestly and diligently to implore God for His gracious aid and guidance; and with hearty greetings from myself and your dear mother, I remain in hopes of speedy and good accounts,

Your most affectionate Father.

The Son to the Father.

[XLIII.]

DEARLY BELOVED FATHER, *Halle, 4th March*, 1789.

I cannot yet boast of being quite restored to health, for various little ailments still beset me, and are accompanied by constant depression of spirits and ill humour, which your last letter was but little calculated to remove or to dissipate. I cannot deny that I have been somewhat provoked by the conduct of the two gentlemen of Breslau, and I quite share your opinion of the whole proceeding. I see distinctly that the last allusion of Mr. A——, relative to my figure, is nothing more than a pretext, by means of which he hopes to be able to draw out of the whole affair without disgrace; and although I cannot blame him for not wishing to entrust the situation of a tutor, at a venture, to a young man of whom he knows nothing, I feel but little inclined to risk much where I suspect such a crooked mode of proceeding, and I am loth to force myself, or at all events to appear to force myself, upon a man who seems to wish to keep me at a distance.

And thus, at the very moment when my fate ought to have been determined, I am in as uncertain a position as ever, and eventually I shall probably be obliged to accept the kind offer of my uncle, to go and stay with him at Drossen for a longer period than I should otherwise desire. For here I cannot in any case remain. The number of young men here who are endeavouring to make a living by means of their acquirements, is by far too great to promise success, and too many external advantages and connections are required to enable you to distinguish yourself among the number. Besides, as those who mean to devote themselves to the academy here are always specially favoured, this alone makes it doubly difficult for a member of the Reformed Church to succeed.

Through my uncle, I will make myself known in Francfort, and perhaps I may in that way get some employment; but I am awaiting with great impatience the last remittance,

which you have kindly promised, to enable me to undertake the journey thither.

The more important that the period is, at which we pass from purely contemplative life into active life—from a life of study into that life where the results of this study are to find their application, and the nearer I draw to this period, the heavier my heart feels; for I have so little prospect of being able to commence it under favourable auspices and with a cheerful look into the future; and the cares of life receive me upon the very threshold in a most dismal form and accompanied by a most disagreeable train. God grant that I may recover my cheerful spirits, so as to be able to meet them with a chance of success; and God grant me also a good dose of trust in His Providence, that I may veil under it all that looks too indistinct in the future, and which I would therefore rather not see at all.

But I must not chat with you any longer, lest the dreadful headache under which I am labouring become too apparent, and I, therefore, commend myself to your fatherly love and to your intercession with the Creator, as

Your very dutiful Son.

The Father to the Son.

[XLIV.]

MY DEAR SON, *Anhalt, 10th December*, 1789.

Although I did not write, I did not fail to think of you on the 21st November with a grateful heart towards God, and with the prayer which I ever address to the Father of Life, that He will preserve you and guide you, and impress deeply and permanently on your heart the consciousness of His infinite fatherly love. A serious retrospect of the years of your life, which have already gone by, would be calculated to open your heart to such wholesome impressions, more especially if you would impartially and candidly balance against each other the evil inspirations of your own heart and the loving discipline of God's good spirit. Do this, my dear son, and beware not to overlook in your present position the many

dangers and temptations to which your youth and your temperament lay you open. May your heart abhor all puerile and affected sentimentalism, and your intellect equally reject all vain love of system and all system-mongery. Depend upon it, you will make no progress in your career if now already you form to yourself a system of any kind, or accept anything but the simple truth. Recognise it rather to be your vocation to seek truth and wisdom with impartial mind, and with humble heart relying on God. Make a wise apportionment of your time, and as regards your reading—in addition to the Bible, which I now and ever recommend you to read every morning for edification, and in the original language—let yourself be guided by the advice of your dear uncle. Beware of the writings of authors who reveal the petty, selfish, and intolerant spirit, by which they are animated, in their endeavours to spread their own fame only and to force their systems upon others, under pretence of working in the venerable cause of enlightenment. The truly wise have never thought and acted in this way, but, on the contrary, the further they have penetrated in their investigations of truth, the more modest they have become and the more distrustful of themselves, holding ever in mind the deeply-rooted pride and conceit of the heart, which nourish prejudices, and thus blind the understanding. Such wholesome distrust, combined with constant and ardent inquiry and unceasing watchfulness of oneself, lead at last to that noble freedom of thought which submits to no law but that of truth.

As you do not at present lack leisure, dear son, I would be glad to have a more detailed account of the manner in which you have divided out your time and of what you have read, and are now reading, during your stay in Drossen. On one of my professional journeys, I saw, at a friend's house, the last edition of Dr. Less's *Truth of the Christian Religion*, and what I read of the book seemed to me to bear the impress of a candid, truth-loving, and truth-seeking mind. The same friend showed me and spoke highly of Mr. Müller's *Philoso-*

phical Essays, published by Löwe, in Leipzig, which he said were written in a truly philosophical spirit. As, in my position, I cannot allow myself to purchase books, and I cannot in this neighbourhood obtain the loan of such works, I would be glad to hear something more of these two from you, should you have an opportunity of reading them.

Your last letter gives but little hope of your obtaining a situation; and the prospect opened by Herr Von D—— seems very far off, as it is said that the old director is recovering. However, I do not in the least grudge you your present interval of leisure and preparation; on the contrary, I heartily rejoice in it, and would wish it to last much longer, if I could but assist you, so as to prevent your being entirely a burden to your uncle. At my age, however, I must begin to think of setting my house in order; and if, as appears probable, war should break out, you can still less rely upon me. I am loth to burden your heart, but I cannot withhold the truth from you, dear son; therefore, look forward to the time of need, and try hard to earn something. Should you find no opportunity, I do not know how I can help you, otherwise than by advising you, in case peace is preserved, to come hither in the spring, after first having undergone your examination in Berlin.

My daughter, in Gnadenfrei, I found cheerful and happy, and she gives me great satisfaction. From Carl she had had very cheerful letters; and I hope that I, too, shall soon hear from him. And now, dear son, I must conclude for the present, and I do it with most humble and trusting prayer to our dear heavenly Father, that for the sake of His dear Son Jesus Christ, He will glorify Himself in the new year by bestowing new blessings and new grace upon you and our whole house, and that He will grant unto us all hearts to trust in Him like little children, to be thankful to Him, and to love Him with all our might. Your mother, who, as well as our dear little ones, is, thank God, well, begs to be remembered to you, and unites in good wishes with

Your faithfully attached Father.

The Son to the Father.

[XLV.]

DEARLY BELOVED FATHER, *Drossen, 23rd December*, 1789.

It has given me infinite pleasure to receive once more a letter from you directed to me especially, and to read therein the proofs of your loving and fatherly remembrance of me on a day so important to me as my birthday. That in looking back upon the past, and in looking forward into a future which as yet seems very dark, many a sigh should have escaped me, and many a painful feeling should have been awakened, is but natural; but I should be thoroughly unworthy of all the blessings which I have enjoyed in life through the kind Providence of God, and I would not be a true son of yours, if thankfulness to our heavenly Father, and trust in Him, who will in the end turn everything to our good, did not predominate in my heart. May he soon open up to us more hopeful prospects in the new year which we are about to enter, so that you may begin to reap the fruits of all your love and all your care.

How shall I thank you for the many good rules your letter contains? I hope that I shall succeed in steering clear of the two dangerous rocks which you mention in the beginning of the letter, but I hope this, not so much in reliance on my own art of steering, as in reliance on the excellent wind which swells my sails, and seems to be driving my bark midway between them. Sentimentalism—that phthisis of the mind which undermines all its strength and prevents those who are suffering under it from being masters of their own impressions, while, as in physical diseases of some kinds, even the most wholesome food is in them converted into unwholesome humours—sentimentalism has never been dangerous to me, because, wherever I have been, kind destiny has given me a few friends in whose society I have enjoyed much real pleasure, and have sharpened my feelings for the true and the good, without running into such extravagance. From any tendency to the system-mongering mania, I have always been still more exempt. My thinking began with doubting; and notwithstanding that I

have since then read much and thought much, and had much intercourse with the firmest adherents of various systems, I have in theology, as well as in philosophy, remained pretty much in the same stage. I do not think that I shall ever succeed in forming for myself a regularly developed system, in accordance with which I shall be able to solve every question that may arise consistently with all the previous knowledge I may have acquired; but I have always been of opinion that to investigate and test, and to listen patiently to all parties and to all witnesses, are the only means by which we may at last attain to a sufficient degree of certainty and, above all, to a fixed limit between those matters regarding which we must adopt decided views, and which we can account for to ourselves and to others, and those which we may leave undecided without detriment to our happiness or our tranquillity. In this manner I remain a calm spectator of the wrestlings of the theological and philosophical athletes, without deciding in favour of any or staking my liberty on the triumphs of either party; never failing, however, to learn something from both.

In regard to a third question which you have repeatedly put to me, viz., the apportionment of my time, I cannot give you as satisfactory an answer. With me study is too much of a passion, if I may so say, to allow me when under no other control than my own, to pursue a subject during a fixed time, and then at the stroke of the clock, or very nearly so, to pass on to some other branch of knowledge. Everything that I do is done with a certain degree of impetuosity, and I persevere until I have got through it, up to a certain point at least. Such has been my way ever since I first went to Niesky and began to study the ancients with my friend Albertini, and up to this moment I have never been able to change it; perhaps, indeed, I have never earnestly wished to do so. I do not, therefore, prosecute any occupation according to a fixed hour or day, but fitfully and during irregular periods. Sometimes it is a certain portion of philosophy that chiefly occupies my mind, and then I inquire into its history, and examine well all the different opinions that have been advanced in relation to

it, and endeavour to come to a conclusion as to which of these are tenable and consistent, which not. Mayhap, that while prosecuting these investigations, something draws my attention to a certain period of history, or to a disputed point in philology, in which case as soon as my previous investigations are concluded, I turn with equal fervour to these other subjects. In this manner, I am always alternating between practical and theoretical philosophy. At present I am engaged on a thorough revision of my strictly theological knowledge and acquirements. This mode of study has, perhaps, its defects, like every other, but it has also undeniable advantages. It prevents you from becoming perplexed and distracted by a number of disconnected subjects, and as it is generally by the desire to fill up some gap or other, which you have detected in your knowledge, that you are driven to your occupation, you work *con amore*, and do not run the risk of spending your time on something you do not want, merely for the sake of adhering to the rules you have laid down. Acting upon this principle, while here at Drossen, I have got through for the second time the greater part of Kant's writings; I have read the moral and metaphysical works of Aristotle, and of father Wolf, also Xenophon, and various new works on Greek history, and further, *Perefixe*, *The Life of Elizabeth*, and various writings, throwing light upon that period; and since I began the recapitulation of my theological studies, exclusively, I have read Sack's *Defence of Faith*, Töllner's *Miscellaneous Essays*, Michaeli's *Introduction*, *&c.*, and next I shall commence Mr. Less's *Truth of the Christian Religion*, in the edition which is in my uncle's library. The newest edition I have not yet seen, nor have I come across Mr. Müller's philosophical essays or any review of them. Upon the whole, we are very badly off in this little place in regard to literary novelties, and the neighbourhood of Francfort, which in this respect is in a very bad condition, and not at all like a university, is by no means productive of so many advantages as might be expected. But perhaps, after all, we lose but little by it. The mere advertisements of all the *pro* and *contra* trash about the reli-

gious edict, which has for a long time kept all the presses of the country in activity, have been enough to sicken us, and there is not either much to be learnt from the controversies about Kantianism, which are conducted in a paltry and unphilosophical spirit, and apparently with little regard for truth. My readings sometimes alternate with writing; for the subject matter of the former frequently afford me occasion for little essays, and I consider this a very good exercise. If you add to this a correspondence which I endeavour to carry on, so as to derive as much advantage as possible from it, and a certain amount of light reading undertaken with a view to cultivating my taste by acquaintance with good models, and learning from the inferior ones the defects of our day, and how to avoid them, you will find that my time is pretty well occupied.

What surprises me the most in regard to the method of study which I have described, is, that although there are certain branches of knowledge for which I have a kind of repugnance, there is not one for which I have an exclusive predilection, or in comparison with which I hold all others light, as I perceive is the case with a great many young people; so that what particular branch of science I may ultimately devote myself to will in a great measure depend upon my future position and opportunities. Could but this position soon be determined in some way or other! It is very satisfactory to me to find that you are likewise of opinion that I ought as soon as possible to present myself for examination. We had just determined to submit the matter to you by the next post, when your letter arrived. But this hitches on the same point as all our other affairs, viz. the point of the purse; for my clothes are in such a dilapidated condition that I can hardly appear here with decency, let alone undertake a journey to Berlin. How willingly would I satisfy your wish in regard to earning some money, were there but the least opportunity here for doing so! I am living in the hope, that if I get so far as to pass my examination, some little place or other may turn up for me in Berlin, or at least be found

through means of Berlin influences. For however impatient I may be to enjoy the happiness of seeing you again, and speaking with you, which my sister has lately described with such lively expressions of joy; however desirous I may be to revisit my fatherland, and more especially our little Anhalt, it would nevertheless be very painful for me were I obliged to return to the paternal roof like a poor abortion, which, under the present circumstances, would in a great measure be the case.

What you write about war and the preparations for war has greatly surprised us, as here we were under the impression that we were living in profound peace. It has since then been my fervent prayer that we may be spared this calamity, and that you, best of fathers, may not in your old age be exposed to the dangers and difficulties of a military campaign. In the most affectionate anxiety about you, I commend myself to your fatherly love, as,

Your dutiful Son.

The Father to the Son.

[XLVI.]

MY DEAR SON, *Reichenbach, 6th May*, 1790.

Yesterday, praise be to God, I spent my birthday cheerfully, and thankfully in company with your sister; cheerfully and thankfully, because of my happiness as a father, of which I felt so conscious, while united with you all in spirit; for Lottchen spent the greater part of the forenoon in reading to me portions of yours* and Carl's letters. And I beg you, nay, command you, in advance, dear son, not to upbraid her for having done so, if you would not that I in my turn shall reproach you, as indeed you deserve, for having so misjudged me, and having in consequence felt so little confidence in me, as to have deprived me of many a pleasure which I might have derived from your letters, had you not, as I fear you have, classed me among those morose parents who despoil

* None of the letters from Schleiermacher to his sister during this period are extant.

themselves of the joys of their old age because they know not how to be children with children, and youths with youths. If you go on in this way, dear son, which however, I trust you will not, now that you are in Berlin—I shall hear nothing of what is stirring in your soul at the sight of the many works of art (the imitator of what is most beautiful in nature) which will enrich you with joys as yet quite new to you—joys which must ever draw you nearer to Him who is the creator of them, and who is all love. And do you think, dear son, that you will be doing honour to your blessed mother, or that you will be giving satisfaction to your fond old father, if, either from misplaced timidity, falsely called filial reverence, or what is worse—but which, though you may dislike to hear it, must be named:—if, from selfish motives, you continue thus to conceal all that is youthful and attractive in yourself from your loving and sympathizing father, who never misconstrues what is simply human; and if, for the sake of representing yourself to him as a staid man, you rob him of many a pleasure of the heart? Had you but once gladdened me on my birthday with a pleasant piece of poetry, such as the verses you have addressed to Selma, or something similar, I could forgive you everything else. But, indeed, even as it is, I will forgive you in the hope that in future you will afford me some compensation for the deprivation of your personal company which I endure in my old age, by writing more naturally and more openly to me.

And now, dear son, I will once more pray for God's grace and blessing on your examination, if it be not already over, and on your trial sermon, and if it be His will, wish you every success in your endeavours to find a means of livelihood in Berlin. Seek, as often as you can, the society of Professor Garve, whom I visited in Breslau, and who told me that he was about to leave for Berlin. Present my respects to the gentlemen who are to examine you, and more especially to the court preacher, Mr. Sack, whose father examined and ordained me, and thank them in my name for the trouble they have taken in your behalf.

[XLVII.] *Schweidnitz, 7th May,* 1790.

. . . . There is one part of your last letter but one, which I have forgotten to touch upon, and which I must therefore now refer to. I mean that in which you take part for what you term the oppressed section of the theologians. Refrain from so doing, dear son; by all that is dear to you I entreat you to take no side whatever, not even that of the orthodox, but search for and honour truth wherever you find it. The manner in which attempts have been made to enforce the use of the Catechism is to me also most repugnant; it ought rather to have been simply recommended as a lesson book in conformity with the doctrinal standard of the whole of Protestant Europe; for that a certain doctrinal standard is necessary you cannot surely deny. There is not a Protestant country in Europe without one, not even enlightened England, and our Augsburg confession is so intimately interwoven with the political system of Protestant Europe, that no state can give it up without incurring danger. And what is ultimately to become of our Bible, the rudimentary book of religious knowledge which God has bestowed upon man? If they go on expounding it as they do at present, twenty years hence it will no longer be an elementary book for the people, because they will not be able to understand it without teachers and commentaries, consequently it will in a certain measure be taken from them, and then we shall again be plunged into a darkness like that of the Catholic times, when the people were not permitted to read the Bible.

I wish, my dear son, that you would read attentively Lessing's *Education of the Human Race*; you will therein find many luminous thoughts on various matters that are warmly disputed by modern thinkers; and, in addition to this, I will lay before you an example borrowed from my own life, and beg you reflect whether it is worth following. During twelve years, at least, I preached, though a real unbeliever. I was at that time firmly convinced that Jesus had accommodated His discourses to the notions, and even to

the prejudices of the Jews; and this opinion induced me to think that I ought to be *equally* modest in reference to the established popular belief. Never, therefore, did I feel at liberty to dispute the article concerning the divinity and atonement of Christ, because I knew from the history of the Church, and from the experience of other persons, that since the first foundation of Christianity these doctrines had given consolation to millions of men, and led them to repentance; and, although I was not myself convinced of their truth, I used to apply them in furtherance of morality and love to God and man, whenever the subject would admit of it. I wish that even should you not come to a decision in favour of the rectitude of this mode of proceeding, you would, at least, never publicly attack the doctrines in question. In Berlin I suppose you will have opportunities of reading Müller's *Philosophical Essays;* there is undoubtedly much that is true and excellent in them; and I also recommend you to read Hemsterhuis' philosophical works if you can get them, and Bacon, *Novum Organum Scientiarum.* You will then see, dear son, that true philosophers and independent thinkers are very modest people, and seldom wed themselves to a party, which, indeed, it is necessary to refrain from if one would search for truth.

I hope that as soon as you can command the necessary leisure you will write explicitly to me; and ah! how heartily I would rejoice if you could prevail upon yourself to write to me every day, openly and honestly from your heart, as to your best and most affectionate friend.

And now, my dear son, I commend you to God and to His mercy, and press you with fond love to the heart of

Your tender and affectionate Father.

Do write sometimes to poor dear Carl; but take care not to disturb his faith.

[XLVIII.] *Anhalt, 27th January,* 1791.

Far too long, dear son, you let me wait for accounts from you; for when, after a protracted period of unsettled

life, I found myself, in the middle of November, again at home, and in the tranquil enjoyment of a domestic happiness which frequently made me, in mind, gather my absent children also around me, painful uneasiness about you often disturbed my pleasure. "What may our good Fritz be doing now? I hope no untoward accident has happened to him on his long journey!" were often my words; and the thought forced itself so repeatedly on me, that I am almost tempted to believe it was a secret foreboding of the mishap that you met with, but from which I trust you have now entirely recovered. Thank God that you are now out of danger, and probably quite well again. The bad leg was, no doubt, a consequence of the irruption, which Lotte mentions cursorily, that you suffered from on the journey, and which struck in. In future be careful not to treat such things with too much contempt, and let this occurrence be an incitement to you to make yourself acquainted with Tissot and Haller; and, upon the whole, to give more attention to your physical state. This matter gives me also occasion to prefer a complaint against Charlotte, on account of the miserly idolatry with which she broods over your letters; for, had she forwarded your letter to me, I should have been spared much uneasiness about you. You must not conceal from her that I am hurt at this. The good girl has indeed been in very delicate health for some months; but it seems to me that this ought rather to have awakened the desire to procure her old father a great pleasure by communicating your letter to him. But enough of this! I forget, while complaining, the good old saying, that love flows downward; and, on the other hand, I also console myself with the thought that Lotte probably calculates upon reading the letters to me when I visit her, and enjoying them together with me.

The Reverend Mr. Sack has, it seems, done a very kind thing by you. I value his service very highly, and wrote to thank him, and he has sent a very friendly answer to my letter. You are now, my dear son, by God's merciful providence, removed from much sorrow and tribulation into

a very suitable position, with which, as I see with pleasure from your letters, you are quite content. Let, therefore, your heart overflow with thankfulness to the all-good Guide of your youth, who has directed the whole course of your life, and let it increase your trust in Him. On me and mother you will confer great pleasure if you will write often and circumstantially, so that we may be able in thought to follow you in your regular daily avocations, and also be allowed, from time to time, to take part in the more or less pleasant events that may occur.

The Son to the Father.

[XLIX.] *Schlobitten, 5th May*, 1791.

MOST BELOVED AND BEST OF FATHERS,

On a day so important to all to whom you are dear, I cannot omit telling you that in the early morn already I am thinking of the day, and that I have many feelings in connection with it, although I may not be able to give expression to them. Above all I rejoice, and with all my heart thank God for the invaluable blessing of having so good, so affectionate, and so wise a father, and for having been allowed to keep him so long. I feel myself happy above so many others. I am conscious of how delightful it is to live among good people, and to see so much that is good around me; and I feel myself capable of being useful, and of increasing the well-being of others, not only in my present circle, but also, if God wills it, in some future sphere. I am also capable of enjoying great inward happiness, for my heart tells me that I sincerely love all that is good and noble, that I seek for truth, that I feel a deep interest in man's higher nature, and that I know how to appreciate the excellent and lovely gifts with which the good God enriches this our earthly life; and, dearest father, next to God, whom have I to thank for all this as much as you? Though, even from my childhood, I may have been less about you than children generally are about their father, I am conscious that you always exercised a great influence

over me; I feel that all the good that is in me I have mostly from you; I feel that I shall love you the more, that my gratitude to you will be the greater the more receptive I become for true happiness, and that is what makes me so happy to-day—for this sweet burden I am willing to bear, and the heavier it be, the more willing.

But, dearest father, it is so long since I heard from you. I hope that this imports no evil, and, indeed, I cannot to-day give room to any sad thoughts; it seems to me that God must have made this a happy day to you also. But I wonder where you are celebrating it? I hope and presume—because you generally manage this if you can—that you are spending the day with our dear Charlotte, who, perhaps, stands in need of such a recreation; and I hope, further, that she may have received my last letter, and that she may be reading it to you, and that in this way your thoughts are brought to revert frequently to him, who is indeed very happy, though far away from you and from so many others that are dear to him. Ah! Heaven grant that we may all once more be gathered together, all we children, and you and our mother, and our dear good uncle! The thought is so natural on this day, and so sweet; but, alas! its fulfilment is so far—far off! But we must not be ungrateful; and in wishing for the good that we have not, we must not forget that which we have.

[L.] 15*th May.*

A few days ago I was in Königsberg, but for a very short while; only just long enough to enable me to become acquainted with the localities, and to find myself face to face with one or two of the *savants*. I could not get so far as to pay my respects to the clergymen, but I spent half an hour with Mr. Kant and a few other professors. In consideration of its having been only half an hour, you will, I am sure, excuse my saying nothing more about them; for what more can one ascertain during so short an interval, but that the great men are or are not like the engravings or the busts he has seen of them, or whether the descriptions one has heard of them, or

the image one has formed in one's mind of them, be correct. Of the city, however, I saw a good deal. It is large and old; but of fine architectural features I only discovered very few. Had my foot not prevented me, I would have gone up into the tower of the old cathedral, to take a survey of the chaos.

One other person I met at Königsberg, whose acquaintance I had made at Schlobitten a few days previously, and who calls himself a friend of yours, and has requested me to give his kind regards to you. His name is B——, and he is at present tutor to a young Count Dönhoff, but was formerly in the family of General Götze, in Glatz. He is very well known in this place, and stands both in good and in evil repute. He is a Freemason, and at the same time one of the chiefs of a society, the members of which are generally denominated Gichtelians. In how far this name is due to them I cannot tell, and still less do I know what to think of Mr. B——; but I am very curious to learn whether he has ever been connected with the Brethren in Silesia, and this, dear father, you will, perhaps, be able to tell me. I should be glad to have something like a favourable prejudice to oppose to the evil opinion generally entertained of him, until I shall be able to judge more decidedly for myself. Count Wilhelm tells me that he has complained of the great coolness with which I met him, notwithstanding the important claim on my interest which he put forward. I am conscious, however, of not having treated him more coldly than I do all those whom I see for the first time; and I wish that some one would inform him that I never meet any one warmly at first sight.

The Father to the Son.

[LI.]

My dear Son, *Anhalt, 20th June*, 1791.

I wrote to you last from Gnadenfrei; but I arrived here in the middle of May, safe and sound, thank God. Since then, I have again been absent in Pless on official duties; and on the 3rd instant, your mother was happily

delivered of a little girl, who has obtained in baptism the name of Charlotte Friederike Wilhelmine. We selected you and Lottchen, my brother and sister-in-law in Pless, and my two nieces in Arnheim, as godfathers and godmothers to our child. Your mother, who sends you hearty greetings, was churched last Sunday, and she and the child are both so well, that we cannot sufficiently thank our faithful Lord and Helper. With like gratitude I have heartily rejoiced in Lottchen's returning health of body and cheerfulness of mind, whereby she is enabled to bear with greater fortitude and trust in God, her otherwise painful position. She has also given me most consolatory proofs of her entire submission to the ways of the Lord, and her conviction that, the wants of her heart and her desire for tranquillity being such as they are, she could nowhere enjoy the same opportunities for satisfying and strengthening them as in a congregation of the Brethren; and that, therefore, she will be happier there than anywhere else. After all, this true or fancied happiness (for who can determine whether it be true or fancied, except God and our own hearts) has ever been and will ever be the goal towards which the children of man are striving; therefore we cannot sufficiently praise the all-embracing, omnipotent, and all-wise Love, which has ordained that every innocent want of the heart, tending towards this Love, shall find its gratification. I wish that I were able to afford our good Lotte more help, and to secure her from pecuniary cares; but, unfortunately, I am still subject to these evils myself, which have been aggravated rather than relieved, by my endeavours to pay off my book debts before the close of my life.

From our dear Carl, I have not had a line for upwards of a year. When you are writing to Charlotte, you might enclose a few lines for him to remind him of his filial duties, taking care, however—as indeed I do not doubt you would—to treat him with all the loving reticence, which regard for his faith and for his serenity of mind demands of a brother's heart.

About a week ago I received from Lottchen your last letter

to her, and while perusing it, rejoiced that this time at least you have fortunately escaped any disagreeable consequences of your impetuosity, for such I think I may call it. You have, indeed, ultimately drawn yourself very well out of the affair; and I cannot but approve of your having placed yourself on a footing that will preserve you from being imposed upon, and that will secure to you a certain amount of respect, which is as requisite in regard to your pupils as in regard to the Count and Countess. I believe, however, dear son, that you will find it necessary to modify, by a little more discretion and wisdom than hitherto, the superiority which your intellect gives to you, in order that you may not, in spite of your great love of truth, fall into the bad habit of always wishing to prove yourself right. From this, however, your position may preserve you, if you know how to avail yourself properly of it. According to my ideas, you ought never to place a lady like the Countess in a position either to give herself a disagreeable *démenti*, or to answer you in an offensive manner; for such was, in reality, the painful alternative in which she was placed by your uncalled-for assertion. You might have remained silent until your opinion was asked; and had it been asked, it ought to have been very easy for you to have glossed over in some way or other the precipitate judgment of the incensed lady; for it is generally allowed that such words, which have been adopted into the German from the Latin, are of very uncertain application, and are frequently, indeed, made use of from sheer vanity, where a German word would have been just as applicable and even more so; and, perhaps, many a learned man even would not hesitate to confess his ignorance of the original meaning of such a word, before looking into Cicero for it. It seems to me that you might have said this or something like this; for when you write that, in making the assertion in question, you were only trying to make amends for the offence you had already given, I cannot help thinking that your heart has deceived you.

For the rest, I entreat you, my dear son, to exert yourself to the utmost to retain the favour of this excellent family,

and, so to say, to make yourself necessary to them; for I look upon their house as a school which Providence has appointed for your instruction. In addition to this, I advise you as your father not to lock up your money in books, but to endeavour to accumulate a little fund for the hour of need. Finally, I hope that you will not be loth to receive these rules and suggestions from your old father, and also that you may very soon be able to give me the assurance that matters are going on again quite as usual. It is true that you give this to be understood in your letter in general terms; but I should like to hear some particular instances in support of it; for no one can have your well-being so much at heart as

Your affectionate and loving Father.

The Son to the Father.

[LII.] 11*th July*, 1791.

It is long since I have written to you, dearest father. In the meanwhile I have been in constant expectation of hearing from you again; but I seem quite deserted. No letter from you, none from Charlotte, none from my uncle. Now, however, I can hold out no longer, but must give you an account of yesterday, which was a most affecting and interesting day, and made me think much of you. It was the birthday of the Count, and was celebrated in a very beautiful manner. In the morning all his children went to him in procession to offer their gifts; each one had made a drawing, and from the absent ones letters were presented. Little Helvetius, a child of about two years and a half, who cannot yet speak distinctly, walked at the head of the procession and strewed roses before his father, crying out at the same time: "Dat for you, papa!" This good parent was much affected and very loving; he commended himself to his children, and begged them to be patient with the old man of fifty. I believe there was not one present in whose eyes tears did not gather. Afterwards breakfast—which had been entirely prepared by the young countesses, and at

which they alone waited upon us—was partaken of in an arbour over which was the inscription: "Enter, O father, and let us devote this day to you." A very pretty hymn was also sung, and it was all so homely, yet so edifying and so beautiful, that the day was spent most happily. The father and the whole family were so conscious of their happiness! Was it any wonder, best of fathers, that my thoughts were partly here and partly with you and our little dispersed flock? It is so sweet to love a father, and so sweet to tell him of our love; but not with the dead pen. Ah! when you are near him, there is a silent language which is more eloquent than words. But what a glorious feeling must it not be, to be a father and the head of a family; to know that you are loved, and to feel that in a certain measure you may look upon yourself as the creator of the happiness of many beloved souls. Oh! I read that yesterday in the Count's face. Alas! when—when shall I read it in your countenance? At least I may see it in spirit, if I do but contribute my share. Dearest father, may you have much joy in me and in us all!

[LIII.] *20th July.*

While sweetly occupied in tending a sick person who is very dear to me, and at a distance of six miles from Schlobitten, I received yesterday week the rich blessing of letters which I had so long been awaiting with fear and anxiety; and among them were two such dear letters from you, my excellent father. All had been very much retarded, but I enjoy them the more in consequence. My feeling in regard to the 5th of May did not, then, deceive me. You were with Charlotte, and you not only thought of me, but wrote to me. Hearty thanks for all your love, and for the new proof of it you have given in choosing me for godfather. With the tenderest brotherly affection I will love my little sister, and take care of her? Oh! dearest father, God grant that I may be able to do so without there being any necessity for it! A thousand times I wish you joy of this new increase to

our circle, and God's blessing upon the dear little creature. Kiss it for me, and commend me also to the dear mother; tell her that I congratulate her and wish her every happiness in future, and beg that she will allow me a place in her heart next her little one. It is, I believe, a rare happiness for a son to be the godfather of a little brother or sister, and I am quite proud of my dignity.

There are a great many things in your letter which require an answer, and I must at least make a beginning. As regards the unpleasant conflict with the Countess, I think, dear father, you have hit the truth of the case. With her great sense and tact she would, no doubt, have found other means of extricating herself, had she been cool; but that she was not, and I ought, therefore, to have been the more cautious. However, I felt pretty secure, in respect to the decisive step which I took, that matters would not be allowed to remain thus, and I must confess that subsequently the Countess acted very nobly. That no disagreeable remembrance of the past is cherished I feel certain. They all treat me exactly as before, and I might quote innumerable little traits in proof of this, were they such as would bear repetition through the medium of the pen. The Count has, indeed, said jokingly a couple of times, when he has seen me very happy: "So, now we are content, we are no longer wanting to throw up our situation;" but this pleasantry, I think, tells more in favour of my assertion than against it."

As regards keeping the promise which I have so boldly made, I confess matters begin to look rather doubtful; for, in the first place, I really devote a great deal of time to my duties and to the entertainment of this, by me, so highly valued family; and, secondly, it is very difficult here to obtain the loan of books. Even in Königsberg not one of the *savants* possesses a library, and this will probably oblige me to spend more money on books than I should otherwise have done. As yet I believe my whole expenditure under this head does not amount to more than ten dollars. Upon the whole, I see no prospect of laying by money, for I am too

great an adept in destroying my clothes and linen; and I am bound to appear decently clad out of deference for the family. Up to the present time I have spent about one hundred and twenty dollars without knowing exactly how, and if I had not already received twenty-five dollars in presents, I believe that I should not even be able to make the two ends meet this year. Pecuniary cares are sad things.

[LIV.] *16th August.*

Since I last took up my pen Count Wilhelm has been here from Königsberg, and during the whole of that time it was not possible for me to conclude this interminable letter. To Lotte and to my uncle I have, however, managed to write, more especially to console the latter in regard to the lamentation with which I ended my last letter; and in the meanwhile I have been thoroughly happy. You wished me to render myself indispensable to this family; how to accomplish this I confess I do not exactly know, but I feel that they have almost become necessary to me. They are all so good, and it is such an instructive and at the same time such a delightful school to live in. My heart is properly cultivated here, and is not left to wither under the burden of cold erudition, and my religious feelings are not deadened by theological inquiries. Here also I enjoy that domestic life for which, after all, man was created, and that warms my feelings. How different it would have been had I been attached to some school in Berlin and forced to lead a friendless life among cold-hearted beings constrained to live together. Willingly do I sacrifice for the difference the insignificant amount of increase of knowledge which I have perhaps lost by it. Moreover, I learn here patience and that pliancy which is inspired by the heart, and which has its source in gratitude for social happiness. I learn to know myself and others. I have before me models worthy of imitation, and I feel that I am becoming a better man. I am sure you thank God, with me, for His merciful guidance, and pray for a blessing upon me that I may wisely profit

by it. Ah! and you add still further to my happiness by your love and your advice, which is always welcome.

God bless you, dear father, and all those who are dear to us. Forgive, not the length, but the long duration, of this letter from

Your faithful and obedient Son.

The Father to the Son.

[LV.]

MY DEAR SON, *Anhalt, 23rd April*, 1792.

Your letter of the 13th March has given me heartfelt pleasure, and I hope therefore that you will continue to write to me more frequently, even should I not be able to answer every letter immediately. Sickness and manifold cares have been frequent guests with me throughout the winter, and under such circumstances I feel but little inclined for letter-writing. It seems that a fatiguing tour, alternating with daily preaching and other professional business, such as I was engaged on from the 29th February until the 3rd April, is more suited to my health, even at this advanced period of my age, than continuous repose; for, when stationary, I am subject to rheumatic attacks, and also more frequently afflicted with the cares which are inseparable from my position. On the other hand, however, I have more home joys; and thus, taking things altogether, I thank God for my lot, and say, with moved heart, So far the Lord has sustained me, and I am unworthy of the mercy and unfailing support I have received from Him. Dear son, endeavour to establish on this personal experience of your father's, the principle, that next to faithfully fulfilling our duties and endeavouring to lead a righteous life, happiness in this world depends upon our being humble in our desires, and habituating ourselves to enjoy even the smallest good with gratitude towards God. Whoever has attained this blessed state of mind will also thankfully and trustingly accept from the same beneficent hand the last good gift, Death. To such a life of righteousness and happiness we attain through the

thorough understanding of ourselves, through joy in others, and more especially through unfailing and all-surpassing love and veneration for the person of Jesus Christ, whose holiness passes our understanding, and who yet was not satisfied with himself.

You complain of not being able to purchase books; I, on the contrary, wish you joy of this, for our views too often change with the books, and then we throw the old ones aside to get new ones. This passion for books has caused your father much distress, which is painfully renewed each time I have to pay old book debts. Be not either too much concerned about your delivery when preaching. This will come of itself. Should ever a mixed congregation, or a congregation of the lowest classes (which I desire for you more than one of the highest classes), fall to your lot, you will always, if you love your auditors, be able to come down to their level, and you will do so with pleasure. Dear son, be not displeased with my experiences and the lessons drawn from them; what can I do for you in my old age but place before you as a warning that of which I have many, many times repented? As such, I must mention that I was ever too careless about money, and therefore I implore you to cultivate economy, and to portion out your income accurately; above all, examine more carefully—that is to say, not only with your usual acuteness, but with a truly impartial eye—that which is generally termed generosity. At least make a beginning, and at the end of the year there will still be many a point connected with these matters that will cause you to be dissatisfied with yourself. You have a very nice income; and, in addition, everything free; and, although, as I suppose, your dress may be more expensive than would be judged from its appearance, you might strictly put by fifty dollars a-year, and what a comfort would not these savings be to you in case of one of those emergencies which no human foresight can forestal, and in struggling with which the most unflinching trust in your own strength and dignity will give way. . . . .

Charlotte is, thank God, more satisfied now that she has given herself up more entirely to those ideas and sentiments without which it is impossible to maintain tranquillity of mind in a choir-house. I have often exhorted her so to do, both personally and by letter, and I am sure that your tender affection for her will, even without any suggestion on my part, have warned you against disturbing the simplicity of her faith and life by any new-fangled ideas, however well meant. What can be more desirable than health and tranquillity of mind, even if the latter be but imagination? and I am not aware that any one has as yet been able to draw the true line of demarcation between the imaginary and the real.

You wish to hear something about mother and the dear little ones. The best and the truest thing I can tell you about them is that we are all well, and that we heartily rejoice in each other. The children all cling with great affection to their mother, who is indeed a mother in the true sense; but they are also fond of their old daddy, and are, in their turn, the joy of his heart. Love is the source and bond of pleasure and joy among us; and this and mutual confidence allow but few bad habits to take root in the children. The eldest assists her mother, spins, sews, and knits; with all this she runs about a good deal, but to reading she does not take. She has, indeed, already her girlish whims and peculiarities; but she is, nevertheless, a good child and a faithful soul. Little Caroline is a dear, vivacious, coaxing creature, who, with her fair locks, round face, and large blue eyes, takes all hearts by storm. Your goddaughter is fatter and more thriving than any of the others ever were, and with that she is very lively and good-humoured. When the weather is at all tolerable, it is very difficult to keep her in the house, and when it is fine, it is quite impossible; indeed, for some weeks past, the garden has been the favourite resort of all the children. For the rest, we leave the future in the hands of our dear Father in heaven.

I hope, my dear son, that you will at least endeavour to save so much as to enable you to pay us a visit here before I

am called away, and as soon as the duties of your position will allow of it. Brother Fritz is often talked of among us, but that is all. Can you not recommend a pleasing and instructive child's book for little Anna? And now accept the greetings of all, and the blessing of

Your loving Father.

The Son to the Father.

[LVI.] *Schlobitten* [no date].

. . . . Here we have, through the whole of April, had but one good day, and, as yet, May has also behaved but very indifferently, so that I have not once been able to indulge my little ones in the pleasure of receiving their lessons in the garden; and when I told them about my little sisters and brothers, they quite envied them. These last days you have, no doubt, spent with Lottchen, dear father, and this, I know, is the greatest pleasure she ever enjoys. The dear girl also assured me, in her last letter, that she was quite content, but in a tone that gave me to understand that she had not much hope of persuading me that this was really the case; and, indeed, I find it difficult to believe. It is true enough that we must not disturb the serenity of mind of any one, and that, if we look at the matter independently of every other consideration, no one has the right to say to another, My way of being happy is the true one, and every other is only fancy,—for, in reality, happiness depends entirely upon the feelings and the consciousness of the individual; but, it seems to me, that in this case the tranquillity of mind which the individual enjoys must in truth be his own; the sentiments from which it springs must be natural to him, and in perfect harmony with the whole character of his mind. But, in my opinion, this is not the case as regards our dear Charlotte; she is obliged to force herself into these sentiments, and such a strain the soul cannot long bear. The illusion—for such forced tranquillity of mind does not surely deserve any other name—must eventually be dispelled; and then,

I fear, she will again have to struggle with discontent. In addition to this, even the most excellent persons, and persons who keep a strict guard on themselves, are sometimes exposed to so many disagreeable scenes in a choir-house, that it requires the firmest conviction "that one cannot be happy in any other way," to allow of one's feeling satisfied there. For this reason, I cannot help thinking that, for a continuance, it would be better for her if she were again removed into a domestic circle, but without breaking off her connection with the congregation, as to keep up this, I suppose, is necessary for her peace of mind. If I were able to contribute to this in any way, I frankly confess, dear father, that I would consider it a duty to do so; but, as I have it not in my power, you may be perfectly assured that I will not do the least towards inspiring her with any misgivings as to her condition in life, until she shall herself begin to feel them, nor will I disturb her in the enjoyment of whatever advantages it affords. No heart can send up more sincere wishes to God for blessings and guidance for another, than does mine for her; and I also pray that her feeling heart may never contract, but ever remain open to that true sisterly affection which she entertains for me.

I am very glad to have heard once more from Carl, after so long an interval, and am delighted that he has got through his apprenticeship, and is reconciled to his business. How he has developed himself, and what kind of a young man he has become, I shall not learn, I suppose, until we meet again.

A book for Annchen, I cannot recommend, dear father, for I know of none. Altogether there are but few children's books that I approve of; and I think that a child ought to have nothing to do with books, until its understanding is eight or nine years old. Had we accomplished the great innovation of printing in the same letters as we write, which is in itself a very little matter, but which seems to me, in reference to the early part of a child's education, of great importance, one might write with little trouble whatever one would desire a child to read, and adapt it to the whole

tendency of its education, and thus the child would be prevented from reading more than was considered beneficial. This would have more important effects than many another innovation, which is believed to be a step towards the improvement of the human race, and about which a mighty fuss is made.

Remember me most kindly and gratefully to our good mother, and give the little ones many kisses from me. Let them continue to prattle about brother Fritz until at last he makes his appearance; and you, dear father, keep me ever in your fatherly affection, and be assured that no feeling of my heart is so strong as the filial love and gratitude with which I cling to you, and remain

Your faithful and dutiful Son.

The Father to the Son.

[LVII.]

MY DEAR SON, *Anhalt, 3rd December*, 1792.

I received with much pleasure your letters of 9th May and 24th October, which arrived in the midst of the cares that have beset me for the last six months; and it is to the vexatious correspondence to which these cares have given rise, that you must in some measure attribute the little inclination which I have evinced to communicate with you. But do not allow yourself to be too much affected by this intelligence; for cares seem to be the apportioned lot of advancing age. Mine are not without good cause, for by the removal of the Silesian regiments I lose not less than one hundred and sixty-six dollars of my yearly income. However, I must add at once, for your comfort, that through the influence of the minister, Von Hoym, one hundred dollars have been granted to me as a compensation. I would not, indeed, have mentioned this matter to you had I not thought that you would most likely hear something about it from Lottchen or your uncle. Otherwise, I am, praise be to God, in good health, and I comfort myself with the hopes of better times coming, while I thank God for my domestic happiness, and for the joy which my

children afford me. Your tender and lively affection for Lottchen is, more especially, gratifying to my heart, and your noble conduct in relation to her, and the reasons by which you justify the expenditure incurred for her support, make me look upon you with paternal satisfaction, as the worthy son of your deceased mother of blessed memory. Nevertheless, you have really gone too far, and you will hardly be able to carry out your determination to set aside fifty dollars for your journey; yet I cannot seriously reproach you, as I know, from experience, how difficult it is to restrain the heart on such occasions; and, therefore, I say no more than God bless you, dear Fritz! But only think what fun! the girl is so out of herself with joy at your gift, that she is already thinking of accumulating capital. She wishes to withdraw her maternal inheritance from the superior court (*Oberamt*), and calculates that, with the interest and the thirty dollars, this will make one hundred dollars, which she will place out on interest under the guardianship of the local authorities. Against this there is nothing to be said. The following maxim is quite in accordance with the spirit of the community: Eat porridge, and save as much as you can. For the rest, it gives me heartfelt pleasure (and I am sure you will feel the same) to see the good girl so active and seemingly quite in her element; and, indeed, six weeks ago, I found her happier and healthier than I have ever seen her before.

Carl, also, is very happy in the congregation, and I thank God that he is there. With tenderness of feeling he does not indeed seem gifted, but he is an honest, straightforward fellow, who will, no doubt, have to pay dearly for many an experience in life. You may convince yourself of this by reading the enclosed, which is written to his sister in answer to my invitation, and to the wish expressed by me to be allowed to press him to my heart on my arrival in Gnadenfrei.

Dearly bought experience reminds me, curiously enough, of your pleasant journey to Dantzic, and of your festive evening there with the two girls, which I suppose was the

first of the kind you have enjoyed since you were in Drossen and Berlin. Your mother, who, on account of your small handwriting, read out the passage to me, was, like myself, a pleased witness of the scene, and we did not fail to pay the tribute of a smile to your innocent youthful enjoyment, though we could not help expressing a hope that for some time to come you may always be so fortunate as to spend such festive days with girls who are betrothed or half betrothed, as you might otherwise in the merriment of the moment allow a word to escape you, which, being taken up more seriously, might cause your heart some pain.

Caroline has just come into the room and says, "Daddy, you must give my love to brother Fritz, and tell him he must come and see us; and then, daddy, tell me, how many times must I get up in the morning before he can be here." Such questions I shall have addressed to me on many future occasions; but I cannot see how you can come away from your little ones, until you leave them entirely, even should you have the money requisite for the journey. In connection herewith you must allow me to inquire whether your salary has been increased, for, according to your letter to Lottchen, you seem to be in receipt of one hundred and eighty dollars. If this be so, you may easily lay by fifty dollars a year, and I advise you in that case to let them be drawn off at once and retained for you, as in this way you will guard yourself against the temptation of laying hands on them. For the rest trust in God. I do not indeed know what Mr. Sack's intentions are in regard to you, but, if it be not at variance with your own wishes, I should prefer for you a living in the church to a professorship; but in that case you would have to lower your tone a little to come down to the level of a mixed audience, and when preparing your discourses you would have to keep constantly in mind that your hearers are people requiring instruction, improvement, consolation, and encouragement. I believe that, for such a purpose, the style, and the succinctness and perspicuity of the periods, are of more import-

ance than the choice of subject. For instance, Blair's Sermons, which have been translated by Mr. Sack, are certainly philosophical, and not written for a common audience; yet they are easy to be understood, and even in parts where they are not so the subject might have been treated more simply. In addition to this, you must ever remember that you are addressing persons who believe in a revelation, and that it is your duty to accommodate yourself to their understandings in like manner as the revelation is so accommodated; but at the same time it is necessary that you should convince yourself of the truth of revelation in order that you may speak as you think.

I wish you would write me your opinion of a little pamphlet, entitled *Kritik aller Offenbarung*, and that you would more especially lay to heart the conclusions at the end, which are so emphatically stated. The authorship has been attributed to Mr. Kant, but he has disclaimed it, and has mentioned some other name which I do not remember. Nevertheless, it seems to me as if the pamphlet may have come from his pen, it is so like everything that he has written. Should you visit Königsberg again, do not fail to call upon Mr. Kant and make inquiries about the book. When you have read it with attention, and have reflected upon it, and thus attained to a firm stand-point from which to judge the Bible, then do me the favour to read Köppen's *Bibel, ein Werk der Göttlichen Weisheit*, and after this Müller's *Philosophical Essays*. Do not suppose, dear son, that it is the love of indoctrinating others that leads me to recommend these works to you. No: my only wish is that you should not as yet adopt any fixed system, but that you should first read and examine, and then select the best.

To return once more to Königsberg: if you should go there again, pray do not neglect to hear the best preachers. As I have no such opportunities, I never hear any one but myself, and consequently never improve. During the last year I have been in correspondence with Consistorialrath Küster, of Magdeburg, who, thirty-two years ago, recommended

me for appointment as army chaplain. He has published a book entitled *Detached Notices of Life in Camp*, which is accompanied by a recommendatory preface by Mr. Sack. The dear good man bothers me with requests for contributions of anecdotes and experiences collected during the thirty-two years of my official life, which I have but little time and inclination to communicate. You will read his *Detached Notices* with pleasure; they contain several anecdotes from the seven years' war, and more especially connected with the attack on Hochkirchen, which are not generally known, and which may perhaps be new to your old Count, also. Should I live some years longer and enjoy greater freedom from care, I may possibly comply with Mr. Küster's request. A few months ago I felt myself moved to address a Christian exhortation to my absent military congregation; I sent the draught of it to Mr. Küster, who had it published at the expense of his congregation, and distributed 1,050 copies among the different regiments. I enclose one for you.

I shall now conclude, dear son, begging you in my name and in that of your mother, who sends her love, to gladden us with a letter as often as you can. I commend you to God and to His merciful guidance, and remain,

Your loving Father.

P. S.—I should like very much to read one of your latest sermons, but not written in a very small hand.

The Son to the Father.

[LVIII.]

DEAREST FATHER, *Schlobitten, 10th February*, 1793.

I have much reason to be ashamed of myself, for it is almost two months since I received your letter, and only now I am beginning the answer. If I were to enumerate all our pilgrimages from Schlobitten to Finkenstein, and from Finkenstein back to Schlobitten, besides a hundred other things, you would see what kind of a life I led in the meanwhile; yet you would not, as indeed I cannot, find therein any excuse for my not having written to you. I

may, therefore, as well at once let out the real cause of my silence. It is your own letter, dear father, that has held me back from writing to you, instead of stimulating me to do so, and that because of the little *annexe* about the sermon. Somehow or other I have not been able to copy the latter, and I could not possibly sit down and commence a letter to you with the promise only that it should be done at some future period. I tried several times, but it would not do. Now, however, the sermon lies ready copied, or rather written, before me, and I write with a light heart. In fact, it was a strange and foolish feeling, but it held me enthralled. However, as the sermon was my stumbling-block, I will, without further reticence, unfold the whole tale connected with it, more particularly as in many respects this also belongs to the things that I am ashamed of. You expressed a wish to have one of my *latest* sermons. Had I overlooked that word, I might have copied one of my sermons from the commencement of last year; but *not one* of my later sermons *had been committed to paper*.

You have now heard the confession of my sin, dear father; listen also to the defence of it. Idleness is, indeed, to a certain extent, at the bottom of it, but not idleness in general, only a lazy dislike of writing, further increased by bad eyes and various other matters. I cannot commence writing down a sermon, until I have thoroughly arranged it in my thoughts, even to the smallest detail; for otherwise I run the risk of anticipating some things or of putting them in the wrong places. Now, during the last half of the past year, circumstances would not allow of my carrying out this mental process consecutively and at the proper times; but I was frequently obliged to compose my sermons by bits at a time, and the whole *corpus* of thought was often not put together until the Saturday evening. It is true that even then there might have been time to commit to paper a sermon previously so thoroughly digested; but it would have required close sitting at it, and for this I was partly too lazy, while partly I refrained for fear of injuring my eyes, and also on account

of my memory, which is very easily confused in reference to things that I write off in this way, though in reference to what I read I cannot accuse it of the same weakness. In consequence, I abstained altogether from writing the sermons; but I can assure you that, nevertheless, they gave me much more trouble than any I have ever composed. I first made a very careful disposition of my subject, and then sought various modes of expression for each thought. Next I took first one part of the discourse, and then another, and another, and preached it in thought; and then returned again to the first, probably changing the terms in some measure, and thus I delivered my sermons bit by bit, several times over, and also committed to memory the entire plan.

In sending you one of these sermons I have not been able to select the best, but have been obliged to choose the one I could best remember; and in committing it to paper I have proceeded so honestly that I have even abstained from improving passages which I was sure I had delivered in a certain manner, because they had struck me as faulty at the time. Many defects will force themselves on your notice, which have originated in the mode of proceeding that I have described; and also several obscure and not sufficiently definite modes of expression, which were, however, always elucidated afterwards by means of marked repetitions, when I perceived that I had not expressed the matter as well as it had been decreed in the ingle nook. You will also perceive that the style of the exordium is much more perfect than that of any other part. This probably arises from the fact that it is so much easier for the memory to retain and render such detached pieces exactly as they have been committed to it, for I have never devoted *particular* care to this part of my sermons. Altogether I have delivered seven sermons composed in this manner, the subjects of which I subjoin. 1. On Easter Monday: On the duties imposed by the certainty of a resurrection. 2. After Easter: On the history of Thomas, and rational belief. 3. On true fear of God. 4. A communion sermon on the true unity of Christians, from John xvii. 20-22.

5. The one that I am sending to you. 6. On the necessity of not clinging too much to earthly happiness; the text taken from the Gospel lesson for the Second Sunday in Advent. 7. On the coming of Christ as putting an end to the nonage of man; the subject taken from the Epistle for the Sunday after Christmas.

I have given you this list, because I wish to make some observations on the discourses. The subjects seem simple and easy, yet there is a certain peculiar heaviness about all the sermons, and those that I have not written have it even in a much greater degree than the one you will receive. I do not know whether this is owing to my being too anxious to exhaust my subject, or at least to treat it so that every objection that might be raised should find an explicit or implicit answer, or whether it be owing to an unconscious desire in myself to look at the subject from a new side. Perhaps also it may arise from the fact that I am too much influenced by my own most urgent needs at the moment, and by the ideas that these give birth to. It is very probable that this last-mentioned cause has a great share in it, and that this is the reason why the sermon which I am about to send you has less of this defect than the others, the subject having been suggested to me by the Countess Friederike, on occasion of her brother's departure with his regiment. Yet even this one is peculiar, both as to form and substance; in short, it seems to me that my first sermons were much more like real sermons than those I now deliver. I earnestly beg, dear father, that you will give me some advice on this subject, or at all events some comfort; for, as matters stand, I am in danger of becoming more and more perplexed each time I compose a new sermon.

It is not the fact of my not committing them to paper that is the cause of the heaviness of which I complain, for other sermons which I have written have the same defect; nor is it the mode of expression. It seems rather to be owing to the arrangement or the character of the thoughts. For this reason I derive little consolation from the example of Blair, because

his most distinguishing feature is style, which is, indeed, as lucid as it is beautiful. In my sermons I find a peculiar want of distinctness in the thoughts. Last summer I sent my uncle four of the older ones with my strictures upon them, but he has not dwelt as much upon their merits and defects as I could have desired.

[LIX.] *14th February.*

Had I not felt bound to preface my letter with an excuse, or at least an explanation, and had not the sermons been so intimately connected with this, I should before this have alluded to a subject which then quite absorbed my thoughts, and which still often recurs to me; I mean the wretched death of the King of France. I do not know how it has happened, that up to the present moment I have never written to you on these subjects; now, however, they occupy my mind too much to pass them over in silence. Being accustomed openly to communicate to you all my thoughts, I am not afraid of confessing that upon the whole I heartily sympathize with the French Revolution; although, as you will know from my character, without my telling you, I do not of course approve of all the human passions and exaggerated ideas that have been mixed up with it, however plausibly these may be represented as a natural consequence of the previous state of things; nor am I either seized by the unhappy folly of wishing to imitate it and of desiring the whole world to be remodelled according to *that* standard. I have honestly and impartially loved the Revolution, but this last act has filled my whole soul with sorrow, as I consider the good king quite innocent, and I utterly abhor every kind of barbarity. But I have been almost as much vexed at the manner in which many people judge the event as I have been by the event itself. Many condemn the act merely because it is an anointed head that has fallen; others excuse the act as a political necessity, and merely condemn the absence of all decorum, and so on. I have often lifted up my voice in reference to these opinions

like the voice of the preacher in the wilderness, and the results have been the same. When I endeavour to explain to these people that no policy in the world can justify men in committing murder, and that it is infamous to condemn a man who is convicted of no guilt, they will not listen to me; but when I represent to them the unsoundness of their reasoning, and maintain that if punishment of death be in itself justifiable, and Louis had in reality been guilty of any crime which is by law punishable in this manner, his being anointed ought not to interfere with the sentence: when I say that the observance of a certain decorum is in fact but a trifling matter, and that it is of no consequence who cut off his hair, then they cross themselves and bless themselves, and I dare say set me down as utterly devoid of feeling. Such has been my fate in relation to French affairs more than a thousand times. I cannot refrain from correcting the onesidedness and partiality of people, as far as my knowledge goes, and my conscience dictates, and from giving them now and then a little practical advice in reference to the *audiatur et altera pars*, and thus I get into the black books of all, and poor I,—who have very seldom an opinion on any particular subject, and much less belong upon the whole to any party,—I am looked upon by the democrats as a defender of despotism, and a friend of routine, while the party of the headlongs regard me as a politician who turns his coat according to the wind, and keeps back his opinion from prudential motives; the royalists deem me a Jacobin, and prudent people consider me a thoughtless fellow with a tongue too long for my mouth. In theology my fate was for a long time the same; and I recollect having once, within a quarter of an hour, and in one and the same room, been called by one, a Christian after the manner of Lavater; by another, a naturalist at least; by a third, a strict orthodox dogmatist; and by a fourth . . .

(The concluding passages are not extant.)

The Father to the Son.

[LX.]

DEAR SON, *Anhalt, 18th April*, 1793.

Although I am to start the day after to-morrow on a new journey, I will, nevertheless, answer your letter at once, as I feel better just now. For two months I was very unwell; a disturbance of the digestive organs and a settled cold in the head were the causes of the indisposition, which has now, however, been almost entirely removed by judicious treatment.

First of all, I must touch upon your sermon, which seems to me pretty good as regards subject and thoughts, but pleases me less as regards the form. In reference to the first two points, I think your ideas have too much of a local colouring, and that you have not sufficiently held in mind that you were addressing a mixed auditory. The poor peasant also wishes to be edified, and his wish ought not to be overlooked. Would it not have been better if you had shown in the first division—1. Whence the sorrows of man arise. 2. How they can be averted. And 3. How those which cannot be averted must be borne, trusting in God? The pregnant thought introduced in the exordium, about the fatal love of enjoyment, joined to discontent with what we have, and the habit of building projects on evanescent wishes and prevailing passions, might have afforded subject matter for the first division. Grateful remembrance of the past and enjoyment of the present, faithful observance of indispensable duties, and the pleasure arising from this, might have formed the topic of the second division. And then active faith in God, illustrated by examples drawn from Scripture, more especially the most exalted one of Jesus Christ, would, in connexion with what you have given, have afforded abundant themes for the third.

Of the heaviness in form and style you are yourself conscious; and you are of opinion that it is beauty of expression that most distinguishes Blair. But are not the terms in which it is expressed the body of the thought? It seems to me that

if these be perfectly clear, and perfectly adapted to the subject matter and to the circumstances of those to whom they are addressed, then the representation cannot fail to be pleasing. In this pleasing art of representation, you are yourself very successful in narrative, and I have before me at this moment a most excellent specimen of the kind in Zöllner's letters from Silesia. Once more, therefore, I recommend Blair to your notice, and if you be really anxious to render your mode of presentment more popular, your perspicacity will soon enable you to discover the sources of the opposite defect. I am quite aware of the difficulties in your way; but I believe, nevertheless, that if you have the will you have the power of conquering them very soon. Far be it from me to recommend to you in addition the declamatory tone of Blair, which is so particularly striking, as Mr. Sack very correctly points out in the fifth sermon in the first volume. This sermon shows very distinctly how, when conviction fails him, declamation is made to take its place; but on the other hand it also shows his great anxiety not to trespass against the established doctrine; and to my mind, it is, indeed, the duty of every Christian teacher, even when he cannot convince himself of the objective truth of the established doctrine, at least to explain the subjective truth believed in by his auditors as rationally, as scripturally correct, as he can, making it tend to their consolation, their improvement, and their hopes in a better future.

For the rest, I firmly believe, dear son, that each of the three causes to which you attribute the heaviness of your compositions may bear a share in it. First, as regards the desire to exhaust the subject, ever remember that you are not carrying on a disputation, but that you are delivering an edifying discourse, and save your powers of exhaustion for your private conversations; for these latter also, secondly, reserve the desire to look at the subject from a new side. The third cause I have already touched upon; but in regard to this you are excused, in as far as concerns the sermon forwarded to me, in consequence of Countess Friederike's proposal. Let me beg you (I am sure you will grant my request with pleasure) to send

me as soon as possible the following three sermons contained in your list, viz.: 1. On the duties imposed by the certainty of a resurrection. 2. On the history of St. Thomas, and rational belief. 3. On the coming of Christ as putting an end to the nonage of man. When I have seen these I shall have an opportunity of exchanging opinions upon the subject with you, and with whom could such intercommunication be more agreeable to me? Do not either forget to let me have your opinion on *Die Kritik aller Offenbarung*. I do not think that it can be considered a breach of your promise if you first read the book alone, and afterwards with your friend. I am sorry, dear son, that as regards politics, you have none but the most commonplace persons to contend with. Are there then so few persons in your neighbourhood that have any philosophical or historical culture, since they cannot see that although the French revolution may, in as far as regards the causes that led to it, prove very instructive to rulers as well as nations, it cannot possibly be conducted according to the ideal standard which has been raised, at least as long as men remain what they now are? Our ideas of moral and political perfection can as little be realized in this world as Plato's republic, or the peace dreams of the Abbé St. Pierre and Henry IV., or as the French system of liberty and equality, while at the same time experience proves that civilization has ever progressed in a revolutionary manner, and moved in a circle, but never in a straight line.

I hope that by this time many of your former antagonists have learnt to blush at their assertions. I believe that nothing more conducive to their cure could be recommended to such idealists than Vogel's *European Republic*, and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. You might also ask your democrats if they really think it possible that a republic of such dimensions as France could ever prove permanent. At least I know no instance in history, and indeed there is none, except it be that of a few small cantons in Switzerland.

And now, dear son, I must take leave of you for some time,

hoping, however, that you will not again leave me so long without a letter. God grant you health, and bless you and

Your fondly attached Father.

The Son to the Father.

[LXI.] *Schlobitten, 7th May,* 1793.

The change of residence, dearest father, of which you perceived a certain foreboding in me, will take place sooner than I expected, for I am about to leave this immediately my affairs can be settled. Yesterday evening, a dispute arose between me and the Count, during which he became very much excited, and spoke very decidedly of my dismissal. Of course, the word of a nobleman and soldier cannot so easily be retracted as that of a simple citizen, called forth by a lady, as in my case, two years ago. On the other hand, it would not have been dignified in me to beg him take it back; and had I done so, I should, inevitably, have placed myself in a very dependent and unpleasant position, in which I should have been obliged to keep silent on a great many subjects. On the other hand, even if the Count had wished to retract, he could not but fear that, in doing so, he would be giving too much scope to my desire for independence and to my apparently arbitrary conduct. Both parties were thus in a position that rendered it desirable that, the word having once been uttered, it should not be retracted. This morning he sent for me, and I found everything connected with the matter already settled. With repeated assurances of friendship and esteem, he averred that the word had escaped him involuntarily yesterday while in a state of excitement. Hereupon I gave him to understand, in as delicate a manner as I possibly could, that I had taken this excitement into consideration, and therefore had made no answer; and at the same time I hinted that, for a long time, there had been no harmony between us, and that he had seemed displeased with me. He would not allow this; but the turn the conversation thus took, soon brought out mutual subjects of complaint. However, though the

characters of the children, the method of instruction, &c., were alluded to, it was in a calm and friendly manner, and the conversation was carried on by both parties, with a mixture of frankness and delicacy suitable to the occasion. He pointed out several arrangements that had been proposed by him, but which I had treated with utter disregard. I endeavoured to defend my own consistency, and in my turn pointed out how seldom I had been consulted on such occasions, and how rarely opportunities had been afforded me to explain my counter-reasons, and also how impossible it is in reference to such a matter as education, to justify yourself to your own conscience if you have acted from a spirit of concession and not from conviction; and at last it came to this, that the principal mistake was, that we had not come to a clear understanding from the very commencement, and had not placed ourselves on a proper footing in relation to each other.

I believe that this little occurrence will be of service to both parties in future. The financial part of the affair was, as I have said above, quite settled. The Count told me that he had ordered my salary to be paid up to the month of September, and my travelling expenses to be defrayed. Of course, had he wished to haggle with me, I should never have thought of demanding this, nor would I have accepted it had there remained the slightest trace of *rancune* in him, or had he made the offer *de mauvaise grace*. As it was, however, I would not refuse it, for my refusal might justly have been regarded as inspired by vexation and foolish pride; but neither was I very profuse in thanks, as indeed I never am, and more especially when money only is in question. I merely said, smiling, that he was acting very much to his own detriment.

[LXII.] 10*th May*.

You will readily believe, dear father, that I have done little more in these days than reflect upon the past occurrences, and endeavour to reconcile myself to my new position. In reference to the former, I really believe that, with the exception of a few instances, in which I have yielded

weakly, I have acted consistently and with propriety in my vocation; and though all the causes which have given rise to discontent, and which could not but eventually lead to some catastrophe or other, seem to me quite natural; I feel that I have no reason to reproach myself, nor to nourish bitterness or anger against any one else. As I could never succeed in obtaining a regular discussion of the points in dispute, it being the principle of the Count and Countess to avoid explanations, nothing was left for me but to go upon another tack. The temperament of the Count lays him open to sudden impulses, and urges him to carry out his new ideas at once. Such new ideas came not unfrequently when he was present for a short while at the lessons of the children, and were then propounded in the presence of the latter, and I was called upon to put them into practice at once. If, on such occasions, I met him with a firm, cold, and decisive refusal, I was, indeed, sure to remain victor, but also to disturb his temper; and in consequence, I only acted in this way when I deemed it absolutely necessary, and otherwise endeavoured to modify his innovations so as to render them innocuous until an opportunity should occur for silently dropping them again. Had I on every such occasion appealed to the Countess, I should have been better able to resist; but it seemed to me that I could hardly be bound to have recourse to an expedient of such doubtful morality. You see, therefore, that it was the πρῶτον ψεῦδος which, from the very commencement of our relationship, was not sufficiently distinctly established, because, partly from inexperience, partly from a feeling of trust, I yielded too entirely. It seems, however, from something the Count said, in the course of our last conversation, that I should not have succeeded better at first in any other way.

In reference to the second point, viz., reconciling myself to the change in my position, you may conceive that, for many reasons, it will be very painful to me to leave Schlobitten. You know how many happy days I have spent here, and how much I love and esteem the greater number of the people; and it would be in vain to tell you what I feel in thinking

of the many happy hours, in the enjoyment of which I shall no more share, of the many beautiful places I shall no more see, of all the kind and excellent people from whom I am to part—such things cannot be described, it would only be a waste of paper. But this assurance I can give you, that the thought of the parting so entirely absorbs me, that the uncertainty of the condition in which I shall be placed makes no impression. One thing only renders me uneasy, and that is, that for some time I shall not be able to maintain myself; but even this, I do not feel very keenly. But no one here knows what I suffer at the thought of parting, for I have never been much in the habit of giving expression to my feelings. This is another fault that will interfere with my success in the world, but which lies too deep in my character to be eradicated. I hate idle talk; to those who cannot see what is passing in me, I shall never trumpet it forth; when I talk about my feelings it is to the absent, who are not in a position to judge of them by my manner.

[LXIII.] *14th May.*

The mail leaves to-day, and I shall, therefore, be obliged to despatch this letter. There is still much that I should have liked to have written, but it cannot be. I also wished to begin a letter to Lottchen, that I might make her acquainted with the last days of my life at Schlobitten; but I could not get on, my heart was too full. I find it difficult to reconcile myself to the whole affair, and hope that you may find it easier. As regards the future, I can only trust that Heaven will provide for me. If I were sure of soon obtaining another place, I would like nothing better than to use the money that I shall take away with me, for a journey into Silesia; but if I do not speedily obtain such certainty, I hardly know whether it would be advisable.

I shall remain here until the return of the Count from a short journey; then I shall go for a few days to Schlodien on a visit to Mr. B——, who has given me a very pressing invitation; and I shall, probably, not put myself into the post-

waggon until after the holidays. By that time you will most likely be at home again, little thinking of the sudden change that has taken place with me. I suppose this letter will likewise find you at home, as your second journey does not usually take so much time as the first; if so, pray give my best regards to our kind mother, and many brotherly kisses to the little ones. Do not be too anxious about me; but let me retain your heart, and include in your prayers

Your loving and dutiful Son.

[LXIV.]

DEAREST FATHER, *Drossen, 19th June*, 1793.

Since the day before yesterday I am again in this place, and as a child in the house of my kind uncle. That the news of my departure from Schlobitten has saddened you, I can well understand. On me it produced the same effect, and most heartily do I wish that I could have remained there the couple of years which must still elapse before I can hope to get a permanent situation; however, I am conscious of having done everything I could, in as far as my judgment and my opinions would allow, to prevent this separation. From your letter to my uncle, I see that you think that the appeal to the Countess, which I mentioned as the only possible resource, might have been had recourse to. I admit that, in some cases, the expedient might be very innocent; but, under the prevailing circumstances at Schlobitten, it was different. I could not have appealed to her without the children being aware of it, and that I deemed wrong. Even as it was, they often perceived that their father and I did not agree; but what they saw in this case was an open feud and a mere difference of opinion; an appeal to their mother would, on the contrary, have assumed the appearance of a secret machination, and I always held it to be my first duty to set them an example of truthfulness and integrity, and rather to act a little imprudently, than to do anything that might appear to them artful and disingenuous. This was too great a stake to risk against the doubtful success of the appeal.

There is another point in my conduct which you do not

approve; and I have laughed most heartily at the comparison between my mode of action and that of the Anhalters. In the matter of thanking, I am very peculiar. Any one with whom I am on a footing of intimacy, I have no objections to thank, but not otherwise than by showing him the impression which his affectionate interest has made upon me, or by making him acquainted with the advantage that I have derived from his gift; all other ways of expressing thanks seem so bald and shallow, that I cannot get the words over my lips, and particularly when there is a question of money, which has always less claim upon gratitude than any other gift, because it is one that presupposes the least degree of true, individual interest. Then it has further to be considered that, although I would never have laid claim to this amount of payment, it was, nevertheless, no more than was due to me from the Count, as it was his violence that caused our parting so abruptly. Besides, as such scenes always become known far and near, many persons in whom I was interested, but who were not thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances of my position, and therefore always suspected me of deferring and bowing more than was seemly, and whom I had no hope of seeing again to explain matters, might thereby be induced to form a still more unfavourable opinion of me.

I remained at Schlobitten very nearly a fortnight after the unhappy catastrophe, during which time I was treated with marked friendliness by those who loved me best, and by all the rest with great politeness. You may imagine how sorry I was to part from the dear place and the kind people, and how often my thoughts revert to them. In Schlodien I stayed about the same length of time with pastor B——, and thoroughly enjoyed the society of several excellent people, whom I had not until then been able to see frequently. And why should I not confess it to you! I know that I have taken with me the sincere love and esteem of all good people whom I learnt to know there, and this is most gratifying to me. On my way through Landsberg I stopped there a week and preached for Mr. S——. But let this be

enough of myself, for of my future prospects I can tell you nothing. On my arrival here I found a letter from Charlotte, who gives me a detailed account of your stay with her, and your meeting with Carl. To judge from yours and Lottchen's descriptions, he must be much more than I expected of him, and I am in consequence very desirous of making his acquaintance. Upon the whole, this letter has given me an intense longing after a similar meeting with you all, and if nothing else were required, I would take my staff and walk from here to Niesky, and from Niesky to Gnadenfrei, and from Gnadenfrei to Anhalt. Alas! when shall I be able to accomplish this! If this were the period at which you generally visit the neighbourhood of Gnadenfrei, I would in full earnest think of putting this plan into execution; but you will not, I think, be going there until autumn? So much for what I should like to do; as for what I really shall do, I cannot, as I have already said, give you any information, but must once more seriously consult with my uncle. From Prussia I wrote to Mr. Sack, informing him openly and honestly of all the circumstances, and I am now awaiting his answer, anxious to know whether he will consider me to blame, or not. I do not venture to hope the latter. I have requested him to help me, if he can, to obtain some other situation of the kind; and from the bottom of my heart I wish that he may succeed, for I shall feel it very irksome to be without employment.

I am very glad to hear that you have petitioned to be appointed to the South Prussian regiments, as this may afford some compensation for the loss which you are now suffering; and I sincerely hope that I may soon hear that the step you have taken has been successful. I also wish that I may, ere long, be able to give you good tidings of myself; and in the meanwhile, I console myself with the thought—who knows what this is good for! Each period of my life up to the present time has seemed to me like a school, and looking at it from this point of view I cannot help thinking that it was time that my stay at Schlobitten should cease; for all that I could

learn there I believe I had already learnt. It is good, therefore, that I should now enter a new school, and should it even not prove agreeable, I must hope that it will prove instructive. I will always consider myself as being guided by the eternal Father like a little child; for his guidance can only have one aim, that of improving me and making me more perfect. May you have the same faith, dear father, and in an equal degree, for then it will be stronger than your anxiety about me in my present unsettled state. God bless you and preserve your health. Give my hearty love to my dear mother and our little ones, and believe me,

Your loving Son.

[LXV.]

DEAREST FATHER, *Drossen, 21st Sept.* 1793.

We had long in vain been expecting a letter from you, and when Lottchen wrote about a fortnight ago, that it was also very long since she had heard, we began to be very uneasy lest anything should have happened to you, and the intelligence of your illness did not therefore come quite unexpectedly upon me. I even felt it a relief to be taken out of the painful state of uncertainty, and I thank God, that you are so far restored.

As regards myself, I do not know whether I mentioned in my last a projected trip to Berlin. I was there four weeks during the month of August, having gone partly to ascertain what impression my departure from Schlobitten had made upon Mr. Sack and others, partly to see whether some door to employment would not open for me. Mr. Sack was from the very beginning quite friendly. He asked me what I had determined as to the future; if I would devote myself to the clerical or to the scholastic profession; and what I would deem most desirable for the present. In reply to the first question I said that I could not as yet decide, and that I did not indeed consider it right or prudent to come to an immediate decision which would shut me out either from the one or the other of these careers. In answer to the second point, I said that I did not care much what I did, as it was

merely to be temporary, my only objections being to a situation which should take me away from town, because I was anxious to make up for what I had lost in point of studies, or to one in a less distinguished family, because this would make me feel the difference between that and Schlobitten too keenly.

I was often admitted to Mr. Sack's family circle and felt very happy there; and I also spent a day very pleasantly in the country with *Kirchenrath* Mierotto. At last I made up my mind to secure a place in the post-waggon, and went to Mr. Sack to take leave of him; but he said that I must positively remain a week longer, for he had heard that there were one or two vacancies in Mr. Gedike's seminary, and if I would accept either of these he would at once write to Gedike, who would probably ask me to call upon him. In the meantime he proposed that I should preach some day, as he had not yet heard me. I preached on a week day, because it was my intention to start on the next Sunday, and he professed himself satisfied with the edifying tone of the sermon, and also in a great measure with its explicitness; and I have since heard that he also praised me to the other court-preachers. Mr. Gedike sent for me, made me give a double lesson in the Friedrich-Werder Gymnasium, and promised to let me hear from him again. Yesterday, the promised communication arrived; and accordingly I have to start for Berlin in a few days. Those who hold these situations have to give eight or ten lessons in the week, and in addition to write a couple of essays every quarter. It is in fact an institution for training future schoolmasters, and is placed under the exclusive direction of Mr. Gedike. The salary is very small, only 120 dollars, and no free lodging, but it may be eked out by giving private lessons, and Sack as well as Gedike have promised that I shall not lack opportunities. They have also encouraged me to write, but as yet I can neither put my mind nor my hand to it. For the present I have not a dwelling of my own in Berlin, but shall put up with Reinhard, until I can hire a lodging for myself. That I shall have a very hard time of it at first, and that my little savings will be swallowed up at

once, is very evident; nevertheless, I do not see what else can be done, and I live in the hope that everything will turn out for the best.

In the meanwhile another, though rather distant, prospect has been opened to me. Since my Berlin trip I have been to Landsberg to enjoy the society of my good friends, Schumann's daughter and her husband; and on that occasion old Schumann told me that he would require an *adjunctum* in the spring, and that he would propose me for the office. It is true he has not the right of proposal, yet it is not impossible that his wishes may be taken into consideration; and should I obtain this place of *adjunct, cum spe succedendi*, all my desires will be satisfied, and I will willingly cede all further claims. The living affords a sufficient maintenance, the place is very agreeable, the surrounding country most beautiful, and I shall have one family there to which I am much attached and who love me in return. But I will not allow myself to think much of it, as it is still so very uncertain.

[LXVI.] 22*nd September*, 1793.

I could not get further yesterday, and to-day I have preached for my uncle; I have, moreover, to get up a long dissertation for Gedike, to take leave of friends, and to pack, and all this must be done to-day and to-morrow. Early in the morning of the day after, I mean to start, and then to wait patiently until I see what my destiny decrees. As regards the pursuits which have hitherto occupied my time, I must admit that they have been very desultory. I have done a little of everything, as is, indeed, but proper in the case of one who is not yet clear as to his vocation. It is about three months since I returned from Prussia; of these I spent one in Berlin and one week in Landsberg: in the eight weeks that remain, more might, indeed, have been done than I have done; but it is a fact of which I become daily more convinced, that one does not do more in the way of study because one has no regular business, than one might do if one had such occupation; for no one can endure this soli-

tary pondering and delving more than a few hours a day, and I fancy that in Berlin I shall be able, in spite of the four hours' lessons I shall have to give, to do as much for myself as I do here, and that without boasting of great industry.

In connection with my office I shall now have to attend to *philologica*, and in private I must take care not to get behindhand in philosophical and theological studies. Gedike wished, indeed, to persuade me to devote myself exclusively to the scholastic profession; but, in this instance, also, I have kept my retreat open, and have endeavoured to excuse myself by alluding to the very few places that are accessible to people of our confession. I will preach frequently while in Berlin, and holding this in view, I am very glad that the three court-preachers, to whom I have talked upon the matter, have all spoken eulogistically of my talents. Such is my plan; whether, in addition, I shall attempt to write something, is still very doubtful. I do not think that I shall ever be either a great or a prolific writer.

The books which you have recommended are as yet only known to me *par renommé*. Garve's work, more especially, I have long wished to become acquainted with, as I am particularly fond of this writer; and as I know the book is in Brinkmann's library in Berlin, I suppose I shall be allowed to lay hands on it, as soon as I can find time. In one of your former letters already you seemed displeased at my misgivings about Brinkmann. I have since conversed with him repeatedly in Berlin; and although, as I supposed, he has altered in some respects, having, for instance, almost become a complete sceptic, he has, nevertheless, retained many of his peculiarities, and has assumed less than I expected of the to me so hateful Berlin tone and manners. Otherwise I did not make many new acquaintances during my four weeks' stay in Berlin, nor did I meet all my old ones. I was particularly disappointed at not seeing the eldest son of the Schlobitten family, who had just left for South Prussia with the minister Von Voss. From his brother, who is studying in Königsberg, I found a letter awaiting me, written in a very

friendly tone, and since then I have had a letter from Pastor B——, in which the Count sends me his kind remembrances. As yet they have not got another tutor, which distresses me, on account of the poor children. I trust that when I return to Berlin I shall obtain further news of the family, and am very anxious to have it, because I am still heartily attached to them. Thence also I will write to Lottchen, as soon as I am somewhat settled.

The Son to the Father.

[LXVII.]

DEAREST FATHER, *Berlin, 8th April*, 1794.

Uncle Stubenrauch writes me that he has excused my long silence to you. The Landsberg affair was for a long time in such a state that I thought every post day would bring a decision, and in consequence I was constantly postponing to write, until now the postponement has run to such a length that I am quite frightened at it; and I feel that I have in reality been very neglectful. My excuses, therefore, dwindle in my own eyes into mere explanations. The affair in question is at length decided, and now advances so fast towards completion, that I have hardly time to think. Within the last eight days I have received the royal rescript, and have been examined and ordained, and I have orders to start for the place of my destination at the latest on the 12th. The wish that you expressed to me through Carl, I thought then already it would be impossible for me to fulfil, as I quite anticipated the present hurry, as soon as the matter should be decided; nevertheless I have moved *omnes lapides*, but in vain. This has really given me much pain, for in spite of my scepticism I could not help picturing the whole thing to myself in such delightful colours. On the other hand, however, I am not without some consolation. First, my visit must have been very short, and for this reason we could not even have made arrangements for our dear Charlotte to participate in our pleasure; and, secondly, I should have been obliged to incur considerable debt in order to carry out the

plan. Besides, Mr. Sack has assured me, that should I be able to make arrangements for such a journey while I am at Landsberg, the authorities would place no difficulties in the way of its execution.

There are many things to be answered in your last letter, dear father, and besides these there are many more that I wish to talk over with you; but you will not find it difficult to forgive me for breaking off now, if you have only forgiven my preceding long silence. As soon as the holidays' work has been got through at Landsberg, I will write to you thence and make amends for lost time. Many kind remembrances and hearty congratulations to our dear mother on her recovery, and many kisses to the little ones. Once more, dearest father, pardon me; and let your prayers and your fatherly wishes accompany in his new career,

Your dutiful Son.

[LXVIII.] [The beginning of this letter is wanting.]

. . . . I do not expect that this running to hear me will continue; perhaps it will be the fashion a few weeks longer, and then it will cease like all fashions; but from my heart I do wish that God's blessing may be upon my sermons, so that they may be sources of true edification and speak to the heart, as, I trust, they will ever come from the heart. To you I need not say how deeply I am moved at the thought of being numbered among those to whom so important an office is entrusted, nor need I assure you that I do not now, and never shall, look upon it merely as a means of livelihood.

In your last letter you mention Kant's *Religion within the Limits of Reason*. I have not yet read the book myself, but the opinions I have heard of it are very contradictory. Some see in it philosophical proof in favour of Christianity; others maintain nothing less than that it undermines the Christian religion; others represent it as written in derision of this religion; and others, among whom is Professor Garve, look upon it as an unsuccessful attempt to reconcile with his present system the ideas which Kant imbibed in his early youth,

and which (owing to what I consider very exaggerated notions of the strength of youthful impressions) he has not been able entirely to throw off and to explain in accordance with reason. Of my other readings and occupations I must speak to you more another time, dear father. Many kind remembrances to our good mother, and hearty brotherly greetings to Carl, should this letter find him still with you, and also to our little ones. I commend myself to your fatherly love, and remain

Your dutiful and most affectionate Son.

The Father to the Son.

[LXIX.]

MY DEAR SON, *Anhalt, 3rd July*, 1794.

You cannot doubt that ever since I received your last letter, two months ago, I have wished you joy of your new appointment, and prayed for God's blessing upon you. . . . . After the description that you gave me of your position in Berlin, I am still more thankful to God for your having been removed to Landsberg, but I also rejoice in my heart that you conducted yourself with so much discretion in that city. The literary tears which you say you were so near shedding on leaving Berlin, do not surprise me; but I dare say you will be able to get books on loan in Berlin which may be brought to you by carrier; but beware of purchasing books, as long as you can avoid it. When the garrison returns to Landsberg, you will also be able to obtain many a good book from its library. I should like to read a condensed view of the Platonic system written by yourself; Spinoza's system I know pretty well from Jacobi, and doubt that the former has been equally consistent. Tell me, also, something about your inquiries into the political philosophy of the ancients, of which I know nothing. But nothing astonishes me so much as that the learned are still so little agreed about Kant's philosophy, although I am free to confess that I do not myself understand it; and I am also greatly surprised at the opinions of his *Religion within the Limits of*

Reason, which you mention in your letter, and which seem to me not to be at all applicable to such a worthy and highly moral old man as Kant must be according to what I have heard of him. I hope that when you have read the book you will feel convinced that he could not have had other than good motives in writing it; indeed the high moral tone of mind of which all his works give evidence is a guarantee of this.

Above all, I wish to know if you are happy and content in Landsberg, how much your revenue amounts to, what are your occupations, who are your associates, on what footing you stand with Mr. Schumann, and whether you live in his house; also something about the family B——; and whether you have not procured some more furniture, for two tables and three chairs are very little indeed. Alas! would that I could help you, but it is impossible; all my feathers have been plucked, and what remains I suppose Carl must have.

As far as I remember, the country around Landsberg must be pleasing. Ah! how I should like to pay you a visit; but where is the money to come from? At present I see no possibility of realizing this wish, although your uncle seems to think it very easy. It could only be in case Providence should bestow some unexpected piece of good fortune on me, and then you know I have duties towards my younger children and their mother; and I also wish to die as an honest man, and as yet I am not quite free from debt. Under these circumstances, and at my advanced age, it would be folly to undertake a journey which would cost me at least one hundred dollars. I prefer following the old rule—*ibant quo poterant;* and, for the rest, I console myself with the hope that my absent children will make up by their letters for the pleasure I lose in not seeing them, and with the feeling that they are, and ever will be, the joy of my old age.

By this time you will probably have received from Lottchen the nice long letter, part of which she read to me when we met at Kottwitzen's. Oh! this most honourable and worthy hospitality, how many joys has it not afforded us, for which may God reward him. He is a man of a most noble heart,

with an intellect by no means common, and much refinement of feeling. I wish you knew him. He is indeed somewhat visionary in regard to his personal connection with the Saviour; but he is thoroughly honest, and his expansive heart makes him dear to all who know him.

I also wish to have from yourself a detailed account of the many fine and interesting things you saw and heard in Berlin: in giving me this you will be realizing to yourself once more the pleasure that you enjoyed, and this is not a little matter. Did you make the acquaintance of Mr. Gentz and his translations of Mallet du Pan and Burke?

Will you have opportunities in Landsberg of gratifying the taste for music which you have acquired, to my great satisfaction? Do not wonder at these numerous questions—it is materials for letters I am providing you with. Let me know also what books are your favourites; and, if you can, send me your first sermon. I am reading at present in my leisure hours, and mostly in common with your mother, Bahrdt's *Handbook of Morals for the Middle Classes*, an excellent book, but in summer I have little time for such reading. Do write soon, and a long letter. You have not yet answered my inquiries about your health. We all send you the heartiest greetings, and with the tenderest love your old father embraces you.

Schleiermacher to his Sister Charlotte.

[LXX.] *Landsberg, 13th October*, 1794.

I know, dearest, that in justice I ought before this to have begun a letter to you, and you may believe me that, during this whole time, the feeling that I ought to write has weighed upon me like a heavy burden, a most irksome task. I have not courage to speak to you about the mournful event which Heaven has ordained for us. I can return you nothing but a sad echo of your own lamentations; and even this I cannot give you. His tender, loving soul stands before me in a thousand images, and I cannot as yet realize the melancholy certainty that it is all over. It is the first time in my life that

I have felt deeply what it is to sustain an irreparable loss; for when our mother died, I was still too much of a child; there was something phantastic and romantic about my feelings which, in the midst of my sorrow, made me experience a certain childish self-satisfaction. Had I felt when I lost my mother, that which I now experience in giving up my father, it would have been too much for a human heart. It is a rare happiness we have lost: ours is not the ordinary fate of orphans who have, perhaps, been deprived of a supporter whose loss may be compensated by any charitable person; we have lost a friend who had proved himself such from the commencement of our life, and whom we can honour, and love, and pray for, without any admixture of less elevated motives. A rare happiness we possessed, and have now lost. With the same sympathy with which I have thought of the actual enjoyment you have been deprived of, you have thought of the sweet hopes that I had, and which have proved vain. It seems as if it would have been but just that kind Providence should have allowed us to meet again after so many years of separation, after so many changes in me, the result of which our good father would, no doubt, have been glad to see face to face; but it was not to be. You suffer more, certainly than I do, from people who pity you, and would console you; but then, you enjoyed the happiness of seeing him frequently, and your mutual love never suffered any interruption. In my life, on the contrary, there was a period, the remembrance of which now often forces itself upon me, during which I mistook the heart of our excellent father; when I thought that he was too hard upon me, and judged me falsely because I was not of the same opinion as he. A certain coldness of feeling towards him, which arose in consequence, now seems to me the darkest spot in my existence. But in secret I have acknowledged my injustice, and he forgave me without my asking it. Afterwards I learned to appreciate his heart more truly, and I have at least rewarded him with some years of ardent and perfect love and unrestrained confidence. One thing pains me very much, and

that is, that I still owed him an answer to his last letter, a debt which can, alas, never be paid; but I console myself with the thought that, if I had endeavoured to make the letter such as he desired it to be, he could not, at all events, have received it.

I grieve for the poor little ones. What will become of them? Will our mother be able, unassisted, to bring them up in a spirit and with a success worthy of our dear departed? This is a question that weighs heavily on my heart. Between us two, dearest, there will be no change except that the bond of friendship will be drawn still closer, that we will cling still more fervently to each other now that we have lost such a support, and that we will often remind each other of him who has left us. Peace—peace be with his ashes, and may his soul ever feel delight in his children!

I have just read your letter through once more, and, in a certain measure, I have redoubled my grief by participating in yours; but, on the other hand, I rejoice to see how entirely we are made for each other, and how our souls draw nearer to each other the nearer they approach to the common goal towards which we are both striving. The differences between us are being ground down so as to prevent their coming into sharp collision; and the similarities are gradually more and more developed, so that, eventually, there will be nothing to separate us. I have rejoiced that so much still remains to us: that you have me and I you, and that we both have our dear kind uncle; may God only preserve us from another such blow! I would not exactly exclude Carl, but you must forgive me if I do not reckon him as being in such close union with us, as I know him so little as yet, and he evinces such a high degree of laziness. It vexes me that he has not yet written to our uncle, notwithstanding that he is now so near to him.

For the present, my dear, farewell. This evening I will add a few words, and to-morrow the letter must be sent off, as it will be eight days on the road before it reaches Drossen.

You wish to know something about my dear Prussians?

That I have not forgotten them you will readily believe; whoever gets into such a place in my heart is not so easily let out again. I have heard a good deal about them, but nothing explicit. The family have resided at Finkenstein this summer, where the Count has bought another estate. Count Wilhelm, who, during my stay in the family, was studying at Königsberg, has left the University, and has spent the summer at home. He intended to pass through this place this week on his way to Berlin; but the disturbances in Poland will, probably, retard his departure, or oblige him to take another route, for which I shall be very sorry, as I wish much to see him. Count Louis, from whom I had a letter while I was in Berlin, has been made a lieutenant, and is with his regiment in Poland, participating in the dangers of the war. Such is the meagre news that I can give you. It gives me great pleasure that you interest yourself so much for these good people, as in like manner, it gives me pleasure to know that your dear Lisette so kindly keeps herself *au fait* of my affairs. Remember me most heartily to the noble girl, and wish her and her brother joy of their good sister-in-law.

To-day has been an important day to me, for I have begun to teach the catechism to the children of my parish—a difficult task with such a set of neglected heads; and I shall stand in need of God's blessing and my own most strenuous exertions. It is only now that I begin to feel some of the burdens of my office; the preaching has, hitherto, been very easy to me; but this teaching is, in fact, the prime business of my office, and it promises to be preciously hard. Little Emilie, to whom, as you may remember, I give daily instruction, begins to afford me satisfaction; and on Mrs. B——'s boy also, who is only three years old, I seem to have a beneficial influence. Such, in its main features, is my daily life, which in other respects is always the same. Be content herewith, for this time, my dear, and be as happy and useful as you can among your dear little ones. Soon you shall have more from—Your Fritz.

PART II.

FROM THE YEAR 1794 UNTIL SCHLEIERMACHER'S APPOINTMENT AS PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE IN 1804.

SCHLEIERMACHER remained in Landsberg until the year 1796, and was then appointed chaplain to the establishment of the *Charité* in Berlin, whence he was removed to Stolpe, in 1802, as court preacher. This place he left again in 1804, having obtained an appointment as professor in, and preacher to, the University of Halle. No letters of his from October, 1794, until August, 1797, are in possession of his family, and even those to his sister Charlotte seem to have been destroyed. Later communications from Schleiermacher to this sister, ranging from 1797 to 1802, are, however, extant, and extracts of these are given.

How intimate was the communion between sister and brother, in spite of the difference in their culture and in their sphere of life, will be seen from these letters. Charlotte Schleiermacher possessed a lively mind and a warm heart; and whatever was presented to her by her brother, to whom she was devotedly attached, became, as it were, part of her own life, and, was in a

great measure assimilated by her through her warm sympathies. Otherwise she was a true Herrnhuter, and her outward as well as her inward culture was quite in accordance with the congregation in which she had lived since her childhood, and to which she adhered with steady attachment up to the day of her death, remaining unmarried and devoting herself to the education of children. She died in the house of the congregation in Berlin in 1831, to which—having first spent several years as a beloved inmate in the house of her brother—she retired to enjoy that quiet which had become necessary to her in consequence of the impaired state of her physical health, though her mind remained to the last robust and active.

During the period embraced in the present section, began Schleiermacher's connection with Frederick Schlegel, together with whom he dwelt for some time in Berlin; and also with Henrietta Herz, for whom Schleiermacher retained to the end of his life a faithful friendship; whereas his connection with Frederick Schlegel was soon to be, if not entirely dissolved, at least greatly weakened—more, perhaps, as a consequence of inward divergencies than of outward circumstances.

[Henrietta Herz was the daughter of a Jewish physician in Berlin, by name Lemos, and was married in her fifteenth year to Dr. Marcus Herz, a gentleman of the same religious persuasion, who enjoyed a considerable reputation as a medical practitioner, as a man of science, and as a philosophical writer, but who was more than double the age of his bride. In spite

of this disparity of years, which was further increased by a certain disparity of temperament and tastes, and although the extraordinary beauty of the young wife, combined with great natural abilities and a high degree of culture, soon rendered her an object of universal admiration, the union proved a happy one, and the house of the Herzes was for many years the centre of a sociable and intellectual circle, which not only embraced all that was most celebrated in literature and science in Berlin, but also every stranger of note who visited that capital; while the loveable feminine character and high moral worth of Henrietta Herz also gathered around her the many distinguished women who then adorned the society of Berlin. Among the latter none were so remarkable for intellect and mental culture as Rahel Levin and Dorothea Veit. Rahel is too well known to require mention here, but of Dorothea Veit—who held a high place in Schleiermacher's friendship, and whose name often occurs in his letters—a few words may not be superfluous.

Dorothea was the daughter of Moses Mendelsohn, and like the most young Jewesses of that day, was given away in marriage without her consent being asked. Mendelsohn had, with great acuteness, perceived the germs of future excellence which lay dormant in the banker Veit, whom he selected for his son-in-law, and which were, indeed, subsequently developed; but his daughter, a girl of seventeen, full of intellect and imagination, whose mental culture had been directed by her illustrious father, in whose house she was accustomed to be surrounded by the most en-

lightened minds of the times, was little satisfied with this draft upon the future, and from the beginning felt herself very unhappy in her union with the husband of her father's choice, who had neither elegance of manner, brilliant natural gifts, nor high mental cultivation to recommend him. Even after she had borne him two sons, and time and experience had developed the high moral qualities and noble sentiments of Mr. Veit, she did not learn to love him, but merely accorded him her esteem, and her life seemed withered in the bud. Her friends, who witnessed with pain the mental and moral prostration which was the result of this ill-assorted marriage, proposed to her to divorce, a step which was neither rendered difficult by law nor by public opinion in Prussia; but fear of the grief which such a disclosure of her misery would cause her father made her reject the proposal. A few years later, however, Frederick Schlegel arrived in Berlin, and soon conceived a strong passion for Dorothea Veit, whom he saw for the first time at the Herzes'. Unfortunately, his passion was responded to, and Moses Mendelsohn being then dead, Dorothea now solicited that dissolution of her marriage which she had previously resisted. Her husband, who, content with the undisturbed friendliness of the relations that had ever existed between himself and his wife, had never suspected that what was happiness to him was misery to her, was thunderstruck at the proposal, and at first refused his consent; but when Henrietta Herz—who, as a friend of both parties, undertook the painful task—had afforded him a glimpse into the true state of Dorothea's affections, he

at once yielded and acted throughout with a delicacy and generosity truly touching. Dorothea Mendelsohn had received no dowry and no inheritance, and Frederick Schlegel had nothing to depend upon but his literary labours. To secure her from penury, and at the same time to spare her the humiliation of receiving a provision from the husband she was abandoning, Mr. Veit gave his consent to her eldest son remaining with the mother, and paid her a considerable sum yearly for the child's maintenance. Subsequently the second son also was, at the earnest solicitations of the mother, given over to her care, and Veit's interest in his highly gifted wife never ceased. He saw her several times after her marriage with Schlegel, and at one period, when the circumstances of the latter were particularly embarrassed, even afforded them pecuniary assistance without allowing them to know whence it came.* Dorothea Veit became a Christian when she married Schlegel, and ultimately went over to the Roman Catholic Church.

Among the constant guests who frequented Henrietta Herz's house were Ramler, Engel, Moritz, the elder and the younger Spalding, Nicolai and Dohm, men who, however much they may have been thrown into the shade by younger names, then held a high position in the literary world. The brothers Alexander and Wilhelm Von Humboldt also, at a very early age, already belonged to the intimate circle of Henrietta Herz; and so likewise the composer Reichardt; Schadow, the celebrated sculptor; Count Christian Bernstorff, the

* Fürst: *Henriette Herz, ihr Leben und Erinnerungen.*

Danish-Prussian statesman; the notorious Genz; and Count Alexander Von Schlobitten, the eldest son of the family in which Schleiermacher had been tutor, and ultimately Minister of State in Prussia. To these were added subsequently other remarkable men, such as Gustav Von Brinkmann, Fessler, Frederick Schlegel, and Schleiermacher, who, introduced by Alexander Von Dohna, became eventually not only one of the most brilliant stars of this brilliant social constellation, but also one of the most highly valued friends of the house. We will borrow from Mrs. Herz's *Erinnerungen* a few characteristics of him at this period. The acquaintance, commenced in 1794, did not assume a more intimate character until two years later, after Schleiermacher's return from Landsberg.

"Schleiermacher was then," says Mrs. Herz, "preacher to the Charité, and resided in the establishment, the environs of which were at the time uninhabited, desolate, and slushy. Nevertheless, he visited us every evening in the *Neuen Friedrichstrasse*, near the *Königstrasse*, where we then resided. On winter evenings the way to our house, and more especially the way home again, was beset with many difficulties; but still greater difficulties, and in winter, indeed, even dangers, Schleiermacher had to encounter, when, during some repairs at the Charité, he removed to a house on the Oranienburg Chaussée, which was then a common high-road, without lights at night, and with only a stray house here and there at considerable intervals. By this time, however, he had already attached himself so warmly to my husband and myself, and was so con-

vinced of the sincere regard which we entertained for him in return, that these difficulties rarely prevented him from paying us his regular evening visit. In our anxiety for his safety, we presented him, therefore, with a small lantern, constructed so as to admit of its being fastened in the button-hole of his coat, and thus accoutred, the little man left our house every winter evening.

"At that time Schleiermacher had not as yet attained celebrity, or even a more than ordinary reputation. His literary activity was indeed only then begun with the translation of some English sermons, a work which was by no means calculated to win a name for him. Yet I may say that my husband and myself very soon discovered his high intellectual significance. When Friedrich Schlegel came to Berlin, I hastened to make him acquainted with Schleiermacher, as I felt convinced that intimate intercourse would be advantageous to both parties. Schlegel also soon discerned what a great treasure of intellect was concealed within the little body of his new friend . . . and Schlegel and I thenceforward always called him our *bijou*. We were also the first who encouraged him to undertake some independent literary work, by proposing to him to write an article for the *Athenæum*—a periodical edited by the brothers Schlegel. This was the first original work of his that was published. . . . . The first more extensive literary production of Schleiermacher's that appeared was the *Discourses on Religion*, which were begun at Potsdam in the middle of February, 1799, and concluded about the middle of April. During his

stay there, which was prolonged until May, we corresponded almost daily, and while the *Discourses* were in course of production, he reported in each letter the progress of the work, and as soon as a discourse was completed sent it off to me, and I then generally communicated it to Friedrich Schlegel, and our common friend Dorothea Veit, before despatching it to the censor and to the printers. In accordance with his expressed desire, we openly communicated to him our opinions of the parts of the work completed, but without ever succeeding in inducing him to make any alterations in conformity with such of our views as did not coincide with his own. . . . . Upon the whole, his correspondence with me from the years 1798 to 1804—a period of great inward and outward activity in Schleiermacher's life, perhaps, indeed, the most important period in the history of his development—bears abundant testimony in favour of the intellect and heart of this excellent man. We were accustomed to see each other daily when in Berlin, and when we were separated, letters were made a substitute for this daily intercourse; and it so happened that he was frequently absent from Berlin during that period, at one time even as long as two years, when he was court-preacher at Stolpe, while my stay in the country every summer, also gave occasion for correspondence; for he had an irresistible inward craving to commune with friends, to open before them every fold and crevice in his heart and mind, and an equal craving for signs of life and love from his friends, whose merits he greatly exaggerated, when he was once assured of their friendship. Such was the case as regards myself.

"It will easily be understood that people who were so much together as Schleiermacher and myself were also frequently seen together abroad; and probably the contrast between my very tall and full figure, and Schleiermacher's small, spare, and not very well-built person, may have been somewhat comical. At all events it called forth from a Berlin wit a caricature of us, though at that time satire was rarely expressed in this form. I was represented as walking with Schleiermacher, whom, however, I held in my hand in the form of one of the very small parasols which were then in fashion, while out of his pocket stuck another such parasol of the smallest possible dimensions. This caricature did not remain unknown to us, and I believe no one in Berlin laughed more heartily at it than we did, though it must be confessed that the wit was of the weakest kind.

"There were not, either, wanting people, who, knowing the intimacy that existed between us, suspected that it was based upon a warmer sentiment than friendship. They were mistaken. With Schleiermacher it was an easy matter to speak in the most undisguised manner of one's relation to him, and it was indeed one of his great endeavours to come to a clear understanding with himself and his friends in regard to their mutual relations, in order that no self-deception might disturb the happiness which the connections, such as they were in reality, and such as they ought to be, were calculated to afford. Thus we often gave utterance to the conviction that we never could have felt anything but friendship for each other, but friendship of the most intimate

and tender nature; and strange as it may seem, we even explained to each other in writing the reason why no other connection could ever have existed between us."*]

During this period also occurred Schleiermacher's relations with Eleanore G——,† which were *definitively* broken off a year later. Eleanore G—— was married but childless; and the mutual relations between her husband and herself were such that, according to Schleiermacher, their connection could not be deemed a true marriage, all the essential inward conditions of this being wanting. He believed that were the connection to be continued, her inner life could not fail to be entirely destroyed, and his opinions at that time (as he repeatedly expressed them without reference to this particular case) were in favour of the dissolution of such inwardly false unions. He even regarded such dissolution as *a moral duty,* in as far as it could take place without infringement of the social laws, which he demanded should be held in proper respect, while he considered the outward union as decidedly immoral, and as one which ought never to have been formed. These views were undoubtedly quite in accordance with the whole turn of his mind at that period, and indeed with those tendencies of the times in which he most participated, and there is, therefore, the less reason to suppose that they arose out of his personal relations to Eleanore G——. However, they favoured

* The passages between brackets are additions by the Translator.

† The name of this lady was Grunow, and her husband was a clergyman in Berlin.—TRANS.

his hopes of happiness in connection with his earnest attachment to this lady; and although he considered the dissolution of her marriage as a thing morally called for, independently of any further eventuality, it was, nevertheless, understood, that when she should be free, he would marry her. Eleanore G——, however, could never with full conviction assent to these views; and after a long struggle and many hesitations, which Schleiermacher regarded as proofs of weakness, she at length determined to renounce him (in the autumn of 1805); and from that moment all communication between them ceased entirely.

The voluntary exile at Stolpe, into which Schleiermacher went, was occasioned by these circumstances. Fourteen years subsequently (1819)—so relates a living eye-witness—when Schleiermacher accidentally met Eleanore G—— at a large party, he went up to her, and holding out his hand to her, said, "Dear Eleanore, God has dealt kindly with us both."

Of Schleiermacher's letters to Eleanore G——, a great number are still extant; but although some extracts from these, bearing witness to the great regard and sincere love he entertained for her, are given in the present collection, the editors have not felt themselves authorized to give these letters in full (more especially the later ones, written during the period of struggle, and which principally refer to personal matters), with all the details of the circumstances; because the feelings of his relatives recoiled from an unnecessary revelation of a struggle so painful to Schleiermacher, and in relation to a connection which,

as far as he was concerned, was undeniably founded upon a great error. These details are not, either, essentially necessary for understanding the state of Schleiermacher's mind at that period or the connection of events, as the latter are alluded to, and the deep mental suffering to which they gave rise is sufficiently evident in his other letters. In addition to this, these letters could not have been given in a less fragmentary form without laying bare the concerns of a family in no way connected with Schleiermacher, a proceeding which the editors shrink from, although the events in question belong to so far distant a date; and they feel that in so doing they are not guilty of weakness, but are acting in accordance with justice and propriety.

More decisive for Schleiermacher's whole future life than the evanescent connection with Eleanore G——, was his acquaintance with a young theologian, Ehrenfried von Willich by name, which was formed during an accidental meeting in Prenzlow on the island of Rügen, in 1801, and which soon warmed into sincere friendship. Willich subsequently became preacher in Stralsund, and married, in 1804, Henrietta von Mühlenfels, a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel von Mühlenfels, of Sisson, in Rügen, and who was then sixteen years old. The parents of this young lady (the mother, whose maiden name was Campagne, was of French extraction, her family having left their country on account of their evangelical religion,) were both dead; and Willich had learnt to know his bride in the house of her elder sister, his friend Charlotte von Kathen,

who was living on her estate, Götemitz, in Rügen. Schleiermacher soon became an intimate friend of both the sisters.

After Willich's death Henrietta von Mühlenfels became Schleiermacher's wife (1809), and up to the close of his life Charlotte von Kathen ever remained very dear to his heart. Charlotte was exceedingly beautiful; and E. M. Arndt, who was also a friend of hers, says, in a poem dedicated to her, in the edition of his published poems, that "her life was ever tending towards the stars."

As a knowledge of Schleiermacher's married and domestic life, and of the spirit that reigned in his family, cannot be attained without a distinct conception of the peculiarities of his wife, more especially as, though united by the fondest love and sympathizing on all matters of the deepest import, there were essential differences in their natures and characters. Many extracts are given from her letters, also,* beginning from the very commencement of their acquaintance. A few of these, of very youthful character, belong to the period comprised in this section.

* Some of these extracts the translator has omitted, as, being all written under the influence of one strong feeling, they are somewhat monotonous in character; and however interesting they may be to those who have lived in intimate intercourse with the writer, as the spontaneous outpourings of a pure and loving heart, they would be less so to the English reader.

Schleiermacher to his Sister Charlotte.

[LXXI.] *Berlin*, 18*th August*, 1797.

To my own shame be it said, that on looking into my memorandums on sitting down to write to you, I find that my last letter was sent off on the 4th June, and, in addition to this, I have just read over the beginning of your last, in which you express what a poor opinion you have of a laggard correspondent. My remissness has now lasted almost three months, a period which has never been exceeded in our correspondence; and I therefore hang it up in the gallery of my follies as a rare cabinet picture.

Yes—yes: this finger laziness is a peculiar thing, and it is well nigh the greatest drawback and the most condemnatory feature in my life. There I sit, sometimes for hours together, looking at my thoughts and feelings with the greatest complaisance, just as the Indian gymnosophists sit and contemplate the points of their own noses: for of them it has never been heard that they have attempted to commit to paper the object of their contemplations. Like them, this summer more especially, I keep everything within myself, my letters, my Idyls, my sermons, and my philosophy. If you and Wedeke had received all the letters that I have written to you in my head, you would long ago have been in possession of the most interminable of epistles, dated from all kinds of places: from my room, from the *Thiergarten*, from Charlottenburg, from every house that I visit, from every street that I pass through. Wedeke, to whom I have also owed a letter for an age, will understand my remissness more readily than you can, for he suffers from the same complaint, while you are possessed by a most delightful spirit of scribble, which seems particularly to belong to the congregation. The extensive diaries which are kept by the greater number among you, the many extracts that are made by those who but rarely enjoy books, the sweet correspondence which is often carried on from one table to another, all this gives to those who have dwelt long in the

congregation that ease and fluency in writing which I so often envy in Brinkmann.

As a natural coincidence, while on this topic, my thoughts revert to Mahler, who was also a great scribe before the Lord, and I shall therefore head the first chapter of my letter (for as it is much too late to admit of my writing in the usual chronological order, my epistle shall this time be divided into chapters):—

The Spirits.

Within a short time three men have disappeared from this earth, who, at different periods, have, each in his way, had an influence on my life; these are, Mahler, Kohlreif, and Dedenroth. If you do not read the papers, I suppose you do not as yet know any particulars about the latter. According to the advertisement of the widow, if I be not mistaken, it was a rheumatic fever that carried him off after a very short illness. You know how delighted I was, a year ago, to meet again here this man whom I regarded as a friend, and also in some extent as a pupil of our never-to-be-forgotten father; for how young and ductile was he not still, when he began to attach himself to the latter? While I was in Landsberg I remained in correspondence with him, and how manly, and at the same time feeling and delicate, was the manner in which he touched upon my position after the loss of my father! From that time he became dearer to me than ever, and I am glad that I have in my possession written remembrances of his existence and of his character. They are placed in a large envelope, in which I put by the letters of all persons who write to me only occasionally. How many are not there brought together, who know nothing of each other, who would not indeed like each other if they did know each other, and many a one of whom would shake his head at me if he knew that I prized the other! yet each one of these is something to me, that I should be sorry to miss—is attached to some one of my life-strings. Are many of them still to die, so that when I wish to behold their features, and find but their empty places

in this world, I must picture to myself their image in the next? Probable it is not, for they are all, if not younger, at least stronger than myself—yet "to-day in lively dance the merry boy disports," &c., and Mahler was also stronger and seemingly more full of life than I.

In the heart of man, it is not, as in the world, that each place that is vacated is again filled up. When a friend dies, an empty space remains. Communings and feelings fail us, which can never again be called into existence; one chord of our being has lost its sounding-board, and this goes on, until the whole man is thrown into that lumber-room, whence only the great Music-master can call forth and renew all these antiquated instruments, and attune them to a heavenly and everlasting concert.

Kohlreif, whose death I have also learnt from the newspapers, was very dear to me; nay, I may say that of all the superintending Brethren with whom I was closely connected he was the one I loved most. I know that he was misjudged in various ways in the congregation. Was this, perhaps, because he looked at things from a more liberal point of view than the majority, and because he discerned failings and spoke openly about them? I have retained a distinct impression of his lessons—in which he conveyed, however, many things which, through all my changes of opinion, have ever remained foreign to me—and particularly of those lessons which he gave to young Z—— and myself privately, when we had received permission to partake of the communion. I was then all flaming imagination, and thought that he would fan the flame still brighter; but no, by the hand of history, and of more reasonable notions, he led me back to quiet earnestness and calm reflection.

Kind Mahler had very different plans, and vigour enough and bright prospects enough to make him look forward with confidence to their realization. A kind and particularly active disposition, which brought earnestness and industry to bear on everything he undertook, and his unwearying energy and sound sense, would have made him useful in any position. Had

he been a married man and a father, loving activity would have characterized his domestic life. According to what you tell me, he is another example of that inexplicable foreboding of death, which is often met with in persons who neither devote much attention to their physical state, nor are otherwise prone to yield themselves up to predictions of the future. Can you at all understand this feeling or its origin?—Farewell! My first chapter is closed, and I must cease for the present.

The Journey.

In fact, it was my intention to begin with telling you all about my journey to Landsberg, at the end of which I found your letter. The time selected for it had been settled upon, because it was most convenient in reference to my duties here, and because otherwise I should have had to wait until the present season, when the beauties of summer are mostly gone. Therefore, although at the time appointed I was as poor as a church rat, I was obliged to scrape together all my pennies and set off. Physically, heaven was most unfavourable to me; for of the fourteen days spent at Landsberg, only three were tolerably fine, and one of these I was obliged to sacrifice to a great feast; the other two I spent with my excellent Bethe in G——. That feast was the more hateful to me, as on that very day Bethe held confirmation in his church—a ceremony which I was most desirous of witnessing, as during the whole period that I officiated at Landsberg, I had never had an opportunity of holding a confirmation myself.

Those were the unfavourable points; but how many favourable conjunctures there were on the other side! My uncle had been very ill, so ill that rumours of his death had already been spread here; and I found him quite restored. The good Benecke had also been so ill as to inspire alarm, and I found him much better than I ventured to expect. The Beneckes had, moreover, been in a state of great domestic turmoil, in consequence of some official changes that were taking place; all that was well over, and everything in full progress, by the time I arrived. I took up my quarters at the Beneckes', and not at my

uncle's, because to the former I knew it would be a greater pleasure, and because I should, in many ways, have been a tie upon my uncle. How delighted was good Mrs. Benecke when I arrived at about midnight, and how heartily rejoiced was he also to see once more his old boarder and house-friend! and how many thousand little details of what had happened in the family were told me with the most confiding openness! With what true satisfaction at my approval, Mrs. Benecke the next day communicated to me all her household affairs, all the little economical improvements she had introduced, and the successful issue of various hints given by me in former times! With what motherly joy she showed me, the very first night, her sleeping daughter, who had grown bigger and more healthy since I left them, and how earnestly she spoke of the joys and the anxiety which the child caused her! That which I had so long missed, viz., domestic joys and family pleasures—for in this family I had always been treated as one of its members—I enjoyed again in full draughts during the fourteen days that I remained with them. How long I shall have to live upon this store heaven only knows.

At Beneckes' then, as you will understand, I had many pleasures, and felt very happy. Not so at my uncle's. It is with deep sadness that I think of the impressions I received there. I found my uncle, indeed, tolerably recovered from his late illness, but, how changed! not outwardly, but inwardly. His mind had become blunted and insensible to matters which used to interest *him*; and, instead of the equable and moderately cheerful spirits which I was accustomed to see in him, there were now often-recurring fits of ill-humour and violent temper, of which his wife, and child, and niece, complained bitterly. Just as his body, which was never very fleshy, has become more and more dry, and the humours have, in consequence, lost their natural mildness and have grown more acrid, so also his disposition seems gradually to harden, and the feelings which still circulate in him to grow bitter and pungent. Alas, this is the true annihilation of man on earth; this is worse, at least worse to witness, than

death. Before our last meeting, he once signed one of his letters, "Your decaying uncle," and I remember at the time feeling pained and distressed at the expression; yet I formed no conception of the reality until I saw him; then I was seized with a pang, the like of which I had never before experienced.

Dear Lotte, promise me not to forget our uncle; write often to him, and let us try if we cannot, by the expression of our unwavering attachment, inspire him for a moment with greater joy in life, and prepare greater happiness for him than he derives from his own son, who vegetates at his side with much indifference. Oh, pity for the excellent man! *this* stem has lost its verdure and its sap.

The Morning Hours.

Since my return from Landsberg, these hours have frequently been spent in so peculiar and agreeable a manner, that I think them worthy of some notice. Carl and I have conceived the idea, which has been approved by the doctors, that it would be very good for us both, but more especially for me, to bathe frequently. Now, as there is a very well-arranged bathing-house at about a hundred paces from my lodgings, Carl comes several times a week at five or six o'clock in the morning to fetch me. Of course, he finds me still in bed, and with me that means the same as asleep; and what a pleasurable awaking it is, when I hear his footsteps in the passage, and he comes in so full of friendliness and bids me good morning. In the greatest hurry I then don my clothes: in the meantime he fills a pipe, and then we start. In a safe bathing-room we lave our limbs in the somewhat coldish waters of the Planke, a little tributary of the Spree; at first shuddering at the cold, then laughing at our own cowardice; and, after the plunge, feeling extremely well and cheerful. On our return, Carl breakfasts with me, generally on milk, or, on festive occasions, on chocolate; and while this is being partaken of, we chat, or read, or perhaps play a game at chess, and then each to his work. As Carl cannot begin his occu-

pations in the laboratory before seven, he does not neglect any duty in consequence of this bathing, and it has procured to us many a happy hour which we should not otherwise have enjoyed.

To-day we have again had one of our bathing mornings, and subsequently we graced our breakfast by sensible reading of a chemical work. These hours added to our intercourse, are the more valuable because this happiness cannot endure long, as you will have learned from Carl's letter. A further bit of news, which you will not find in that letter, is, that he has accepted a situation in Westphalia, not very distant from the birth-place of our late father. It is, indeed, very far off; the place is called Arnsberg, belongs to the Elector of Cologne, and is situated on the Ruhr, certainly not less than fifty miles from here. Perhaps his good fortune will secure to him a definitive settlement in the native country of the Schleiermachers; perhaps, on the other hand, he may not stay there long, but soon draw nearer to us again.

24th August.

To-day this epistle *must* be closed, and not only to-day, but this forenoon, because from noon I shall be absent from home. Much that I had still to say, I shall hardly be able to touch upon. How much delightful chat there is in your letter about all the dear people that I know yonder! Those Silesian stars do not contribute a little to enliven my heaven here; and in the evening, out of doors, when man is destined to look into the distant worlds, I often look no farther than Gnadenfrei and its immediate neighbourhood, with wishes, the wings of which I am, alas! obliged to clip. Through the telescope, with which you have kindly furnished and continue to furnish my observatory, I am constantly making new discoveries in yon lovely constellations; new perfections disclose themselves to me, as nebulæ, not previously seen, sometimes appear within the field of the telescope, and I descry hours of pre-eminent happiness, just as the astronomer observes the increasing light of certain stars. Why will Z—— insist

that she is eclipsed? I see nothing of the kind, and if her light shines sometimes with a silvery dimness only, that arises more frequently from the opaqueness of our atmosphere than from any defect in her. Her atmosphere is so pure, her expressions are woven together of such subtle fragrance, that it is not, indeed, every one who is gazing after stars that can discover it. And yet, no doubt, when she appears in the circle of her sister stars, each one rejoices at her sympathetic presence, and many a one wishes to be a planet ever to accompany her along her orbit. I must beg her, however, to leave my Ulmbaum in peace; I know best how matters stand there. This glorious tree* has, indeed, more summers and winters than other trees; and when it is in midwinter the poor vines suffer. But, after all, winter only consists in the withdrawal of the sap into the interior; and if, in consequence of this forced stoppage, the ducts suffer somewhat here and there, and the sap itself is subjected to fermentation, this only renders it the milder and the more fertilizing afterwards; and when summer comes round once more, the vines will again wind themselves up to the farthest points of the revivified branches, and mingle with its delicate leaves.

What a comfort it is to me when I think of my poor uncle, whose bodily decline is destroying his mental life, to turn to the excellent Z——, and see how her spirit comes out unscathed from amid the ashes of the devouring fire which is destroying her body! Out of this comparison, and out of all that I have said, she must compose a treatise such as it exists in my mind; but she must also deliver it in the tone that dwells in me, and that arises in every one who is looking towards distant stars, and who feels, whenever he enjoys a social pleasure in reality or in imagination, how disjointed and miserable his existence would be, if he could not live with, through, and in better beings. No doubt she, too, knows these harp-tones of earnest good-will, which render even a mediocre instrument agreeable to the ear, and which make one readily forgive the player any possible mistakes.

* A play upon the name Ulmbaum, which means elm-tree.

I was very glad to hear that you had at last taken your kind L—— (of whom, indeed, you say little enough in your letter) to Z——, although it only happened accidentally. Z—— will soon find that L—— also is worthy of refreshing herself in the shade of the elm-tree, and I hope that this visit has afforded L—— a pleasant hour at the close of the old year, and a pleasant prospect for the coming one. Her birthday I celebrated a day too late; my memory spoke to me about the 17th; but my sympathy is of a very enduring nature, and, what is more, and what I reckon among the blessings of my life, it is so little dependent upon sight and direct intercourse, that it requires no other nourishment than what I derive from your letters and accounts, which are quite sufficient to keep alive the idea of L—— and of her whole manner of being, which already dwells in me. That this birthday was to you so meagre in enjoyment, was, indeed, contrary to my presentiment; but this makes me the more impatient to hear all about the 21st, which was the day fixed for the second celebration. I dare say you have not neglected to draw up an account for me, which already lies ready to be despatched in your writing-desk, only waiting for the arrival of the Berlin epistle which is so shamefully behindhand. I have so often scolded myself very seriously, on your account, for my procrastination in writing, now I do it on my own account. For should I not almost have had a letter from you had not this one been so unduly retarded? When yours does come, I venture to hope it will contain not a little about tea-takings and musical and literary evenings with L——.

Having written the above, I made a long pause and chewed the end of my pen, while dwelling with delight on my great projected tour. There are, indeed, at present no prospects of its being carried out, but, nevertheless, I bear it very vividly in mind, and why should I not allow myself this enjoyment? How much that is beautiful and good should I not have to enjoy over again, and how much there would be that cannot quite be reclaimed. How every account which you give me, and every expression that you repeat to me, increase my

desire to see and to know your amiable A—— and to be known by her. I am almost afraid, however, that unconsciously there may be some vanity hidden under this desire; but, nevertheless, I cannot suppress it, for however convinced I may be that my judgment does not deserve to have so much value attached to it, and that if it has proved correct, it is because my imagination knows how to supply that which distance prevents me from beholding, I feel that I well deserve to be a close witness of the life and actions of this noble woman. But at present I must forcibly restrain my inclination to talk about her, in order to save time (for I must soon dress for my clerical dinner) and paper sufficient to answer some of your questions.

[LXXII.] *9th September.*

Your letter, dear Lotte, which I received last Wednesday, has made a strange and painful impression on me; the tone that it breathes throughout is so full of suppressed suffering, that it will be long before I recover from it. Poor soul, what heavy burdens are laid upon you! Is your body, then, a store-room for diseases, since no sooner is one removed than another takes its place? But what has pained me the most is your opinion of your inward feebleness, and of the evil influence of bodily suffering on the mind, which I cannot help thinking is an erroneous one. This must be wrong; your very letter proves the contrary; and L—— S—— must pardon me if I distrust her judgment in this matter. I know how one feels when he returns after an absence spent among new faces and under novel circumstances—how new and changed everything then seems to him, and how, more especially, everybody seems to be deficient in warmth and life, because no one is so full of the life of travel as the traveller himself. This has, no doubt, been her case too; and after the lapse of a few weeks she will, I dare say, discover that you are still the same. In the meanwhile do not allow her to persuade you of the contrary, for in such a state as yours, the mind is, alas! too prone to receive gloomy impressions. In fact, she cannot believe in

it herself, otherwise so kind and sympathetic a person could not have smiled at the comparison with my uncle, whose mind, by the by, begins apparently to recover. But even if I be right, your physical state must not be allowed to remain any longer uncared for. . . . .

Carl breakfasted with me this morning, and got his letter. Upon the whole, it was a melancholy birthday; his impending departure and your letter were not calculated to make us very cheerful, though I did my best to enliven us both. I communicated to him my project of sending you to some mineral bath, and after we had talked it over for some time, we both felt as consoled and as full of hope for you, as if the summer, which does not as yet think of taking leave of us, was again at the door, and you in the carriage ready to start for Flinsberg. Ah! if it were not so far off, if you were but well through the winter! Your extracts from the *Urania* we read together, and upon the whole they seemed to please me more than him. Carl intends to write to you explicitly on the subject: therefore I shall say no more. In a fortnight I shall no longer have the dear boy with me; but my firm conviction that he will not remain absent long, and that I shall see him again at the end of a year, makes me bear this more calmly. In the meanwhile his absence will create a great and painful void in my life, and the more so as letters from him are not to be depended upon. These are, it is true, as you say, but a poor compensation, yet they are better than nothing.

[LXXIII.] *27th September.*

He is gone, the dear boy, and for me a great void is created. It will seem long to me before I hear at least of his safe arrival, and longer still until I obtain the certainty that I shall again have him near me. I see by your letters that he has written to you about our constant intercourse, and I will, therefore, not repeat. His presence here procured for me enjoyments which will ever be dear to memory, and the later period of his stay more particularly so, partly because we gra-

dually learnt to know each other better, partly because the impending separation made every moment doubly precious. This morning we breakfasted once more together, and at dinner-time he was here for the last time, and quite ready for the journey. He brought me his letter to you and various things that he leaves here, and the last farewell was uttered in the midst of the confusion of starting. It is one of the few useful effects of human indolence, that it renders the moment of parting less painful, by causing so many things to be put off till the last moment that little else can be thought of. May Heaven guide him in safety to his place of destination, and soon bring him back again! The papers give accounts from time to time of republican movements that are taking place in the immediate neighbourhood of his future residence. This alarms me sometimes, and more than ever I now wish for a peace that shall settle these matters amicably, or in some other way determine the fate of those countries. Heaven forfend that any spreading fire should be kindled there! As much as I should like to see Carl living in a republic, in which every active spirit, whatever may be his calling, is allowed to take part in public affairs, so little would I like to think of him as being in any place where a republic is about to be formed. Fine weather he has for his journey, and I do hope it will remain so, that he may receive a favourable impression of the beautiful Hartz Mountains, which he is to pass by.

That, besides the loss to my brotherly affection, I also lose much in Carl in regard to the extension of my knowledge, you do not perhaps know. For some time I have been occupying myself in a certain measure with the physical sciences, and more particularly with chemistry, and as he has followed up his profession very scientifically while he has been here, I have learnt a good deal from him, more indeed than he has learnt from me in other directions. I am sure he has a more profound knowledge of the various sciences that have reference to his calling, than a hundred others, and yet without money this will be of no avail to him as far as outward success is concerned. Such are this miserable world and its ways!

[LXXIV.] *22nd October.*

The one or two post-days have expanded into a couple of weeks, and the news I have to tell has in the meanwhile not decreased, but increased. A few days ago the Dohnas returned and brought me a great deal of news from Prussia. All are well, all live united; many a happy family festival was enjoyed in common during their stay; among others, Count Louis' birthday on the 8th of September, which was celebrated by a grand military fête. Count Fabian, who, as ensign, has hitherto been living very uncomfortably at Königsberg, has got his lieutenant's grade; and me they all remember with friendliness and love, so say the two Counts. It always does me good to hear from them, and my interest in those dear people will never cease.

The Counts have brought with them another Dohna, in whom I have discovered an old acquaintance, whom I knew when a boy at the Institution in Niesky, and who used to be Carl's chum. He was an uncommonly good-looking boy then, but now his features, disfigured by the smallpox, are anything but handsome; what he has turned out mentally I cannot tell, having seen him once only. But, in fact, I meant to speak to you of a much more interesting acquaintance, which was, indeed, commenced during the summer, but which has not until lately become important and fertile in enjoyment to me. It is not a lady acquaintance, but a young man, by name Schlegel, who is staying here. I first learnt to know him in a society of which I am a member, and which meets for literary purposes, such as the readings of essays, communication of literary news, discussion of important literary works, &c. I do not know if I have ever written to you about this society, called the Wednesday Society; if not, a more detailed account of it shall be at your service on some future occasion. Here, then, I first learnt to know Schlegel; afterwards I saw him frequently at the Herzes', and Brinkmann, who had made his acquaintance some years ago, brought us nearer to each other.

He is about twenty-five, and the extent and variety of his knowledge is almost inconceivable at his age. He possesses, moreover, an originality of intellect which, even here where there is so much intellect and so much talent, far surpasses all others, and in his manner there is an absence of artificiality, a frankness, and a childlike youthfulness, the combination of which with his other qualities is the most wonderful of all. Wherever he be, his wit and his simplicity make him the most delightful companion; but to me he is more than that, he is of the greatest and most essential benefit. I have never, it is true, been deprived of intellectual society here, and I have always known some man with whom I could talk about each individual science that interests me. Nevertheless, I always felt the want of a companion to whom I could freely impart my philosophical ideas, and who would enter with me into the deepest abstractions. This great void he has filled up most gloriously. To him I can not only pour out what is already in me, but by means of the exhaustless stream of new views and new ideas which is ever flowing into him, much that has been lying dormant in me, is likewise set in motion. In short, as regards my activity in the world of philosophy and literature, my more intimate acquaintance with him forms an epoch. I say my *more intimate* acquaintance, for, although I learnt to admire his philosophy and his talents much sooner, it is one of my peculiarities that I cannot allow any one to penetrate into the inmost recesses of my mind until I am satisfied of the purity and uprightness of his character. I cannot philosophize with any one whose moral sentiments I do not approve. Not until I had acquired such certainty in regard to these, as any one with common sense can derive from the intercourse and every-day expressions of a man, did I draw nearer to him; but now I am much in his society. He has not studied any so-called *bread*-science, nor does he wish to hold any office, his desire being, if possible, to live frugally and independently on the proceeds of his writings, which embrace none but important subjects, as he never condescends, for the sake of money, to bring mediocre wares to market. He is always

spurring me on to write likewise; there are a thousand things, he says, that ought to be said, and which I am just the one to say; and since he has heard me read a little essay of my own composition, in the society which I have named, he leaves me no peace. We are at present meditating his joining me in my chambers at new year, and I shall feel a right royal exultation if the project be carried out; for at present I always lose an hour walking to and fro between his house and mine. *Nota bene:* His Christian name he has in common with me; he is called Friederich, and he is like me also in many of his natural failings: he is not musical, he does not draw, he does not like the French language, and he has bad eyes. During the last week, I have spent a good many of my forenoons, which I generally hold very sacred, with him, in order to peruse with him a philosophical work, which he cannot well give out of his hands. That I have spoken so much about him will not, I trust, be displeasing to you, as he is at present one of the persons here whom I like best.

It is an eternity since I heard from our mother, and from Arnsberg I have not either any accounts, though Carl promised to write as soon as he arrived. Were I to express how much I miss him, and how everything that I feared in this respect has been more than realized, I might go on for ever. But I will not enter on the subject, for of what use would it be to any one? It is very late, so late that your night's rest may probably be half over. May you repose sweetly!

Do not dwell too much on the loss of your never-to-be-forgotten Z——. I do not ask you to put another in her place—no, dearest, a friend can never be replaced. Whoever is so happy as to have several friends, must feel that each one is to him something that the other cannot be; a *doublette* in friendship, I suppose, no one has ever known. But at the same time that you feel your irreparable loss, you ought also to feel gratitude for and joy in those who remain to you; for, surely, these are not few: indeed, there are not many people, even among those who know how to value friends, who can make such an enumeration as you can.

As you wish it, I suppose I must send you back the little essay "On Exuberance of Heart," which I ran away with from Silesia. I have read it through once more, and it seems to me that, after all, the author has not any true experience of what exuberance of heart is, for otherwise he would not have separated it from true sensibility, but would rather have shown how intimately connected both are. In reality, the one is nothing without the other; and only where both are united, is that higher element present, which alone gives to both their true value. Let this serve in lieu of all remarks which I meant to have appended. Upon the whole, whoever has true exuberance of heart will not be likely to write about it, because his whole being will be pervaded by it; at all events, he will not write like this author, because that which we find within ourselves at all times, that with which every one of our actions, even the most contradictory, is penetrated, that we can hardly look upon as a distinct something, separate and different from all our other qualities.

The letter from my uncle I likewise enclose, though it is somewhat stale. To-day is quite an exceptional day with me; it is Sunday, and I have not preached. But I attend at present a very interesting course of lectures on Sundays from eleven till one, (you may conceive how difficult this is to manage on the Sundays when I preach twice), and, as I have been to the lecture to-day, I have not been entirely inactive. The rest of the day I shall, probably, spend together with Schlegel.

I do not know if I have told you that Mrs. C—— is here, on business connected with a melancholy domestic occurrence. Her daughter, who has for the last ten years been married to a military man, and living very unhappily with him, being unable to bear this state any longer, has at length left her husband, and a suit for divorce is now pending. Nothing is more common at present than unhappy marriages; and if in the time of Christ this was a proof of hardness of heart, in the present times it seems rather to spring from poverty of heart, *i. e.*, from the fact that, from the very com-

mencement, people seem to connect no idea and no ultimate object with their loves and their lives. Happy are you members of the congregation who do not behold any outward evidences, at least, of this state of things. Farewell! Let me soon hear from you again.

Your faithful Brother.

[LXXV.] *Berlin, 21st November*, 1797.

How often and with what feelings I have thought of you to-day, you will readily imagine; and in the midst of all the pleasure I have enjoyed, this thought has been fraught with anxiety, for who knows in what state of health you may be spending this day, poor sufferer! With self-reproach also the thought has been accompanied, for how can I know whether you have already received my long-delayed, and, I have no doubt, intensely-longed-for, letter? How long may you not have felt anxious about it, and what sad presentiments may you not have had in connection with it! But I will not begin to scold myself, for it might end by your not hearing anything about this day.

Many and diverse pleasures I have enjoyed, and this is the second recapitulation of them. I had, in fact, determined to spend the day quietly and very diligently in my cell, and to go in the evening to a friend of Schlegel and myself, a daughter of Moses Mendelsohn, who is married here to a banker, and who had invited us to tea, but who did not know that it was my birthday. I was sitting in deep *négligé* at breakfast in the morning, when the eldest Dohna, who had not been to see me since his return, made his appearance. He stayed unusually long, and looked so often out of the window, that I could hardly help suspecting that there was something in the wind, though I could not imagine what it might be. At length came his brother, who began with expressing his congratulations, and I thus perceived that my birthday had been betrayed; and very soon after drove up a carriage with Mrs. Herz—whom I frequently visit with the Dohnas—and Mrs. Veit, the lady at whose house I was to spend the evening with

Schlegel. The husbands of the two ladies sent to excuse their absence on account of business. Suddenly my table was cleared, and again spread with chocolate and cakes, which had been ordered by Dohna. The most cordial congratulations poured in on me from all sides, as did also little presents, to keep up my remembrance of this friendly festivity. Mrs. Herz gave me a watch-guard, because my chain was in a most deplorable condition; Mrs. Veit gave me a pair of gloves and a wine-glass, out of which to drink the Burgundy which she had ordered for my stomach; and Schlegel, a small bottle of perfume for my linen, which he knows I am very fond of. You may conceive how delighted I was with these proofs of the sympathy of five persons who are very dear to me, and for that very reason how little I could say about it.

Schlegel played me a little trick, by inciting the others to join *in choro* in his old wish that I should be industrious, that is to say, that I should write books. Nine-and-twenty years, and nothing done as yet, he went on repeating, and I was at last obliged to give him my hand in solemn pledge, that I would write something original before the end of the year—a promise that weighs heavily on me, as I have not the least desire to be an author. As a compensation, however, a glorious project, which had been agitated for some days, was finally decided upon, namely, that Schlegel shall join me through the winter. You may conceive how I exult in the prospect of exchanging my empty solitude for such companionship, and how long the six weeks will seem that separate us from the new year. Towards noon my pleasant visitors left me alone to reflect upon the happiness of meeting so much kindness on all sides, and upon this delightful beginning of a new year of life.

In the evening I went to the Veits', where we were all, Schlegel included, very merry, and where my health was once more drunk in a glass of good, but only moderately strong punch, such as I like it. Thence I returned home about an hour ago to write to you and to B——. What do you say of this birthday? Nothing was wanting but a letter from

you, and that the Sacks and the Eichmanns should have known it, to make it as happy as it possibly could be in Berlin. Even as it is, I am penetrated with joy and gratitude. How hearty they all were, the excellent creatures! how expressive of sincere regard, nay, of sincere confidence, was every look and word! It was a great pleasure to find myself at the side of Schlegel, who is so superior to me in genius, wit, and every social talent, and to feel that, nevertheless, I am loved by those who know us both. It must be something that belongs essentially to my individuality that attracts them, but what is this something? I do not know. And what treasures besides have I not elsewhere, in east, and west, and south? nay, I have come to the conviction that few are as rich as I, and I might grow presumptuous, did I not know, that even this precious jewel, man holds but in a fragile vessel. In Gnadenfrei also, I know I have been remembered, and warm and heartfelt thanks I tend to the kind souls who have participated in your joy and in your thoughts. When joy makes us sad, it has reached the highest degree in its thermometer, and thus stands mine to-day.

[LXXVI.] 19*th December*, 1797.

. . . . Most heartily do I wish you joy in the abode of your choice. Heaven grant that you may there find peace and tranquillity, and, above all, health. My poor sister, how much you seem to have suffered during the period which your letter embraces! That while in that condition you were constantly in fear of not being able to fulfil your duty with the conscientiousness which you have made a law to yourself, seems to me so natural that it disarms all the reproaches that I would address to you. That you have written so little to me from your new place of abode is, as you will readily understand, not quite satisfactory, but I cannot find fault with it, as in the contrary case I should not as yet have received the letter which at the present moment I so much need. To see again the old and well-known room, and the old and well-known faces, must indeed have been pleasant; but

where is L—— Sch——? What has become of the little tea-parties, at which you were never disturbed by an uninvited chamber-companion? I depend upon your sending me very soon a letter giving a detailed account of your inward and outward condition—also of all that regards economics.

The great change in my condition is likewise soon to take place. The day after to-morrow Schlegel moves in, and to-day his room is being scoured, and everything put in order for his reception. It will be just the 21st. How quickly the month has passed since my birthday, and how rapidly the year is hastening towards its close! As far as I am concerned, it is dying of rapid consumption; but one benefit it will still confer upon me, which will long contribute to my happiness. Good night, it is late. You will perceive that it is mostly in the evening that I write to you. Can we do better before committing ourselves to the arms of that partial death—sleep, than to visit in thought those who are dearest to us on earth? How long have you already been asleep within your cloistral walls? Contrary to your usual habit, you have not even written to tell me on what day you changed your abode. You must not forget to do so.

[LXXVII.] 31*st December.*

I do not know how it has happened that the year has come to an end without this letter being sent off. First came Christmas, and I had to preach, and then came Schlegel's entry into the house, and his settling down, and thus time has slipped away without asking my permission. What a glorious change Schlegel's being with me makes in my existence! How new it is to me only to have to open the door to find a rational being to talk to,—to be able to wish good morning to some one, and to receive a similar greeting in return, as soon as I awake,—to have some one to sit opposite to me at table, and to whom I can communicate in the morning the good spirits which I bring home with me in the evening! Schlegel generally rises an hour earlier than I do, because I dare not, on account of my eyes, burn lights in the morning, and I there-

fore arrange matters so as not to awake before half-past eight. Sometimes, however, he lies in bed and reads, and I am generally awakened by the clattering of his coffee cup. From his bed he can open the door that separates my room from his, and then begins our morning chat. When I have done breakfast, we work some hours without interfering with each other; in general, however, we make a little pause before dinner, to eat an apple, of which we have a large and very choice provision; and while so doing, we discuss the subjects of our studies. Then begins the second period of study, which lasts until dinner-time, that is to say, until half-past one. As you are aware I get my dinner from the Charité, but Schlegel has his brought to him from a restaurant. Whichever comes first is first consumed, then follows the second course, then a couple of glasses of wine, so that we spend very nearly an hour at dinner. Of our afternoons I cannot give so decided an account; but I am sorry to say that I am generally the first to fly out of the cage, and the last to return in the evening. However, the whole of the latter part of the day is not devoted to social enjoyment; for several times in the week I attend lectures, and I also deliver some—of course *privatissime*—to some good friend or other, and not until this is done do I go whithersoever inclination directs me. On my return home in the evening at about ten or eleven, I find Schlegel still up, but he seems only to be waiting to say good night to me, and then he goes to bed. I, on the contrary, then generally sit down to work until towards two o'clock, for from that hour until half-past eight one may have sleep enough.

Our friends are pleased to call our chumming together a marriage, in which all are unanimous that I must represent the wife; and many remarks, both grave and merry, are made upon the subject. Since Schlegel has been here, it has happened to me once or twice to remain a whole evening at home, and we have then taken a cosy tea together from seven to ten, and chatted to our hearts' content. But, probably, you would now like to hear something about the man himself, with whom I have formed this intimate acquaintance? In fact, I do not

know how much I have already told you about him, and therefore, once for all, I shall give you a slight sketch of him. In regard to intellect, he is so infinitely superior to me, that I cannot speak of his mind except with profound reverence. It is only quite lately, since I have, so to say, seen his ideas germinate and grow, that I have learned fully to appreciate how quickly and deeply he penetrates into the spirit of every science, every system, every writer; with what high and impartial criticism he assigns to each his place; how beautifully his varied knowledge is organized into a harmonious system; how every work that he undertakes is begun, not at random, but in accordance with a great preconceived plan; and with what perseverance he carries out everything that he has once commenced! But you will, no doubt, be more interested in his heart and disposition than in his intellect and genius. The chief characteristic of his disposition is, I think, its child-likeness; for he is frank and cheerful, naïve in all his expressions, rather volatile, a deadly enemy of formality and pedantry of all kinds, ardent in his wishes and inclinations, generally well inclined towards everybody, but also, as children very frequently are, somewhat suspicious and full of antipathies. His character being as yet not very firm, and his opinions of men and circumstances not quite determined, he will be easily governed by any one to whom he gives his full confidence. What I miss in him is, that tenderness of feeling and that delicate appreciation of the pleasing trifles of life and the refined expression of elevated sentiments, which often, in small matters, unconsciously reveal the whole character. Just as he prefers books with large print, so he likes men with large and distinct features. That which is merely gentle and beautiful has no great attractions for him, because, judging too much by analogy to his own character, he holds everything for weak that is not fiery and strong. Although these peculiar defects do not diminish my affection for him, they, nevertheless, make it impossible for me to unveil to his gaze, or to render comprehensible to him various tendencies in my disposition. He will always be my superior; but I shall

know and understand him more thoroughly than he will ever know and understand me. His appearance is rather striking than handsome. A robust and well-developed, but not elegant or full, figure, a very characteristic head, a pale face, very dark curly hair, cut short, and without powder, and somewhat inelegant, yet fine and gentlemanlike attire—such is the outward appearance of my "better half" for the time being.

In your letter, my dear, you say something about real, earnest marriage, which is a very important matter. You cannot possibly be serious in supposing that this can in the most distant manner be ridiculous in my eyes, for you know too well how much I value domesticity and sincere affection. I will, on some future occasion, fully communicate to you my thoughts on this subject; cursorily, I cannot touch upon it; only so much I may say that, alas—alas, your supposition is most likely to turn out true! Last night I had a long and very remarkable conversation with Henrietta Herz about how much of what dwells in each of us is lost in consequence of outward circumstances. Ah, with such love of family life as I possess, how much that is in me will be lost, if I should never marry—and yet!——but I will not make myself melancholy; and if I dwell on this subject, I am on the right road towards it.

My letter must be posted this afternoon, and as I have still to preach, and also to prepare a translation for my English lesson to-morrow, I must leave all other points in your letter unanswered, and many things untold. That my best wishes accompany you in the new year, I need hardly say. May it bring you restored health. May you miss nothing in your new position that was dear to you in the old. That in saying this, I am thinking more particularly of L——, you will readily understand. Do not omit to write to me how your friendly intercourse is continued. The address on your letter seems to be in her handwriting, and that is a sign that you still see each other. The double S in the seal I have not, however, seen on some of your last letters. Ah, many a time a small distance causes a great separation, and

sometimes a wall suffices to break off entirely the friendly relations between two sympathetic souls. Relieve me from this anxiety, and present my best wishes to L——, and Z——, and A——. May each of these loveable characters be happy! May no outward pressure convert the spontaneous movements of tender hearts into spasmodic exertions, and no unfavourable atmosphere change the sweet breathings of a benevolent spirit into deep sighs! God's blessing upon you all. Write soon. Can you not let me have a little letter for the Westphalian also? It will do him good.

Your faithful Brother.

*Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.**

[LXXVIII.] 1*st January*, 1798.

Here is the fragment for you, dear friend. The convictions which it contains stand by themselves; but the prospect that it opens up to me, your continued kindness can alone realize.

When a calm and noble soul moves between the lovely banks of benevolence and love, its whole life shapes itself in harmony with these sentiments. It resembles a quiet rivulet, which not only mirrors the blue sky in all its brightness, but which also reflects back a softened image of the gray and dusky clouds, because the varied tints of the lovely flowers that adorn its banks are blended with their gloomy hues. When the delicate utterances of such a soul are revealed to a trusted friend—for only he who reposes on his bosom hears the beatings of his friend's heart—it multiplies in him its own beautiful existence; for the life of him who is allowed to contemplate and to participate in a beautifully moulded life, cannot but flow calmly side by side with it; and the life of him who is permitted to behold the calm repose of a well-

* The original letters of Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz are not in the hands of the editors, but only such extracts as have been made by herself, and communicated by the kindness of her family. The dates seem, in some instances, to be incorrect.

ordered mind, cannot be utterly destitute of beauty, for with lovely magic such sight dispels or holds in check everything that is inimical to the graces.

Schleiermacher to his sister Charlotte.

[LXXIX.] *30th May.*

You must not be astonished, dear, that my letter-writing progresses so remarkably slowly; nothing but well-being and enjoyment of life are at the bottom of it. The summer has caught me in its meshes, and will not let me loose. In consequence, I do only the half of what I intend to do, and yet I am not really displeased with myself. I live and enjoy, I help others to pass many an agreeable hour, and am, besides, sometimes useful to them; and what more can we do in this world? The most of my time I spend at present with Henrietta Herz. She lives during the summer in a pretty little house in the *Thiergarten*, where she receives a select circle only, and where I can, therefore, thoroughly enjoy her company. As a general rule I spend at least one whole day every week with her. There are but few persons with whom I could do this; but a variety of occupations and pleasures make the day pass most agreeably. She has taught me Italian, or, rather, is still teaching me. We are reading Shakspeare together; we study physics; I impart to her a little of my knowledge of the natural sciences; we take up some good German book or other; and in the intervals between these various occupations we take delicious walks and converse with the utmost candour on the most important subjects. In this manner we have spent our time since the beginning of spring, and no one has disturbed us. Herz values me and loves me in spite of the great dissimilarity between us. Mrs. Herz's sisters, a couple of dear girls, rejoice whenever I come, and even her mother, a peevish and austere woman, has formed an affection for me.

Can you conceive that, amid all this, we have had some

very painful days, caused by our best friends? Schlegel and Mrs. Veit have taken it into their heads that I have grown cold to the former, and that Henrietta Herz has become indifferent to the latter—her oldest and most intimate friend. Mrs. Veit upbraided me for not being to Schlegel what I ought to be, for not treating him with frankness in regard to his works and his actions, and for want of consideration for his feelings. To her, she further said, I never came; it was only when people were at death's door that they seemed to awaken my sympathy; all that I did was *par charité;* when people were well again and happy, I left them to themselves. Schlegel, on his side, confessed to me that he was jealous of Henrietta Herz, because my friendship for her had developed itself so rapidly and had attained a point to which he had never been able to bring my affection for him. *He* was limited to participation in my intellectual life and my philosophical ideas; to *her* I opened my heart. What a deal I had to explain, and what a contrast I formed to the others, with my composure and my firmness.

On closer investigation I found even more than appeared on the surface. The fact is that both Schlegel and Mrs. Veit were uneasy lest I was deceiving myself in regard to my feelings, and feared that passion was at the bottom of my friendship for Mrs. Herz, and that sooner or later I would discover this, and in consequence be very unhappy. This was more than I could stand; it made me laugh immoderately for hours. That commonplace people think, in respect to other commonplace people, that men and women cannot be intimate without falling in love with each other, is a well-known fact; but that those two should think so of us two! So extraordinary did it seem to me, that I could not enter upon the subject, but only shortly assured Schlegel on my word, that it was not so, and that it never could be so: but poor Mrs. Herz was deeply distressed for some days. However, thank Heaven, at present all is right again, and we go on our way undisturbed. Schlegel's society I do not, however, often enjoy at present, for during the last few days

his brother, from Jena, who is known as a poet and as the translator of Shakspeare, has been here. He lives in a family to which I cannot go frequently, and Schlegel is almost constantly with him. This brother is neither in depth nor earnestness equal to the Schlegel here; he is a polished and elegant man, possesses great knowledge, artistic skill, and sparkling wit; but that is all. I told Schlegel beforehand that I was sure his brother would not feel any interest in me, and it seems that I was not mistaken. A few days ago I dined with them both at Iffland's, whom I had seen once or twice before, and whom I found exceedingly pleasant. The comic talent of this man is most extraordinary; he is full of lively and amusing anecdotes, and while narrating them he acts them out so admirably, that on these occasions one enjoys his art even more than on the stage. With this he is exceedingly good-natured, which is rare in persons possessing this gift; and the knowledge that his sentiments, of which, however, he makes no display, render him worthy of esteem, makes you feel quite at ease in his presence.

[LXXX.] *Berlin, 25th July*, 1789.

The long delay of your letter—a circumstance to which I am so little accustomed—caused me, as you may suppose, considerable anxiety, and I was just thinking of sending you a little reminder before starting, when, happily, your dear epistle with its pleasant explanations arrived. You will see that I have also been travelling, but this was only an affair of a few days, a little excursion to Freienwald, from which I returned last Friday. But in order of time I must first tell you of some disagreeable occurrences which, like everything else, you must undergo with me.

At the beginning of the present month Schlegel left me, to join his brother on an excursion of a few weeks to Dresden, where they have a married sister. As I perceive from your letter that the *Preussische Jahrbücher* reach you, and tolerably rapidly, I shall keep for Carl my copy with the fine poem which the elder Schlegel wrote shortly before their departure,

on occasion of the taking of the oath of allegiance. I wish, however, to call your attention to it; it is masterly in point of versification, and is more full of thought and allusions than any occasional poem I ever saw. I hope that it will please you also.

My state of temporary widowhood seemed very hard at first, and even to this day is difficult to bear, although during the latter part of Schlegel's stay here we saw each other but seldom, and now we write to each other every week like an affectionate wedded couple; but the privation of his society precipitated a melancholy discovery, which I should, however, in every case have made later.

Our whole circle had for some time been complaining of my being thoroughly *maussade*, devoid of all pleasantry and wit, but after Schlegel's departure I felt suddenly that I was not only depressed in spirits, but really ill. I had a distaste for everything, was sleepy from morning to evening, and felt thoroughly exhausted. This state, but more especially the sleepiness, increased daily. Herz advised me to let myself be bled; but I was loth to do so, because two bleedings, which I submitted to in Prussia, had done me a great deal of harm, and I insisted that I had altogether no blood to lose. I took additional exercise, drank an increased quantity of water, and changed my diet, but in vain. During my studies, at table, and almost while walking, as also in the midst of the most pleasant company, I fell asleep. When at last this went so far that one Sunday, though struggling hard to keep awake, I fell asleep in the sacristy between the sermon and the communion, Herz advised me very earnestly to have a vein opened at once, and I was thus obliged to part with eight ounces of blood, which proved to be of unusual thickness and weight. This relieved me very much, and in a few hours already I felt much more lively than before, but the next day I had the most excruciating pains in my arm; I dragged myself with much difficulty to Mrs. Herz's house—her husband had started for a watering-place that very morning. The surgeon was sent for, and while he was examining and pressing

the vein, which seemed perfectly healed, I fell into a kind of swoon from sheer agony, though in general I can bear a good blow, and am by no means apt to give in to pain. Applications of glowing ashes, so hot that no one else could bear to touch them, and that they burnt Mrs. Herz's hand, reduced the pain so considerably that I was able to drive out to the *Thiergarten* in the evening to welcome my friend Bartholdi, who had arrived from Stettin. The vein then began to suppurate gently, but it is not yet healed, and I still go about with my coat-sleeve slit up and with my arm in a sling, and any abrupt movement causes me great pain. But this is a trifle, and I am truly rejoiced at having got rid of that horrid drowsiness and at being able to work again, for I have promised Schlegel to be very diligent during his absence.

Before I leave the subject, I must, notwithstanding my complaints, save the honour of my nerves in your estimation. They are in reality not at all weak, and I believe that Farmer Martin would even declare them to be a good middle sort of hempen nerves with a very slight admixture of silk. He who does not know what fear is, and is as little acquainted with nervous fits, who takes no harm in a draught, and who can use his brain in spite of violent pains in the head, he cannot be said to have weak nerves. The nerves of my eyes alone are affected in a peculiar manner, and, although I suffer less in this respect since I am here, I cannot help fearing that my eyes will in a short time refuse to do me proper service, and that in ten years they will fail me entirely. This by the way.

On the day on which the oath of allegiance was taken, and of the festivities in honour of which, I saw nothing, because I feared to venture into the crowd with my arm, I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Herz take possession again of her summer residence, and since then we have enjoyed many pleasant days together there. The excursion to Freienwald I made in her company. We had a delightful day for the journey. We were both in excellent mood, and talked over many interesting matters. While at Freienwald, I lived in a

house the lower part of which was inhabited by a madman, in which I was favoured in the evening with a stump of tallow-candle in a kitchen candlestick, and where the pigs came up in droves to my room on the second floor and laid themselves outside my door. The whole day long, however, I was with the Herzes, and I did not therefore mind the inconveniences of my lodging.

The mode of life at the baths and the frequenters of the place seemed to me equally vapid and detestable; but next to Potsdam, the neighbourhood is certainly the prettiest in this poor Mark Brandenburg. I found here a rich and luxuriant vegetation, such as I had not seen since I came to this province. I rejoiced to witness once more the native industry of my country, and each day was marked by an excursion to some interesting spot in the neighbourhood, and thus it was only in bad weather that we were limited to the actual watering-place. The home journey I was obliged to undertake alone; Henrietta Herz will not return until to-morrow with her husband. In the meanwhile I have again had a little trouble here.

Sack had been deputed by the church directory to inquire whether I would accept the appointment of court preacher at Schwedt, a pleasant little place, where the congregation is rather considerable, and the emoluments such as to make the living rank among the better ones in the country. Sack was in favour of my accepting, and you may conceive that this business put me into a fluster. However, after mature consideration, I declined; for, as you may imagine, in going thither I should have been obliged to renounce many studies which I am now carrying on with great zeal, and my scientific education would at once have come to a standstill on account of my remoteness from all auxiliary means and all literary intercourse; while, on the other hand, I should be thrown into the society of a luxurious little city where evening parties and card-playing prevail to a great extent, and it seemed to me that it would be time enough in ten years, if need were, to purchase at this price a yearly revenue of

about six hundred dollars, on which, after all, a family could live but very poorly. The kind court-preacher did not directly recognize this, and tormented me by insisting upon my taking further time for reflection, after the lapse of which I could not, however, give a more favourable answer. As yet I have not had an opportunity of explaining matters fully to him; and I fear it will be no easy task to make him understand me, and that he will misinterpret my motives. It is a very painful feeling to be unable to render quite clear, to a person whom you so highly value, motives which you know to be intimately connected with your whole inner being, and it is on this account, more especially, that I have alluded to this occurrence as disagreeable.

And now, dearest, I must cease, out of regard for my eyes.

[LXXXI.] *2nd August.*

What pleasure your visit to Herrnhut has given me I need hardly tell you in so many words, dear. How it has recalled to my mind my own journey thither (before I left Niesky for Berlin)! I was indeed very isolated there; all my travelling companions found friends and relatives in abundance, but I not a soul; yet the place itself and the sight of the venerable men who constituted the conference of the United Elders, as also the beauty of the surrounding country, made the days of my stay very happy. To the Heinrich's mountain I went daily, and several of the views from that spot I should still like to paint if I could. But how is it that you say nothing about the Hut Mountain, where rest the ashes of so many remarkable persons, and which makes so imposing and delightful an impression on account of its destination and the manner in which it is laid out? I hope you did not fail to visit it? At the time I allude to we went from Hernnhut through Zittau to Eubin, and I am sorry to think that you should not likewise have seen these smiling landscapes and the remarkable mountain itself. But beauties of nature are nothing compared to human beings, and how many delightful people have you not met in Niesky and

Herrnhut! All that you say about them is too little to satisfy me, and I long to have fuller and more detailed accounts. I should have liked so much to hear more about your dear H. A.; her mode of life and her intercourse with her pupils, how many she has, and what subjects you discussed with each other.

Your accounts of St. —— have not caused me very great pleasure. How is it possible to be so disorderly in the midst of the most orderly people in the world, and to show so little talent for education, though living in such a strictly domestic circle. Poor E——, whom I went to see at Charlottenburg the other day, has not either any very great talent in this direction, but then she has five children, the eldest of whom is not eight years old. Indeed, it is a peculiar matter this education. Whether I have a talent for it I do not know; my experiment at Schlobitten was not sufficient to enable me to answer the question; but, at present, I have experience enough, and daily gain more, and the desire I have also, and sometimes I feel quite alarmed at the thought that I have nobody to educate. When I am at the Eichmanns' or the Sacks', or when I am surrounded by the younger sisters of Henrietta Herz and some of their friends, nice girls, of about seventeen, I always try my hand a little at educating; but, at present, that is all that I am able to do. Next winter I have promised to teach them all manner of things. It seems to me that it is the one great duty of every human being to educate others, be it old people or young ones, his own children, or the children of others. I am far from having fulfilled this duty as I ought, and as I do not know how it will be in future, I think it best not to neglect any opportunity that offers. Sometimes I try to persuade myself that people who write books are, in reality, educating the world to the best of their knowledge; but this is not true; book writing is a strange kind of activity, without life, without a face-to-face encounter, without real use. Preaching is better; yet, according to the prevailing arrangements, it is not by any means what it might be.

But to return to your journey. I am very sorry that you did not see Albertini, for I am very anxious to know how he lives with his wife, whether he has children, and whether he still keeps me in remembrance. How often, when I am reading with Schlegel or with Henrietta Herz, my mind reverts to him and our common studies at Niesky! We are indeed far from each other now, and all connection between us has ceased, but the depths of his heart are still known to me, and I can form to myself a very lively and distinct image of what he must be at present. Should we ever meet he will probably find his former Pylades more altered than he is himself.

[LXXXII.] *4th August.*

I have just returned from the so-called lady traveller, who in her letters on Berlin, alludes so impressively, and in so extraordinary a manner, to the Jewish ladies here. She is a Mrs. Unger, an elderly, sickly, and fretful woman, who for many years, probably, has not left Berlin for more than a few days. What has made her take this strange dislike to the Jews I cannot tell; but it is said to be of ancient date. That young *savants* and *élégants* frequently visit the great Jewish houses here, is very natural, for they are by far the richest non-noble families in this city, and almost the only ones that receive company, and in whose circle, owing to their numerous foreign connections, you may meet strangers of all ranks; therefore, whoever likes to mix in good society without much ceremony, gets introduced to these families, where every person of talent, be it even only social talent, is well received, and no doubt well entertained, for the Jewish ladies—the men devote themselves too early to commerce—are highly cultivated, are able to converse on all subjects, and are generally perfect mistresses of some one or other of the fine arts. I myself would undoubtedly visit some of these houses, had I not once for all determined to limit the circle of my acquaintance, and were I not repelled by the disparity of culture between the two sexes, which renders it but too evident that the strangers

visit the house on account of the ladies exclusively. With the Herzes and the Veits it is very different; the former, it is true, also see a great deal of company, and few remarkable persons that come to Berlin omit visiting their house, while their home connections are likewise most distinguished; yet they cannot be said to keep open house, as it is called, and I, in particular, go there quite *en famille*, as I generally avoid frequenting their large parties, which are little to my taste. Indeed, Mrs. Herz herself tries to contract the circle of her intimate acquaintances very much, and were it not for her husband, and also because she is once for all a celebrity, I believe she would associate with but a very small number of persons. As for the Veits, they cannot at all be reckoned among the class in question, as they live very retired. In as far as concerns this point, I therefore belong neither to the young *savants* nor to the young *élégants*, although in other respects I do my best to be ranked with both.

With Sack, also, I have within the last days come to a thorough explanation regarding my Jewish associates. He told me frankly, that one of the reasons that made him so anxious that I should accept the appointment at Schwedt, was fear lest my mode of life might eventually prove an obstacle to my promotion here, and he hoped that an absence of a couple of years might perhaps remedy what might otherwise become an insuperable objection. He was not, he said, as I well knew, so pedantic as to object generally to intercourse with Jews (indeed his father and his father-in-law were both constant associates of Mendelsohn's); but for such *bureaux d'esprit*, and such society as Mrs. Unger had described, he confessed he had no taste, and if it became generally known that I lived so entirely among these people, it would infallibly produce an unfavourable impression on many persons; while at the same time he feared that the tone which prevailed in that society would gradually inspire me with indifference towards, and a distaste for, my profession. Regarding the latter point I endeavoured to reassure him; and relative to the former I did my best to enlighten him. Ah, what a

deal of mischief is done by persons who write about what they do not quite know or understand. . . . .

[LXXXIII.] 12*th August.*

I little expected, poor dear, that you were so soon to lose your noble-minded Z——. A mature and experienced friend, as she was, is a treasure which no one is likely to find a second time. As regards herself, nothing better could have happened,—and in saying this, I do not allude merely to her happy release from bodily suffering—for this she might have borne much longer—but, as you say that her mental powers were visibly declining, death was the greatest boon Heaven could grant. She, excellent woman, must have welcomed the friend that loosened the bonds which had so long oppressed her. The extent of your loss I feel most vividly, though there were many things between you and her, of which no clear conception has ever been given to me. You will hardly find any one to fill her place, for the friendship of younger persons is never the same thing. Nevertheless, hold fast that which is left to you; you are still rich in dear friends, near and distant, with whom your heart entertains beautiful reciprocal relations, giving and taking at one and the same time. Continue then to give and to take in ever richer measure, and bestow upon others that which you can no longer bestow upon her. Alas, it is a pitiful account to keep, yet it is the only expedient that is left to us unfortunates. I fear that a similar loss is impending over me; for if I find my uncle this time as low in body and mind as last year, I doubt that we shall keep him long. The sight of a corpse and the dwelling on the dead envelope of the departed spirit, would also to me be painful; there is something very shocking to the feelings in it, and neither joy nor consolation can be derived from it. Any little relic of the departed that we may treasure up and keep by us, is in my eyes of much greater value. I do not possess anything connected with any of my beloved dead except written characters traced by their hand; and from one point of view, these are, indeed, more valuable than anything

else. They are the impress of the spirit itself, only during a fleeting moment it is true, yet in a way that nothing else approaches. . . . . If you have no letters written by your departed friend, I think you would do well to ask the chaplain to give you some little remembrance of her; I should do so without hesitation.

In a few days—but what day I cannot now fix—I shall get into the post-waggon, and start for Landsberg, where I shall remain a fortnight or three weeks.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[LXXXIV.] *Landsberg, 3rd September*, 1798.

Yesterday I preached, to the great delight of my cousin; whether to that of the other people present I would not undertake to say, for I behaved quite contrary to good breeding, and gave them a sound lesson, of which I knew they stood in need. It made a peculiar impression upon me to find myself again in my old pulpit; it was half joy and half fear; and both emotions seem to me very natural. It was as if the two years that lay between me and the time I used to stand there and preach had been blotted out with one stroke, and how much that is good and beautiful do not these two years embrace! It is not true that we feel the goods of life most keenly by contrast; for here, where I am surrounded by so much that is good and beautiful, I feel that which I owe to you more vividly than ever.

[LXXXV.] *Landsberg, 6th September*, 1798.

What a flood of joy and delight pours in upon me from Berlin! You in the *Thiergarten*, Schlegel returned, and, to crown the matter, in Oranienburg—and independently of this good news, the dear and interesting letters from you all—it is really almost too much. You were only a very short time in Lanke, and yet you have been in ecstasies; and even the bad weather did not act as a lightning-rod to lead off the overcharge of electricity! Pray, initiate me into the

mysteries of your unsatisfied wishes. We must really invent something to prevent this electric fluid from increasing too much, and perhaps striking down somewhere. Ah, dear friend, my crops are in such good condition, my dwellings are all so full of peace and comfort, that I may well feel alarmed at the smallest cloud that rises, in whatever quarter it may be, and how much more so when it is in your quarter. I will, for once, show you a cold and unfeeling aspect of my character, and tell you that I do not in the least understand the impression that the country produces upon you, nor why it causes this impression. Are *we*, then, not comprehended in this great activity? In reality, there is no greater field of activity than the mind—indeed there is none other—and do you not labour in this? Oh, you fertile spirit, you ever active being, you are a true Ceres in the inner world, and yet you place so great a stress on the activity of the outer world, which is, after all, only a means towards other ends, in which man is absorbed in the general mechanism, of which so much is lost on the way, and a thousandth part of which only contributes to the attainment of the real end and goal of all activity! And that bustling and stirring of men that makes them sweat and pant—which they ought, in fact, never to do—how loud and noisy it is compared to our quiet activity? Who ever hears us? What does the world know of our inner natures and their movements? Is it not all a secret to them? Look at what you have done, and at what you are still doing and will in future also effect, and confess to yourself that this doing and forming is infinitely more than all the conquests that man may achieve over the great chaos which he is to shape to his wants.

I have become quite dithyrambic, and that from the pure spirit of polemics! But that I am right there can be no doubt!—and next year I am determined to undertake the journey in the cause of natural science, and to take a view of the great electrifying machine in Lanke.

[LXXXVI.] *Landsberg, 9th September*, 1798.

Poor friend, that is a dreadful affair indeed! Such a state of anxiety as I was in to know what the misfortune might be! But in these feelings I cannot participate, and in this matter therefore I cannot help you. In fact, I am rather pleased that Schlegel has acted such a piratical part towards you, and has taken possession of all your belongings, whether met with on the open sea or on allied coasts (you will perceive that I have just been reading the newspapers), as legitimate prizes. There is no other means of proceeding in regard to you. And after all, what harm is it that he should know the words that pass between us when he knows so well the inner fount from which they flow, that he might, in default of our communicating them, supplement them himself. His right to them may be deduced from the eternal law, that every man is deserving of that which he knows how to make his own. I say nothing against your objecting to have your confidence seized by violence, that is to say, your active confidence, but to your passive confidence Schlegel has a full claim in right of his double relation, and I demand it for him in virtue of my right. Let *us* at least constitute *one* world, and you will see that spheric harmonies will be the result, and that we shall all be happy.

Do not allow your judgment to be confounded. Such persons as they will never go too far. Were I less courageous than I am, and did I not value so highly everything that is imperishable, you would in truth have alarmed me. Do you not then feel the eternity of everything that is?—and is it not a true and moral notion that that which reveals itself *thus* must have a real existence? In entertaining such fear you are, in fact, committing an act of reprisal, for did not they at one time fear that we were going too far? I cannot either conceive how, looking from our point of view, this height can appear to you so fearfully lofty. We stand, it is true, on another summit; but the theory of measurement, in relation to such altitudes, has not yet attained sufficient development

to admit of our determining which is the highest. To those who can only walk along the level ground there seems indeed to be a chasm between these summits, but this is not our concern. But I will dwell no longer on this subject, lest not I, but my letter, should go too far.

Concerning my fifty years,* let yourself be comforted. How can eternal youth be eternal if there be a question of shortness or length of duration in regard to it? Let us seek for quality in time, and this will always be the best anticipation of its quantity. If we create a golden age for ourselves, is this not the same as if we were to live a hundred years waiting for it to come to us of itself? And then we have, moreover, the satisfaction and merit of having created it ourselves. There will always be a wide difference between a body that is produced chemically and one that nature creates, for nature always works a little after the manner of Lafontaine.

Schleiermacher to his Sister Charlotte.

[LXXXVII.] *Berlin, 15th October*, 1798.

The interval between my last letter and this, dear Charlotte, seems to me very long, although many another in the course of our correspondence has been equally protracted; but when two such important events as a journey to Landsberg and a visit from Louis Dohna are pressed together in six weeks, the time in which so much takes place seems very long. Yes, only think, a visit from Louis! The great and brilliant autumn manœuvres, which drew together officers from all parts of the Prussian State, also brought him hither. He remained here about three weeks; and, as you may suppose, during that period I spent my time almost exclusively with him and his brother, and thoroughly enjoyed his presence and his friendship. I joined him early every morning to accompany him on his visits to the lions of Berlin, and you may conceive how many things we talked over during our peregrinations. I always took dinner with

* The utmost number of years which Schleiermacher thought he should attain.

them, and the evenings we generally spent together at the Herzes'. Wilhelm returned from his grand tour during his brother's stay here, so that I had no less than three Schlobitters in Berlin, and could thoroughly throw myself into the good old times again, the more so as they have all more or less the tone and the manners of their home. Louis has, as I expected, grown into a truly noble man, gentle and firm, cheerful and loveable. He has gained the affections of all who learnt to know him here, and more particularly of the girls and women, though he is not decidedly a lady's man. My old friendship and love for him have derived new strength from his presence, and it has made me very happy to find that his for me have not diminished. That I made him tell me a great deal about Schlobitten and everybody there you will readily comprehend. Fortunately, we received during his stay very reassuring accounts of the dear and excellent Friederike. They have quite abandoned her doctors at Schlobitten, and Herz is prescribing for her from this place. Since she has begun his treatment she is so much better that we hope that in four weeks she will be quite restored.

I did not see any evidence in your last letters that you felt uneasy about my mode of life, and therefore, honestly speaking, I did not suspect it, though in a certain measure I expected it. But, dearest, ought not you, to whom I so willingly communicate everything that regards my existence, to have been just as frank as kind Sack, who knows not half so much about me? I only wish that you had expressed yourself more distinctly respecting your actual opinion, for I should then have been able to reassure you more fully than I could him, as he obstinately refuses to see certain things in their true light. One thing I am convinced you will believe on my word, viz., that in my relations with those ladies there is nothing that could, even with the slightest appearance of justice, be unfavourably interpreted; you have not, I am sure, detected any evidence of passion in anything I have said about them, and I declare to you that I do not feel the least indication of anything of the kind. The time that I spend with

them is by no means devoted to amusement only, but contributes directly to increase my knowledge and to stimulate my intellect, and I am in like manner useful to them. That Mrs. Herz is a Jewess did not seem at first to make such a very unfavourable impression upon you, and I thought that you felt as I do, that when there is a question of friendship, when we find a mind constituted like our own, we are bound to overlook such matters.* The intercourse with her is not either so incompatible with my outward circumstances as you seem to suppose. Mr. Teller and Mr. Zöllner, two highly esteemed clergymen, both frequently visit the Herzes, though not on the same intimate and affectionate footing as I do; but it seems to me that if it be allowed to set aside an ancient prejudice for a less important purpose, it must be still more justifiable to do so for a higher object, and when the intercourse sought is of a more elevating nature. But tell me frankly, dearest, what it is that makes you anxious in regard to this matter, for I would fain make you feel quite easy on my behalf. That I declined the appointment at Schwedt I have not for one moment regretted; for in reality it was not only my social circle here that I would have been obliged to sacrifice, but, what is more important, my whole literary development. When people accept or exchange livings merely for the sake of emolument or to enable them to marry, it is considered quite natural and legitimate; but if a man takes, not his purse or his marriage into consideration, but his mind, then his motive is impugned. Surely this is unjust from every point of view! However, I do not take it much to heart, and every new opportunity that occurs for me to learn something, and each delightful hour that I spend in converse that verifies, or tranquillizes, or determines my mind and feelings, makes me rejoice at having been so persisting. At the same time I feel convinced that I am performing my professional duties here with as much zeal and assiduity as I could possibly have evinced in Schwedt.

* Henrietta Herz became subsequently a Christian.

[LXXXVIII.] *8th November.*

This has been a long and unpremeditated pause; but during the interval of my silence I have been so oppressed that I have found it impossible to write one sensible line. With regard to myself nothing has occurred, but various distressing incidents relative to my friends have given me a great deal to do, and have affected me very painfully. Mrs. Herz and I exerted ourselves to the utmost. These unfortunate occurrences have afforded me an opportunity of seeing, more clearly than ever, how exactly alike she and I feel and think regarding all the concerns of human life. Even when the prevalent feeling was displeasure at our friends, we were perfectly agreed. If it had so happened that I had married Henrietta Herz, I think we should have made a model couple, the only fear being that we might have been too united. I often amuse myself in a sad way with speculating upon which persons would have suited each other as man and wife; for how often does it not happen, when one sees three or four couples together, that one is struck with what good marriages might ensue if they were allowed to make exchanges. The same is the case with people who are connected with each other in business or who work together; almost all the connections are such as they ought not to be, and might easily be improved. Any position in life which they believe to be advantageous to them, men run after as far as their legs will carry them; but to seek for fellow-beings who are suited to them they will not make a step, and even when they happen to get hold of one, they do not know how to hold him fast. Pardon these remarks; they spring from the experiences I have made in these latter days.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[LXXXIX.] *Potsdam, 15th February,* 1799.

I have read a dialogue in Plato, I have composed a little of the *Discourses on Religion*, I have written letters, in short,

I have tried everything but good manners—and what should I do with these without society? But nothing has succeeded. Perhaps I shall be more successful to-morrow, when I shall have a penknife and be able to cut my pen to suit my hand. Ah, dear Jette, be generous and write often to me; that alone can keep me alive, for I cannot thrive in solitude. In truth, I am the most dependent and least self-sufficing of mortals; indeed, I sometimes doubt whether I be really an individual. I stretch out all my roots and leaves in search of affection; it is necessary for me to feel myself in immediate contact with it, and when I am unable to drink in full draughts of it, I at once dry up and wither. Such is my nature; there is no remedy for it; and, if there were, I should not wish to employ it.

In Landsberg, it is true, I was farther from you as regards space, but what is that? I was, nevertheless, not so blighted, and lived in a better climate. My last thought after you had bid me farewell, and had given me, in a few words, such a vivid consciousness of your friendship, was, that, after all, parting was a delightful thing: this was a blasphemous thought, yet deeply religious, and true, perhaps, if it were but parting to meet very soon again! But I will not harass your feelings. I know you will think often enough of me.

Do not forget in each letter to remind me of the *Discourses on Religion*, that they may not come to a standstill. I will give you a faithful account of my progress, but I think I shall not send any manuscript until I have completed the second discourse. I have discovered that they are not improved by my making clean copies of small portions at a time.

[xc.] *Potsdam, 22nd February*, 1799.

This morning I was very much depressed, dear friend, because I was disappointed in the hope of a letter from you. See how easily we are spoilt. This afternoon the letter came. My miserable epistle I suppose you have not yet

received. Do not allow yourself to be too much affected by it; I dare say that, after all, there may be no truth in it. One thing is certain, however, and that is, that the *Discourses on Religion* have been sent to Sack to undergo his censorship. The first discourse may please him, but how will it be with the conclusion of the second? I am so afraid that he will strike out passages, for when he spoke to me about Fichte, he said that he objected to the confiscation of an atheistical work; yet if it were sent to him for examination, he would perhaps, nevertheless, refuse his *imprimatur;* and this discourse will probably seem to him little less than atheistic. It is very disagreeable, but what is to be done? The subsequent discourses will probably meet with his approbation. However, I will by no means disclose to him that I am the author; it would lead to no end of explanations, and, after all, there would be much that I should not succeed in making intelligible to him.

My relation to Schlegel you have judged with much acuteness; but you ought not to say that I did not confess it to myself, for I always admitted something of the kind when we spoke upon the subject. I never said that the temperament of Schlegel's soul and of mine was the same, I merely contended against those who said that he had *no soul.* In what you say about kindred substances you are quite right; it is always they that separate us. In fact, you are the substance most closely akin to me. I know of no other, and there is none that can separate me from you.

The above was said, by the by; for we were speaking about Schlegel, but I made a long pause here. You must know, he wonders at the separation caused by the closely kindred substances, and this astonishment has a bad effect on our friendship. For the rest, the bond between us is not such a very loose one, as you think. If knowledge, wit, and philosophy have first to be subtracted, you must confess that they are not contemptible elements, and in a true man the two latter cannot by any means be held distinct from the

soul. These qualities are not mere cement, and that which is bound together by them cannot be said to be held together by force.

[XCI.] *Potsdam, 25th February, 1799.*

. . . . I entreat you, dear friend, let us not look out so much for what may be coming, but let us endeavour to place ourselves in as lofty a position as possible, so that when it does come it may dwindle to our eyes into insignificant dimensions. . . . . We are all victims of our times, and each person is so in a sense peculiar to himself. If we but live, and are ourselves, and love—this alone is important. You know that I can do something in the way of melancholy, and I only wish that you could convert your suffering into sweet sadness, for with this the bitterer feeling would disappear. But, for Heaven's sake, do not give way to these thoughts of separation and solitude, and remember that the will counts for something in the world. Consider now whether I should be less unhappy if I were obliged to be anywhere else in the world. What would become of me under such circumstances—I who cannot even thrive upon the feeble affection of indifferent people—I who know from the experience of these few days how I sink together, as soon as the only true nourishment of my soul fails me—I who am utterly deficient in that persevering activity which would always help you to combat successfully any sorrow and misery? But I do not fear anything of the kind, because I need not allow it to come upon me, and if you should die and leave me, well, I should neither commit moral nor physical suicide; but I should continue to live without being myself, and my epitaph would be written on my forehead. . . . .

Mrs. S——f forms a special chapter in your letter. I wonder that what you were saying of her did not give another direction to your thoughts—did not lead you from the individual to the general. I always looked upon her as a true disciple of Helvetius. Only do not persuade yourself that

she loves you more than you love her—in that case what do you mean by loving? For, in fact, she loves nothing and nobody. I am willing to believe that people who have adopted this system really may love—that is to say, practically; but as for persons in whom reflection has attained such a development as in her—for she is put together of nothing but reflection—they have no longer the capacity of loving; for they always begin with I and end with I. She fully betrayed her system that evening, when she declared that every kind of enjoyment was of equal value.

For the rest, dear friend, be not displeased with the *analogon* of affection for you, which you may find here and there in indifferent persons, though with that which we feel for each other, and which is of so different a nature, it can never be amalgamated. I would not like to miss this apparent affection in the world. It is a fermentation which proves that, in spite of their smoothness and hardness, oyster-shells are also composed of lime, the cement with which the greatest and most beautiful things may be bound together; and it is this very fermentation that converts them into cement. There is also a kind of reciprocal affection felt for these persons, which I should likewise be sorry to miss.

You see I look upon everything from the point of view of religion, but in the meanwhile I am not writing religion. How is this to end? My third discourse is not yet ready in my head; I am waiting for an inspiration, and until this comes I cannot begin. But such inspirations are often long in coming. If I did but know how Wilhelm Schlegel manages *de se battre les flancs* whenever he is in need, I would willingly follow his example. From Friederich I have not yet received a line, which makes me very anxious.

May I soon hear that you are in a calmer mood, one in which no discords prevail. How tortured I shall feel in Zehlendorf on Friday, half way nearer to you, and yet not able to accomplish the other half, because I must be back again here on Sunday! My being nearer to you will, indeed, be but an optical illusion, yet it tortures me. How are you

getting on with the Greek? I recommend you strongly not to neglect it.

[XCII.] *Thursday Evening.*

I ought certainly to have had your letter this morning; and yet, again, I did not get it until after dinner; it is the laziness of the letter-carrier which is alone to blame; thus I am always made to suffer by the immorality of men. It spoilt my morning; and, after dinner, I took a run out of desperation, and drank coffee out of desperation, and then he came. Mrs. B—— says this laziness is a vulgar vice, and there is no remedy for it. But I know what I will do. I will continue in the morning whatever I may have been occupied with in the evening—thus I shall annihilate the night; and, after dinner, I will lie down to sleep on principle—and thus I shall make my morning fall regularly in the afternoon. Your letter found me engaged on Plato's *Criton*, which has given me exquisite pleasure. Do you know this beautiful little dialogue? It is translated into German, if I be not mistaken, and you ought, by rights, to have read it; it is not difficult, and who knows but that we may soon read it together in the original.

[XCIII.] *Potsdam, 1st March*, 1799.

On Sunday week I shall, at all events, be with you; sooner, it would be impossible. If Sack would but conclude the censure of the second discourse by that time, and I could learn how he has taken it, this might serve me as a guide in future. Should he allow it to be printed, I do not see any reason why I should any longer conceal my name from him, and he seems so strongly convinced, that he might eventually be offended at the concealment. If, however, the conclusion of the discourse has proved to him a thorn in the flesh, I shall be obliged to continue the incognito, whatever the result may be.

In writing, I may in the meanwhile steer my way *entre deux;* but verbally! I confess to you my wits begin to waver.

The wisest thing to do—and you will perceive that this is always the acme of my wisdom—is to take matters easy. After all, the discourse may possibly please him; for, when he is in the humour to be pleased he can bear very strong things—and these are not so very bad.

As you will perceive, I have placed the worldly matters (for, as a book, my religion also belongs to worldly matters) in the middle, in order to be able to conclude with the spiritual. To these I reckon a remembrancer to you to tell me something about the manner in which I ought to treat the subject of God and Immortality. As regards letters, I am just the same. This morning I sent one to the post, and this will be despatched to-morrow morning, and thus I shall probably continue, except that I fear I shall not be able to write to-morrow, which will torment me, and make me preach a bad sermon. One thing only I deny—there are no such things as indifferent letters. Indifferent visits there are, as, for instance, when I was trying in vain to sit out some one else, which cannot be the case in letters.

[XCIV.] *Sunday, 3rd March*, 1799.

To-day I have read the greater part of *Phædon*, but only done two pages of *Religion*. I have now only six more to do, and, therefore, hope to get ready by Tuesday. Seriously, I perceive that things with me are getting gradually worse here, and if the future discourses are not to turn out very poor, religion will oblige me, on account of my Religion, to return to Berlin—religion will oblige me, for, in truth, I require to behold the universe in you. For many reasons I need this indulgence. In my desire to see you there is more of a necessity than there can be in yours to see me. You may concede this, for it only makes your desire the more beautiful.

The *Athenæum* I have received, and I have looked over the pictures, which are, indeed, very fine. I have also looked through Hülsen's book, but merely as a pastime, for it must

be read, and read with attention. Lucid he cannot be said to be, and I trust that my *Religion* will be superior in this respect.

You seem to me to see less of Mrs. Veit than usual, as you neither mention Schlegel's indisposition, nor the treatise which Hülsen sent him several days ago, and which, it is asserted, is both religious and holy. But it is nature-religion, and I doubt, therefore, that it will produce much effect on me. My religion is so through and through heart-religion, that I have not room for any other.

[XCV.] *15th March*, 1799, 2 *o'clock, a.m.*

K——'s observation on the *Lucinda* is very good; but about your judgment, dear friend, I can say nothing until I know the work better. In regard to the dilemma, I must, however, enter my protest beforehand. It is not the question as to whether a work of art is so in the strictest sense of the term, but the question as to whether it aims at being such, that must determine whether it shall have an object or not; from the material point of view you may, therefore, be right in regard to what you think ought not to have been printed. It remains a question, however, whether the form did not render it necessary, and whether if this part were to be different, the whole must not have been otherwise.

You will, no doubt, understand Hülsen, but you will have to work hard at his style first; the thoughts do not seem difficult. I am curious to know what he and Hardenberg will say to my *Religion*. What you say to me about it is delightful; but are you sure that you pumped out your affection for me sufficiently before you put in your judgment? Not to be misunderstood I deem a great advantage; but are you certain that, in order to avoid misunderstandings, it is not necessary that the reader should not only know the *Discourses on Religion*, but also know me? This is the very question which we are unable to solve, because our experiments are so much wanting in the ἀκρίβεια.

[XCVI.] *Potsdam, 16th March, Evening.*

My dear friend, I am very much displeased with myself. I cannot produce anything consecutive; and with the exception of a few disjointed thoughts, I am not further than I was at noon to-day. My thoughts will not take shape and get into proper order, and, at the same time, I am so stupid that I can do nothing else. Schlegel would, no doubt, in the meanwhile, "because he could not get on," have read through a couple of books, and have been all the better for it; while I, though I feel that brooding leads to nothing, spend my time in waiting for thoughts. I could beat myself, so angry am I with myself.

[XCVII.] *Sunday Morning.*

I was just going to complain of having been disappointed in the hope of a letter, when I heard the postman at the door, and my name. Heaven forbid that *that* idea should take possession of you. Indeed, I require, above all things, to hear it from you, although I can give you nothing in return. You see I was right when I said that *doing* was unnatural to me. It is this that disturbs me so; and it is this that causes an emptiness in my letters which would render me very anxious if I were not persuaded that you understand me in spite of it. Nay, either the art of doing must become more natural to me, or I must give it up altogether. It consumes too much of my life; and, after all, the result will, neither to myself, nor to my friends, nor to the world, prove worth the cost. You fancy that, if I were not to write, you would not be enabled to participate in my ideas, and yet I lay you a wager that not a thing that I say is new to you, and that the pleasure which the perusal of the *Religion* affords you does not compensate you for what we have lost in consequence of my having written it.

[XCVIII.] *20th March, Evening.*

Hm! hm! And what is the reason? Because my tea tastes of elder-blossoms. That is the greatest positive

evil that has as yet befallen me during my stay here. You see, Mrs. B—— has taken it into her head to drink an infusion of elder-blossoms made in my tea-pot, and the cook has not washed it well out. That I shall be able to continue the composition of the discourses while drinking this tea, I greatly doubt.

Ah! I must tell you an amusing little adventure that I met with to-day. Contrary to my determination (such are the results when we act contrary to our determinations), I took a little walk towards evening, and on my return I met close to the city gates a number of officers on foot; on looking up, I perceived that the one nearest me had a cross on his breast, and that I had brushed close by the King without taking off my hat; but when I perceived it, it was too late! You may conceive that the guard and everybody in the neighbourhood of the gate looked after the King, but what you cannot conceive is the scandal that my rudeness created. The soldiers thought, I suppose, that it would be too partial on their part to undertake to punish the offence, as in a manner the King belongs to them more especially; but the patriotic excise clerk took me seriously to task, asking me, "if I had so little *regard* for the King as not even to take off my hat." I delivered a short speech on the misfortune of being visited by God with blindness and with thoughts, but the majority seemed to look upon it as nothing more than an impudent subterfuge. In truth, I feel annoyed at the incident, and my only hope is that the King is not blessed with a memory for faces, for some day or other he will obtain a very close view of mine.

Schleiermacher to his Sister Charlotte.

[XCIX.] *Potsdam, 23rd March*, 1799.

The address of this letter, dear Lotte, will perhaps give you the first hint of the cause of my long silence, which must have been the more incomprehensible to you on account of the contents of your previous letter. But things are not so bad as you think, perhaps; I have only been here a few weeks on

business, and shall probably be obliged to stay here a few months longer. . . . . Your second letter with enclosures I received not here, but in Berlin, whither I had gone for two days to celebrate Schlegel's birthday. You have been quite right, dearest, to suppose, unconditionally and without further reflection, that the observations regarding my conduct which have been forced from you, could not be received by me otherwise than in a friendly spirit. I am very glad that you have been prevailed upon in regard to this matter, to set aside your usual system, which eschews all particulars. I thank you heartily for having done so, and pray that you will ever act in the same way towards me, when you have anything on your mind concerning me.

Permit me now to answer the principal objection, at least, sincerely and unreservedly, and according to conviction. First of all, you fear these tender and intimate relations with persons of the other sex, and herein you are right; for there is in reality a certain danger in them, and, viewed from afar, where only the general aspect of things can be discerned, the danger seems greater than it is. But I make it my business to watch myself narrowly and constantly; I account to myself for the smallest occurrence, and as long as I do this, I do not think I am called upon to break off connections which are otherwise essential and important to me, which contribute to the cultivation of my head and heart, and which enable me to effect much good. Thus, as regards B——, for instance, I know, that the very close friendship that existed between us, and which led her to speak to me openly on every subject, and about all her feelings, had a very good influence on her—I mean on her inner life, even independently of the opportunities which it afforded me of being of assistance to her in her outward life also, and in many difficult cases which arose, and in which she would perhaps otherwise have taken false steps. As regards Mrs. Herz, her life is calm and quiet, and runs no danger of shipwreck, like that of B——, and I have not, therefore, the same claims upon her gratitude; besides, her disposition and her character are much more firm and self-

reliant, so that she needs not my support. Yet, in other respects, I am essential to her existence, for I can supplement her views and opinions, and even her character, in many ways, and she does the same for me. Passion can never arise between us, and indeed in regard to this we have long since stood the severest test. Do not think me conceited, because I speak of this with so much confidence; it is long experience and careful observation that enable me to do so, and I believe if you were to see us together for one hour only you would share my conviction. This tendency to attach myself more closely to women than to men, is deeply rooted in my nature; for there is so much in my soul that men seldom understand. Consequently, if I am not altogether to renounce true friendship, which you will hardly demand, I must remain in this otherwise so dangerous position, but which is less dangerous to me, because of the manner in which I occupy it. I will not, however, forget its perils, but always be upon my guard.

You are of opinion that these connections must also stand in the way of my professional duties, and that at least they must expose me to false appearances. As regards the first point, you must believe me upon my word alone, that it is not so. I perform all my duties very punctually and accurately; yet, as you may suppose, I would consider this of little value if I did not perform them with all my heart also, a fact which few of my friends, except Henrietta Herz, can quite understand. In regard to false appearances, I must tell you that I have peculiar notions: I think that because of my profession it is incumbent on me to disregard appearances. I do not mean that I would out of sheer bravado do things which others would not be likely to do, merely to show that I held the opinion of the world in contempt, but that, whenever there is sufficient reason, I ought to set appearances at defiance. This seems to me to be quite necessary and a real duty. That a man should be alone with a respectable woman for hours, and even half-days, is nothing very extraordinary in the world, and no one seeks any evil in it. To have a woman for a friend is, however, regarded with more severity, and that Mrs. Herz happens to

be a Jewess is, no doubt, a stumbling-block to many; but this is a most pitiful prejudice.

The chief point of difference in our mode of viewing these matters is, however, that you are upon the whole opposed to any one mixing themselves up much with others, taking part in a great many things, or entering into intimate relations with many persons; and I, on the contrary, am a great advocate for this. But tell me, dearest, do you not regard the matter too much from the point of view of the state of society among the Herrnhuters, leaving too much out of consideration the difference between the brotherhood and the world? In the congregation men are educated in solitude and calm contemplation; the education of the world, on the contrary, consists in manifold and complete activity. The roads are different, but they are both good; and each individual has merely to take care to choose that one which is most suited to his nature, and then to take up such a position in it as will allow him to follow the bent of his nature. A man who mixed himself up with the affairs of various persons, and desired to be a friend of the house in many families, would be a very superfluous personage in the congregation, nay, he would even be deserving of censure, and, in every case, he would do best to withdraw from the congregation, as he would be completely at variance with the prevailing views and principles. But, on the other hand, a man who should live in the world according to your principles would be equally reprehensible; he would not fill his place properly; in fact, in the midst of the world he would be a member of the congregation, and he would therefore do better to return to the latter. I am sure I should be able to find in the world hundreds, nay thousands, of very estimable persons who would not in the least understand you, were you to tell them, that this diversified life, that these divided interests, prevent self-contemplation and the knowledge of one's own heart. They would answer that, on the contrary, they are the only means of attaining these; that those who have no opportunity of observing themselves in independent activity can

know themselves as little as they can know others, and that much that is in us must, of necessity, remain latent, if it were not drawn out by a variety of circumstances and occurrences. This will show you from what different points of view a thing may be looked at, and also with how much right each may assert the correctness of his own. It is with the soul as with the body: he who is not accustomed to excitement will be considerably affected by what may in itself be very insignificant, while he who is accustomed to strong emotions will require strong stimulants to rouse him. The first is the case with you in your quiet and simple life; trifles, which a man of the world would hardly notice, suffice to awaken reflection, and to reveal to you new truths —a state of things which, it must be confessed, is a great advantage; and it is due to my sojourn in the congregation, that I possess this advantage in a superior degree to any of the persons living in the world, whom I know—while the man of the world must be deeply stirred before he is led to reflect. Do not, however, think that what I have just boasted of is at variance with my endeavours to justify my mode of life; for if I did not possess, in a considerable degree, the faculty acquired in the congregation, the rest of my life would be too retired and simple in proportion to the stirring incidents in which my duties as a citizen, a preacher, and, if I may be allowed to say so, as a future *savant*, necessarily and inevitably involve me; and, accustomed to see so much activity without, I should lose the power of discerning what is quietly going on within me. As it is, my life is in truth a medium between the life of the world—not the dissipated world, but the rational and professional world—and life such as it is in the congregation. In order to compare the two points of view, take further into consideration that every human being must, as a matter of course, live in a state of sociableness; he must have one or more persons to whom he can communicate his innermost thoughts and feelings, and the ways in which he is led. In a word, everything that is in him ought, if possible, to be communicated to another.

Thus it is ordained in accordance with the divine dictum: "It is not good for man that he should be alone." Such is the social relation in which, in the congregation, you stand to your labourers and labouresses; and, in consequence, you rarely require any other confidential friend. In the world, however, such relations are not regularly provided; and, as it is customary to be very reserved towards others on matters relating to one's inner life, it is necessary to gain the special friendship and confidence of a person before we can draw any of these particulars from him or her; while, in order to form such friendships, it becomes necessary to cultivate the intercourse of many persons, that among these the required friend may be sought and found. This is the light in which you must look upon the matter, and, in reality, in relation to all persons to whom I am very much attached I hold more or less the position of a labourer in the congregation, and so do they to me. And now you have my confession of faith in respect to this matter in as distinct terms as I can at present embody it. I trust you will at least see from it in what a serious light I regard your friendly warnings, and how anxious I am to lay my heart and my life open before you, and to place you in the best possible position for forming a correct judgment of both. You will ever find me equally frank, for most sincerely do I desire that the relations between us should always remain the same.

Your health is, I trust, good, since you say nothing to the contrary; but be it ever so good, I entreat you not to give up the idea of visiting some bath in the summer. Do not allow yourself to be deterred by pecuniary considerations; in a few weeks I shall be able to send you a little assistance; should it not suffice, pray tell me so candidly, for I do not understand what is necessary for you women. Before the bathing season comes round I shall be able to send you more, without putting myself to the least inconvenience, for my circumstances are pretty good this year.

That I am able to sacrifice even what is dear to me, when I think it right, I have learnt by the experience of the last

six weeks, while I have been staying here, at a distance from all my friends (for four miles are as much as twenty as regards this matter), in a place where I have not yet found a single person in whom I can take even a distant interest. I am here to perform the duty of old court-preacher Bamberger —(Mrs. Eichmann's father), whose total incapacity has obliged him to retire—until the king, who keeps the living in his own immediate gift (because he attends the church every Sunday when he is here), shall have appointed a successor. I was not obliged to come hither; I do not derive any advantage from it, nor have I any reason to expect gratitude, because the persons whom I serve by so doing do not know what a sacrifice I make, and cannot therefore appreciate it. But as it was represented to me as the most proper thing to do, I considered it my duty to do it, and came away in God's name, leaving everything else at a standstill for some months. Sometimes I am provoked at the thought that it was only a precipitate step on the part of the ministry and the church directory that rendered it necessary; but, nevertheless, I bear my exile pretty calmly. It is pleasant to me to be able to preach to a new and large congregation; for the church here is always pretty full, and I value this more than the honour which I enjoyed yesterday of administering the sacrament to the king, although I am really heartily inclined towards him. To-morrow morning I shall be in the congregation in spirit. Be happy among your dear ones there on the 31st, and think of me with the same sincere love and friendship with which my thoughts will turn to you. I embrace you with all my heart; and beg you, on account of existing circumstances, to be indulgent towards this epistle, which is far from containing all that I desire to say to you; but it is night, and I have still some matters to attend to, so that I shall hardly get to bed before day dawns.

Your faithful Fritz.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[C.] 24*th March*, 1799.

I have enjoyed your letter while taking my coffee, and now I will indulge in a little chat with you. I am just in a most disagreeable epoch; this is the time of the short days with me. At midnight already I am sleepy, yet I do not get up before seven, and nevertheless there is an eclipse of the sun after dinner. Yesterday, however, I was pleased with myself; I composed a great portion of my *Religion*, and in the evening I did not, indeed, do more *Religion*, but I did something very religious: I wrote a long epistle to my sister, containing a circumstantial explanation of my mode of life and my principles in relation to various matters. The dear girl had had all kinds of misgivings about me, about my relations to women, to my office, &c. &c. It was to me a sacred duty to afford her these explanations, and I should have liked to have given you the letter to read. It was a whole sheet written almost as closely as the one I sent you this morning, and I wrote it without interruption, with exception of the cups of tea which I drank the while. Such a letter is in truth a work, and in a certain sense it may therefore be said to come within the denomination of doing, though it flowed directly from the heart. I am most anxious to see the dear girl, but there is not the slightest prospect of my being able to accomplish this.

[CI.] 27*th March*, 1799.

It is most unfortunate that you should each time have neglected to read the last pages, for in that way you cannot possibly have obtained an impression of it as a whole, and I am not, therefore, even secure against the unfortunate possibility that it leaves no impression of wholeness on the mind. If the two thoughts, viz., that all religious persons are priests, and that all are one, do not run through the whole, I have entirely failed in my aim, and have given too

much scope to polemics against the present state of things, however important these may be. Why were you in such a hurry to return the sheets? After all, Unger cannot send them to the censor until the discourse is completed.'

[CII.] *28th March*, 1799.

. . . . I have been meditating a long while on Christianity, and my thoughts will soon take outward shape, though I dare say they must be left to grow inwardly some days longer; and as Schlegel has begged me to be very lazy and to give myself plenty of time, I will allow the inward process to go on for another week.

[CIII.] *Potsdam*, *31st March*, 1799.

. . . . Parson P—— was here yesterday. He is to preach before the king next week, and was in a state of great distress at having come too early, and being thus obliged to carry about in his mind for so long a time such a precarious matter as the sermon on which his fate depended. I endeavoured to make him feel that he took quite a false view of the matter when he supposed that his fate depended upon this one sermon; for this, like all his other sermons, must bear the impress of his general views, of his clerical principles, and of his peculiar manner; and whether he failed or whether he succeeded, the result would be due to all these, and not to the one sermon. Do you think he understood me? And yet he is one of the most sensible members of my profession.

[CIV.] *Potsdam*, *1st April*, 1799.

. . . . I am as exhausted by the many letters I have written as a man who has been at a succession of parties, and has been obliged to furnish all the entertainment himself, provided this man were not a publican. And hereupon follows very naturally the second complaint, that I have been good for nothing since yesterday evening.

I was obliged to dine with the B——s upstairs yesterday, and to play at whist; and subsequently I felt so stupified and so good for nothing that I was driven to bed early. To-day I have been very *limp* the whole day. First, when I felt myself in this state, I tried to escape the necessity of doing, by taking up an English annual, which, however, I could only get half through; then I tortured myself for a long while with vain endeavours to write, and at last, with a hope of getting into a better mood, I took hold of Plato; but even he produced no effect. Do you not think that this is a very sad state of disquietude, and one regarding which you ought not to preach resignation? What is, then, this unknown something in me which dares to prevent me from doing what I will and ought? And why should I allow it to remain quietly beyond my control? I ought to make every effort to master it, and this is, perhaps, the only true, at all events it is the only moral, benefit that I shall ever derive from *doing*.

. . . . . I have captured a rich prize, and light begins again to dawn upon me. But I am at a loss for a beginning to my fifth discourse. Why is the beginning always so difficult? It almost seems as if ideas also obeyed the laws of gravitation. The weighty ones gather in the middle, and the lighter ones spread so gradually into surrounding space, that you seek in vain for the outer extremity of the line of connection, and are obliged at last to define arbitrarily the limits of the atmosphere. With the conclusion it is different; but why so? The conclusion of the fifth discourse I have already almost completed. The individual discourses might be allowed to terminate abruptly, but the whole series must be drawn to a regular conclusion, and this can only be done with a view into infinity. Is it not so? Should I be so fortunate to-day as to lay hold of a beginning, I will send it to you at once; and I should be delighted, for my visit to Berlin next week depends almost exclusively on this. . . . . *Vivant* tea and quiet evening hours, which, if they do not bring gold into your purse,

at least bring thoughts into your head! I have found a beginning!

[CV.] *4th April*, 1799.

. . . . . Your letter, dear friend, has done me more good than the coffee, and I fancy myself quite well again. For the *Religion* there is again hope, and for the fourth discourse, and so far all is well. I will, however, first complete the fifth, that it may be sent as soon as possible to the censor, and then I will entirely recast the fourth; for there ought to be something more elevating in it than you all seem to have found; and it must be my fault that you have not found it. The Church ought to be the most exalted of all human institutions and concerns, and I must work out a representation of it as such.

[CVI.] *12th April*, 1799. *Evening.*

Only fancy, E—— has already heard of the impropriety of the *Lucinda*,* probably through Parthei and Nicolai. How much it must be spread already! Some time ago I formally requested her not to read my discourses, because I feel that they are obscure, and that no one with whom I have not otherwise discussed the subject, will quite understand them. Now she writes to her mother that she has heard that Schlegel's *Lucinda* is so natural, so very natural, that no respectable woman ought to read it; and thus she is so unfortunate as to be forbidden to read the books of both friends—the one because it is too high for her, the other because it is too natural.

I have been looking through Nicolai's *Adelheid* to-day, which I ought rather not to have done; as I might have used the precious time for my *Religion*, of which I have only done one page. That is another bad book. What stupidity and at the same time what treachery, to place on the lips of a person in conversation things that stand in the *Fragments*, and to let a man speak to his beloved sentences taken ver-

* A work by Friedrich Schlegel.

bally from Kant and Fichte. The most naïve part of the whole is, that Adelheid writes to ask who that Fichte may be of whom he speaks? Then there is a puss in boots who walks about upon the roofs of the dramatic art—can this be the same? I suppose that is Nicolai's theory of womanliness, that a woman is to be such a listener. Here and there extracts from my writings are quoted. At these I have laughed heartily.

[CVII.] *14th April*, 1799.

Oh! divine idleness, thou art my true element! Only conceive, it is near upon midnight, and I am still engaged on the last sentences of *Christianity*, and yet the whole only fills two pages. What I say about the historical element in Christianity will not, I think, be to your taste, but you will be able to see, nevertheless, that it is good of its kind. The conclusion is, indeed, a view into infinity; but I will introduce no ornament, but, on the contrary, the greatest simplicity; for the splendour of the conclusion ought to be infinite, and such I cannot produce. It is, almost finished in my head, but to write it there will be no time. You see that it will not be possible for me to keep my word, to put the finishing dash under it *to-day*, even if I were obstinate enough not to go to bed until it is completed. How sweetly I shall sleep on my laurels! . . . . .

At this moment, 15th April at 10 o'clock in the morning, the finishing dash has been put under the *Discourses on Religion*. Here they are; let them go forth and meet their fate.

I shall not write a preface. But do you not think it may appear in Nicolai's next book? Schlegel will say that religion—that is to say, my discourses on it—in conclusion annihilates itself; and it is quite true; but nevertheless this seems to me better than all the contemptuous *tirades* against *doing* that I might have introduced in the preface.

What a strange state I was in last night, old fool that I am! I went to bed full of my work and tossed about sleepless for more than an hour and a half. It was not that I was

excited by my work, for it had gone on slowly, calmly, and easily. No! it was the first awakening of the paternal feeling and a fear of death. Do you know that for the first time in my life I was seized with the feeling that it would be a great pity were I to die that night. In this feeling there was also a kind of annihilation of the division of time, for evidently I looked upon the whole period during which the discourses were coming into being as one day.

Among the sweetest of my dreamings yesterday, was that of sending the discourses to Wedike. What a delight it will be to me to do so as soon as they have been endowed with a corporeal existence. There is many a thing in them which he will find difficult to digest, but upon the whole I anticipate with pleasure the impression that the work will make upon him. The meaning and the power in it he will thoroughly appreciate.

As regards Heindorf's innocence, I still deplore it. I do not mean that innocence at which Schlegel laughs, but the other. He is so thoroughly innocent that he knows nothing about men; he only knows pure ideas without admixture of anything human, of anything real; and you must allow that some time or other he may be made to pay dearly for this.

[CVIII.] 16*th April*, 1799.

When your letter arrived, I had just been reading *The World turned upside Down*, and was in such good humour that I was less affected than I might otherwise have been by what you tell me of the publicity of my authorship. When people speak to me about it, I will ask them whether they are not aware that I have written anonymously. You must read *The World turned upside Down*. It is really exceedingly witty, and made me laugh immoderately. Tieck is certainly unique in his way. But what Bernhardi has done in the *Bambocciade*, seems to me even worse than the first part. I would give a great deal that Tieck had not taken up with Bernhardi! But who knows if many people do not say,

"I would give a great deal that Schlegel had not taken up with Schleiermacher!"

It is settled that I start on Monday, and had I money it should even be on Sunday, for a few hours are better than a few dollars. That I shall be with you as much as possible, you know. I rejoice at the thought of the evening to be spent with Heindorf; I really like him very much, but that you have not detected his innocence, when speaking to him about mankind, I cannot understand. With this kind of innocence a man never learns to know the world through others, because he will always start from false suppositions. There is in these matters also a kind of intuitive perception: and he who has not this, will never do anything in that direction. I shall one day write an essay on Innocence. In fact, I think I know a great deal about men and women, that is to say, about their inner being, for as relates to this I have clear sight; but in what is called knowledge of the world, in the knowledge of routine and of all their little tricks, I am a veritable tyro. This knowledge never seems to me worth one's while to acquire. The former costs me nothing but time, and for this time was given.

I should like some day to write a book about everything; but I shall have to postpone this a good many years. I should require a long time to gather my materials and should also be somewhat at a loss about the form. It is a strange coincidence that one of my sermons should have appeared at the same time as my *Discourses on Religion.* My name thus stands among a number of great theologians and preachers, and in order to excuse himself for having placed it there, B—— has been so bold as to say in the preface, that I am highly valued in Berlin on account of my talents and my knowledge. The *Fragments*, the *Sermon*, the *Discourses on Religion*, and the *Calendar* make together a wonderful entry into the literary world. What may I not still become in this sublunary sphere!

[CIX.] *Potsdam, 29th April*, 1799.

I knew it, and how could I otherwise than know it, that Plato, more especially the class of dialogue to which the *Kriton* belongs, would produce a delightful and exalted impression on you. How much I wish I could have witnessed the first tribute of your feelings to this great mind; for the second will hardly be the same as the first. You are now for ever chained to the Greek language. Plato will bind you much closer and much more lastingly than Homer. Schlegel wrote to me a short time before my last visit to Berlin, that he was meditating a great *coup*, in which I was to be associated; and this was nothing less than a translation of Plato. Ah! it is a glorious idea! And I do believe that no one could do it better than we two; but for some years to come I cannot venture upon it, and then it must be undertaken quite independently of all secondary considerations, and no account must be kept of the number of years spent upon it. But the undertaking is a secret, and the execution of it still far off.

That my coming was required, dear Jette, to awaken your confidence in yourself, is a brief summary of your whole history; and the more I think of it, the more I am confirmed in my opinion of your earlier friends. No one, who had great confidence in himself, ever understood you as I do. . . . My self-confidence I have obtained in a very different way, through my irrepressible and almost universal combativeness.

Alas! when people love us and esteem us, and yet their reason for so doing is not the right one, what a feeling it is! But there is one thing I have to beg of you, dear, incomparable Jette, and to beg very earnestly: a time may come—yes, in spite of all my self-confidence, I say this—a time may come when I shall be nothing! When this happens, do not, I implore you, believe that I never was anything; do not then mourn over your affection for me, though you mourn over me; do not either force yourself to keep this affection alive, but afford it a sweet sepulchre in your heart. Ah! may this be a vision, and not a prophecy!

[CX.] 1*st May*, 1799.

In reference to what your friend S—— asserts about Goethe, we, who do not know the man Goethe, can, in fact, have nothing to say. There is, in general, in written works, a certain something—though what it is I cannot at this moment define—which, even in the case of a poet, enables one to judge with certainty from the writer to the man. Is this also the case as regards Goethe? I think not. To say of a man, "He is trivial and common," is very ambiguous; but I am not loth to believe that in common life (that is to say, in that part of his life which is neither literary, artistic, nor ministerial) he has a certain taste for the trivial and the common. Only picture to yourself his connection with Miss Vulpius. However much you may try to throw a poetic halo around it, it will ever remain low. Nevertheless, it is very presumptuous of the young man to say such a thing (I am in earnest, and use the term *presumptuous* in its full meaning), and I therefore recommend you to give him a good set down for his presumption.

[CXI.] 2*nd May*, 1799.

I have read in the papers to-day of Fichte's little humiliation. One false step always draws on another. He could not, indeed, do otherwise than tell the people, when they were giving him his dismissal, that they should not, under these circumstances, refer to his having asked for it, but it ought to have been in a very different manner. And to say, about several of those who are to succeed him, what he says in his first letter, he must be very sure of his subject and of his people. Fichte will scarcely find another professorial chair, and I must confess that, upon the whole, I consider it rather an advantage that his philosophy has been driven away from the lecture-room, for which it is not at all suited. Spinoza refused a professorship, although he was undoubtedly as enthusiastically attached to his philosophy as Fichte can possibly be to his, and he was quite right in doing so.

[CXII.] *Potsdam, 3rd May*, 1799.

Only imagine what I have been doing and what I am still doing! I am reading Nicolai's book about his own learning, and about his relation to critical philosophy. It is a wonderful production, and in fact this is all that can be said about it, except that when you have at last found the right point of view, it is surprisingly naïve. The condescendingly compassionate tone which I foretold he would use in speaking of Fichte is already there, although when this was written there was only a question of confiscation. As regards Kant, he has, indeed, made some hits in reference to certain very glaring defects, but in spite of his thousand declarations to the contrary, his entire ignorance of the subject in question may be read in every page of the book. But what, after all, have I to do with Nicolai's book, when I have so many things to say in reference to your letter.

The commission which you give me concerning Heiendorf is, I fear, somewhat at variance with my theory regarding difference and congeniality of nature, and you know that this forms part of my religion. If Heiendorf is capable of appreciating A—— he will not fail to draw near to him; if not, you must know that words would be of no avail. If you think that he may possess sympathetic elements, but that they require to be roused, then this cannot be done by talking, but only by making application of the subjects to himself. Into exhausted lungs you blow air, temporary deafness is cured by a strong explosion, and a sleepy eye is forced open by a strong light. Let us, therefore, wait patiently. It would besides be lost labour to endeavour to make him understand A—— in himself. We must first act as mediators. Only by learning to understand *us* better can he learn eventually to understand him, and we must first see how far we can bring him in this respect.

But how can you dislike him, merely on account of his natural deficiencies. Dislike can only exist in relation to something positive, a negative merely occasions a lesser

degree of liking. Do not say that this is merely a quibble, for there is a great deal in it, and we should be anything but pleased if you were to find many persons of whom you could say *in this sense*, that you did not dislike them. That would be more than we could bear.

As for my recent mood, dear friend, to be candid, it was a fit of true Christianity, such as sometimes comes over me. In what manner I connect these words with Christianity you will find in my fifth discourse. The cause is deeply seated in my nature, for it belongs to the consciousness that I am a plant which requires a peculiar soil, and that the elements of my nature can only be kept alive by constant circulation and assimilation. It is not so much through the destruction of my being from within—although this is also possible—as through displacement that I shall cease to exist. If I be torn up from the soil to which I belong I am lost. The belief in eternity is not incompatible with this. In this place the mood in question is quite natural to me, because here hours do occur in which I may in truth be said to be nothing.

[CXIII.] *Berlin, 17th May*, 1799.

. . . . In the meanwhile many things have happened; people have only to go away and something is sure to happen. Allow me to give you an account. First of all, Fichte's *Nicolai* has been quietly printed in Jena. To save it from the censorship, Wilhelm Schlegel has put his name on the title-page as editor, and has written a sparkling preface. He gave me a copy when I went to see him. He assures me that not a word has been struck out, except a remark on the Saxon Government, and people have therefore told tremendous falsehoods in regard to the pasquinades and abuse it is said to have contained. You know my opinion upon such matters, yet there are only one or two passages that I should like to erase. If these a few abusive terms do indeed occur, but after the fuss that has been made about them every one will think them very moderate, and

they will produce no effect. Secondly, *Mary Stuart* has been published, but I have not yet seen it. Thirdly, Schiller's *Macbeth* is out, and Schlegel tells me wonderful things about it, so that my fingers itch to review it if I had but time! Fourthly, the second volume of the *Characteristiken und Kritiken* has also appeared, and really concludes with a notice of *Boccaccio* by Friedrich Schlegel, which gives evidence of much study. Fifthly—and this is a sore point with me—they have already begun to print *Plato*, and Friedrich knows already that the *Phædrus* will make six sheets. He always makes these calculations in advance. In this way he cannot possibly do the work thoroughly, and I am sadly afraid that the whole will not be very good. There is news for you. More I do not know, and trust that you have had enough.

Schleiermacher to his Sister Charlotte.

[CXIV.] *Berlin, 23rd May*, 1799.

I hope and trust, dear Lotte, that my letter has thoroughly convinced you that I have received yours in good part, and that I am truly glad that you have yielded to my wishes and frankly expressed your thoughts about me and my proceedings. You will understand the difference between taking in good part and assenting unconditionally. To take in good part is, according to my idea, to appreciate and reciprocate the love that dictates the words, and to take to heart what is said and reflect upon it. This I have done in real earnest, as you must have seen by my letter. . . . . My feelings were more strongly affected than usual on the 5th of May this year, and memories of the dear departed stirred most wonderfully in my soul. Accidentally I found uppermost among my papers the first sermon preached by me at Landsberg, which I had wished to send to him. I thought of the points on which he and I would have disagreed, and of others on which we would have agreed; I had just been pouring out my heart in writing on various topics

connected with religion, and I wished so much that I could have communicated them to him and have conversed with him about them; in short, my heart was full of yearning, and I was quite determined to write at least a few words to you in the evening. But afterwards I sank again into that state of apathy into which I always fall when I lead an isolated life, and thus the time passed by. Without friends, without communion of heart, without a pleasant alternation of work and social intercourse, there is no life for me, and if I were condemned to drag on existence a couple of years in this way, it would be very difficult for me to keep myself alive. For this reason I am delighted to be back in Berlin again, although I have not very pleasant prospects before me; Mrs. Herz intends to pay a visit to Dresden and the Harz Mountains; about the same time Schlegel will probably go to Jena for a few weeks, and in addition to this, I am engaged in several considerable undertakings, which absorb the greater part of my time, but which will contribute to form my style and to enrich my knowledge. Under these circumstances I shall not even be able to think of a journey to Landsberg before the winter. My health is also at present suffering from the consequences of my stay in Potsdam, and I shall be obliged to make up my mind to go through a regular cure during the summer, which will disagree very much with my work.

Once more I repeat my hearty prayer to you not to postpone your visit to a bath, although you may at this moment feel quite well. I could not allow another fortnight to pass over without sending you Carl's letter, otherwise I should have deferred writing until I could send at the same time a contribution towards defraying the expenses of your journey, which I will forward in my next. Do not, therefore, neglect to make the necessary preparations, for much good may result from it.

I must break off if I would not lose the post. Hold me in your remembrance, and believe ever in my sincere love for you, and trust in my confidence in your love and your intentions. I see with alarm, by the conclusion of your last little

letter, that you believe at least in the possibility of misunderstandings and constrained intercourse, as you speak of a cessation of correspondence being the best under such circumstances. Nay, dearest, that cannot and must not be; I have a firm and well-founded belief in our proximity to each other, although I am well aware of the distance that separates us.

I am not at all uneasy regarding the manner, in which you may have understood and received, the explanations concerning myself and the path which I have chosen. Let us continue to prove our love for each other by sincerity, and then we will not fail to see and feel our mutual affection through everything. Adieu for this time. I will soon write again.

[CXV.] 16*th June*, 1799.

If the distance were not so great, and the postage not so expensive, and my publisher were at home, I would send you with this a copy of the English sermons that I have translated into German, and which have at length appeared. Not that I think that they will please you much; as sermons, indeed, I am sure they will not please you at all, though, perhaps, as eloquent discourses; but as a work of my industry, and as specimens of how much pains I take with such things, they will no doubt interest you. Me they have pleased very much—otherwise I should not indeed have translated them—not only as the products of an original mind, and as masterworks of a certain kind of eloquence, but still more as proofs of how much one can do, and how much more persuasively and impressively a man can speak when he is addressing a tolerably homogeneous assembly, and when he knows that every one present is there because he feels an interest in the subject, and appreciates the qualities of the speaker.

Your desire to see some of my productions in print may now be gratified in another way also, though only on a very small scale. The two Schlegels are editing a periodical called the *Athenæum*. In the second number of this there are, under the heading "Fragments," a collection of detached

thoughts, many of which may not, indeed, interest you, as they refer to abstract philosophy, but others of which I am sure you will read with pleasure. Among these detached thoughts are several of mine, and I shall leave you to find out for yourself, when you see the paper, which of them bear my impress. I think it will not be difficult for you to detect. Send it to you I cannot, as single numbers cannot be purchased, and the second number is, indeed, still in the press. So far Schlegel has brought me; but the idea of my writing anything more extensive must be given up, for I can make much better use of my time; and, besides, it is disagreeable to me to see myself in print. I could hardly bear it even in the case of these few detached thoughts, which scarcely fill a sheet.

I was very glad to hear once more something about your readings. The *Mysteries of Udolfo* I do not know, though I know the lady who has translated them from the English, and who was here during a few weeks last year. I very seldom see a novel now. In lieu of all others I have been reading *Wilhelm Meister* again with Henrietta Herz; her illness has, however, caused an interruption, and we have stopped in the middle of the Confessions of a Fair Saint. That Goethe, when writing this, had an original draught in his hands, is evident to me, and I would even undertake to point out with unerring criticism whole passages that are, beyond a doubt, authentic, and wherein only some trifling changes have been introduced, and others which are as certainly of his own concoction. In the beginning he has made a great many alterations, and has also introduced a great many things of his own, in order, as people say, to render the whole character of the mind psychologically correct and easily understood; but all that he has made easy to be understood is, that he does not understand anything about it himself. The presumption of wishing to have characters in his book which should, in a manner, embrace the whole of human nature, has punished itself. I speak as if you had read *Wilhelm Meister*, and yet I do not know if you have;

but, if not, I wish you would read it, because of its celebrity.

Another of our popular writers, Friedrich Richter, the author of *Hesperus*, I shall probably learn to know in a few weeks; he is at present in Leipzic, and intends to pay a visit to Berlin.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CXVI.] *Berlin, 18th June*, 1799.

. . . . . Did you think of me when visiting the Dieskau Orphan Asylum? There I philosophized with Brinkmann, learnt domestic philosophy, read poetry, and let him tell me about the people he saw, for I refused to see any one myself. It was not so much outward circumstances, as the consciousness of my own inward incompleteness and fermentation, that made me hold aloof; and all the beautiful things that he told me, did not suffice to prevent the first germs of contempt from developing themselves in me just at that period, in spite of the consciousness that I could not measure myself with a culture such as Brinkmann described, and such as I saw it in himself. I was not exactly dead at that epoch; but, outwardly, I certainly was not alive. I do not think there ever was a young man who thought less of the future and yet enjoyed the present so little, or used it so little. Even in science I secretly despaired. I saw how spiritless everything was carried on; and even Kant, whom I was studying with great zeal, could not destroy in me the belief that philosophy had not reached its proper height. It was therefore natural, and quite in accordance with my idleness, that I laveered; and this bad manœuvre has, thank God, proved tolerably successful.

[CXVII.] *Wednesday Evening.*

I dined with Mrs. Veit to-day, and wrote there a clean copy of my notice of Kant's *Anthropology*, and then went to Bellevue, where the fragrance of the acacias was

most delicious. Later I had a wonderful conversation with Schlegel about myself, during which, probably, neither understood the other. He is at present writing a notice of the *Discourses on Religion*, and is, in consequence, making a regular study of me. He wants to know what is my centre, and we have not been able to agree upon the subject. I wonder if I understand myself as he wishes to understand me? I told him I should probably never reach the centre, I meant as regards composition; but he told me this was a blasphemy against myself, and so we quarrelled. What is my centre? Do you know?

Schlegel says, among other things in his notice, which is only just begun, that the style in the *Discourses* is not unworthy of the ancients; but that must be too much. For the rest, I am very curious to know what he will say in this notice.

Good night! In what nest may you be sleeping? To-morrow you will be in Ilsenburg; and, I think, that when you see the Harz new ideas of the Deity a new enthusiasm will dawn upon you.

[CXVIII.] *Berlin, 20th June*, 1799.

I am somewhat surprised to see that Art has won so complete a victory over Nature in your mind, that you even speak with a certain indifference of that sublime natural scenery which you looked forward to with so much delight. Though highly pleased at the power that Art exercises over you, I should be very sorry if *that* scenery failed to produce an effect on you. You know that it is not so much the beautiful in Nature that I hold so high in honour, as the sublime. The impressions produced are, in reality, not only different in degree, but different in kind, and awaken quite different emotions. When you are on a mountain or on the sea, the distance gives you the feeling of standing apart from the earth, and this I like very much.

[CXIX.] 1*st July*, 1799.

How I stand with Friedrich I do not know, in fact, and it makes me very uncomfortable. On this point, again, I am not entirely of your opinion. Friedrich's and my character seems to me, indeed, to be made for each other, not in the way yours and mine are, but because of their dissimilarity, which makes them supplement each other. That under such circumstances it is more difficult to find the right point of coincidence, is a matter of course; but it may be found, and will be found, if Schlegel's fiery and impatient temper does not turn us away from the right path. I do not know if he can bear a connection so loosened in all its bonds, I cannot; and I shall soon take courage and speak to him on the subject. I am very reluctant, nevertheless, to do anything that may affect him unpleasantly, because uneasiness of mind has so detrimental an influence on his writings. Ah! I am very miserable! With Dorothea* I cannot speak of these matters; she looks upon them from such a mistaken point of view, that it is impossible to touch upon them to her. The point you refer to is, indeed, something. His complete misconception of the relation existing between you and me, is distinctly manifested in various passages of the *Lucinda;* but this is not all, he does not either understand my relation to him, and misinterprets the humility and reverential forbearance towards him, which induce me to make so many sacrifices. But these things must be discussed verbally; and in regard to this matter also, I hope much from your presence here.

I do not know what it may be you have read in the papers about Tieck, nothing of the kind has come to my knowledge: but he will never be made vain-glorious by praise; he has too great a contempt for men. For the rest, I become daily more convinced that he holds a very important position in German literature, and one which neither Goethe, nor Schiller, nor Richter, nor, perhaps, any one but himself could fill. Were

* Mrs. Veit.

he only not obliged to hurry on his works so much. With the rude things said in the *Athenæum*, you ought not to find fault if they be necessary truths, and if it can be shown that, viewed in the proper light, it would have been still more rude to have expressed them otherwise.

As for your feelings in regard to nature, I am still at a loss to understand them. You have looked upon it as a dead substance meant to be wrought into shape by an artistic hand, and now this one, and now that one, of us struck you as being the one who would be the most likely to treat this or that part of it in the best manner. But how have you treated it yourself? Friedrich says in his notice of the *Discourses on Religion*, that whenever I approach the subject of nature my irreligion reveals itself as a deficiency. He has peculiar ideas about nature, which I do not as yet comprehend; but my mode of treating it I understand very well. That which you have so often interpreted as mere controversy, viz., my assertion of the infinitude of chemical action, is my bitter earnest, although, in consequence of this conviction, I lose many an enjoyment, which, however, I consider to be of a less exalted nature. One very good thing Friedrich said about me in the course of our conversation; I do not know how it has come to him, but true it is in all its applications. He said that I must exert myself to the utmost to keep up the freshness and vitality of my soul. No one is at all times so near decay and extinction as I am; I can neither construe nor demonstrate the fact, but it is, alas! but too true.

As regards your questionings, dear Jette, you exaggerate the matter, and I would rather beg you to adopt the opposite course. Nothing is more beneficial to me than to be made to give an account of myself; and I think you must have felt this whenever the case has occurred. It may be a difficult operation, but I entreat you to persevere in it.

[CXX.] *4th July*, 1799.

Do you know the newest news, dear friend? Fichte is here, provisionally for a few weeks, in order to look about him. Friedrich had known for some time that he was coming, and had taken a furnished lodging for him under the Lindens; but it was to be a profound secret; and as one never knows what may happen with letters, I thought it best not to write to you about it. Even Tieck did not know it, and was perfectly astounded to-day on hearing it. This morning early Dorothea brought him to our rooms; and, except a couple of hours, we have been together all day. Describe him to you I cannot, nor have I any remarks to make about him. You know these do not come to me so soon.

[CXXI.] *Friday Evening.*

I am actually a little frightened lest Fichte should one of these days read my *Discourses;* not because I think that he will find much to object to—that I know beforehand, and am not afraid of it; but it is because I am doubtful as to what points he will attack, and I fear I may not be able to meet him worthily. He is just now engaged on the *Lucinda*, and has told Friedrich that certain passages please him, but, that in order to give an opinion upon the whole, he must regularly study it. He has to-day already received a visit from the police, who endeavoured to find out whether it was his intention to take up his fixed abode here, &c., &c. He answered that he had come here for his pleasure, and did not know how long he should remain. In the meantime, he will, no doubt, be kept in sight by the subordinate police. It would grieve me were he to be exposed to any unpleasantness. Great matters we have not yet discussed together; I wish to let them come on slowly and gradually, as is my wont.

I am writing to Brinkmann to-day, and have given him a hint about the authorship of the *Discourses*. As so many other people are acquainted with it, he may as well know it also. To my mind, his elegies are not simple, as he wrote

they were, but monotonous; the same idea runs through them all; and Paris has made so little impression on him that, with the exception of the title, there is not a trace of their having been written there. The verses are, however, for the most part as good as any that we have.

Schlegel has recently demonstrated to me, in many ways, that I ought to write a novel. My religious notions of love, marriage, and friendship, cannot, he says, be communicated in any other form, and communicated they ought to be, consequently, I ought to be able to write the novel. I confessed to him that I had for some time felt it to be my vocation, but that I doubted of my ability, and so I do still.

[CXXII.] *Berlin, 8th July*, 1799.

Yesterday—in accordance with the well-known necessity—I was obliged to read *Titan*. It is really nothing but the same thing over again; and even in the story and the scenery there are no new features, facts which prove a wonderful paucity of invention. Even the characters, if not exactly copied, are, at least, in exactly the some *genre*. Nevertheless, many things are better than in *Hesperus*, or in the *Lodge*, even the incongruities. I have only the appendix left, and that I will read at breakfast.

Between this line and the last the whole appendix has been inserted, which I have just read through. Little by little Richter is growing wise enough to print separately the things that will by no means fit into the rest; but, nevertheless, the Richter spirit is so strong in him that they must be tacked to the rest, and must not be internally connected. How he can call the beginning comical and satirical it is difficult to conceive. The only thing really comical in it is a satire upon himself, a receipt for making his books, namely, a game of narrative, in which you have to introduce into a narrative already begun words uttered by some one else; but, at the same time, it is not taken very much amiss if, occasionally, you only seem to have introduced them. He is also beginning to add notes to his witticisms, and he even ends this book

with such a note; and should some more ladies tell him that he is heavy—*i. e.* dull—he will, no doubt, introduce still further improvements of this kind.

That the W——s live so beautifully together I always thought; and, in a certain way, theirs is, no doubt, a true marriage; but, dear Jette, every true marriage must be different from all others, and, therefore, it follows, as a matter of course, that mine will be quite otherwise. In reference to this, there is no *must* or *must not*, as though people could decide beforehand how they would live together. What strange results this would lead to! As not one man or woman is like another, and, therefore, no couple can be like another couple, the product, that is, the marriage, must also, in each case, assume a different character. In numbers it is true 3 times 8 are just the same as 4 times 6, but in the world of spirit this rule does not hold good.

I must now leave you, in order to conclude *Genoveva* while finishing my breakfast, for it must be sent away to-day. There are, indeed, many beautiful things in it, but it must be read several times and studied, and for this I have unfortunately no time. Tieck's poetical journal I also read yesterday: at least, so much of it as has reached us here. It is in every way according to his manner. As yet there is neither theory nor criticism to be found in it, and the letters upon Shakspeare contain almost nothing about Shakspeare, while the form has not either pleased me so much as Schlegel led me to expect. Nay, my *Fichte* is not of the kind that people can read themselves into; that I have taken care of! But the most people will not know what I am driving at; and those who have not read the book will hardly understand one word of the review.

Schleiermacher to his Sister Charlotte.

[CXXIII.]

DEAR LOTTE, *Berlin, 20th November*, 1799.

Another pause, far longer than I wished or expected it to be. You can hardly conceive how it vexes me to find

that I always do so much less than I intend. It is constantly the case with me, and is, no doubt, very often my own fault; but when any of the things which I like best to do remain undone, the blame generally does not lie with myself. The Dohnas, during whose absence I wrote to you last, returned, and remained here until far into the latter half of the past month, and during that time I was too much disturbed, and in too great a whirl, to think of writing a long letter. All other work and business likewise lay by during that period, so that for the last four weeks I have hardly had time to breathe. At the same time I have endured a gnawing inward sorrow, connected with the domestic and public relations of my friend, and the unfavourable position in which he has placed himself in regard to the world. Kind Mrs. Herz has been similarly distressed about her friend Mrs. Veit, and so we have poured out our sorrows to each other, and consoled each other, and formed all kinds of impossible plans. In addition to this Mrs. Herz has, for the last six weeks, been suffering from the consequences of a fall, in which she injured her hand; and my other friend, Mrs. G——, has also made my heart heavy, owing to various unpleasantnesses to which she has been exposed, and which have been increased and prolonged by an imprudent act of mine, committed with the best intentions and the most disinterested zeal. Considering all this, you will hardly be surprised to hear that I have for a long while been mentally indisposed, and that, during the last few days, I have even been physically ill. For some days I have been troubled with a very violent headache, quite unusual with me, and which has only yielded to a great blister, which my good friend Herz might have ordered a little sooner. From pains in my eyes, which are of older date, and which have been increased by a great deal of unavoidable writing, I am also still suffering, as you may perceive by my handwriting being so much larger than usual. But I could not postpone any longer writing to you, and have, as you see, at least commenced in my old year.

That my accounts of the Dohnas and my relations with them would interest you, I quite anticipated, and I will, therefore, now give you a retrospect of the chief occurrences of the latter part of their stay. How surprised and delighted we all were to see the Countess Friederike after her return from Dresden, you can hardly picture to yourself; for it is impossible to form a conception of the great change which this little journey had produced. Her cheeks were again tinged with a fresh rosy hue, her eyes were animated, her pulse was quiet and free from all feverish symptoms, her carriage more vigorous, her disposition lively, cheerful, and full of new pleasure in life. In this state, thank God, she remained as long as she was here, and the accounts which I have received say that even the journey to the province of Prussia, in very unfavourable weather, had no injurious effects, and that she continues to gain strength. You will readily understand that these circumstances increased the pleasure which her company afforded me. I could speak more freely with her, and I once more felt myself quite at home in her noble mind. Upon the whole I was more constantly with them during the latter part of their stay. The curiosity to see the lions of Berlin had been satisfied, and we enjoyed the time more quietly. This undisturbed intercourse afforded me new proofs of how much more constant, than we generally think, are all mental phenomena in strong and cultivated characters. All their well-known peculiarities became again apparent, and in spite of the great esteem and confidence which the Count and Countess evinced towards me, I saw very distinctly that, were I to live with them as before, and under similar conditions, matters would be exactly the same as seven years ago. A family festival after the old fashion also took place. The Countess's birthday falls upon the 23rd October, and they had calculated beforehand that it would occur during their journey. None of them had as yet seen Count Alexander's dwelling. It was determined that they should breakfast with him one day, and one evening previous to this I received a letter from the Count, couched in his

usual obscure terms, so that I could hardly make out that he had purchased some very pretty little presents for the Countess in the name of her absent sons, and that he begged that I would write some appropriate verses to be delivered with them, for at the breakfast at Alexander's rooms the birthday was to be celebrated in advance. It was an impromptu, for he had not spoken to the girls about it, and the whole family festival recalled the past most vividly to my mind. The sweet motherliness of the Countess; the loving remembrance of the absent ones; the tender solicitude about Alexander, who continues to show a disinclination to marry, and who differs so much from the rest of his family in regard to religious matters that the topic is generally avoided; the confidential talk;—made me feel as if I were at Schlobitten again. Later in the day came the Countess Schulenburg, a cousin of the Countess, and soon after the party separated. I was with them even to the very last morning, and handed them into the carriage.

[CXXIV.] 21*st*.

My eyes and the advanced hour of the night prevented me from going further yesterday; and to-day many thoughts, and memories, and also some wishes, but only a few, have passed through my mind, and I am surrounded by friendly proofs of the remembrance of my dear ones, and penetrated with a consolatory feeling of their friendship. Mrs. Herz and her sisters have given me very pretty presents, and Eleanore G—— has paid me a visit with her sister, and we have conversed earnestly together from the depths of our souls. My male friends, Alexander Dohna and Schlegel, are absent, and such are men that, perhaps, it does not occur to them that this is my birthday; but you, I know, are thinking of me with affection, and I trust that the same is the case with Carl. I wish you could thoroughly realize the tranquillity and cheerfulness that dwell in my soul. I rejoice at the past, enjoy the present, and look calmly towards the future, and whatever it may bring; and I can say with toler-

able certainty that such will be the predominant state of my mind throughout my life, for it is based on the innermost nature of my being.

[CXXV.] *3rd December.*

At length, dear sister, this epistle will be despatched. I have a few hours at command this morning, and of these I will honestly avail myself to finish my letter. Yours contains many interesting details, joyful and sorrowful, which I have not yet alluded to. The accounts of the death of Carl T—— and Mr. S—— were both new to me, and the former, more particularly, a painful surprise. Personally, I knew Carl but very slightly, but what I heard of him through Brinkmann, to whom, I will, in my next communicate the event, inspired me with great esteem. In my eyes there was also another interest connected with him which, most likely, you will not feel so strongly. Here, I have daily opportunities of observing how every department of government is overfilled with unworthy individuals, without real knowledge and capacity, and, more especially, without character, and who, by the mere fact of their having served a certain number of years, and in consequence of the willingness with which each one pushes on his equal, attain to the highest positions in the State. Under these circumstances, I cannot but feel doubly sorry that a young man who, according to what I have heard, possessed these missing qualities in so high a degree, should be so early snatched away from the world. For his mother, who loved all her children so tenderly, I am deeply pained.

To meet again persons whom you used to know in your paternal home, must always be to you a notable event. On me this makes quite a different impression. Dates and names from those times float very vaguely in my memory, and it is only as a dream that I remember those early days of my childhood. In some measure, this is probably owing to my being a few important years younger than you, but also to my memory being more defective than yours, and in addition to this, to two causes which are not in general taken sufficiently

into account. In the first instance, my sight was never good, and, as it is becoming gradually more impaired, I am also becoming gradually less capable of retaining old impressions received through it. Sounds I remember much better than forms. This was the case in regard to B——. The name I soon recollected, but his personal appearance I could not by any means recall to mind. Even in regard to our deceased mother, the same is the case. It is only occasionally that I can conjure up a vivid image of her, but her voice sounds in my ears as often as I think of her. Our dear father, however, I can bring more distinctly before my mind's eye, because I saw him at a later period. You can hardly conceive how fully I enter into the feelings with which you remember the dear, excellent man. To my remembrance also he is recalled on a thousand occasions, so that in so far I need not the books from his library which I have constantly before my eyes. How frequently I think of him in connection with my conduct in society or with my professional duties, and how happy I feel when I can say to myself that he would be pleased with me on occasions when others misconstrue my actions or shake their heads! This is very frequently the case, and yet I know how very different he and I were. Yes, yes, dear sister, could we all three but be together, that would be glorious! Personal presence is a sweet means of tightening every bond, and of rendering every treasured memory more vivid. Should Carl's removal to Breslau take place, which I do not doubt, there is great hope of our being able to realize this. . . . .

During the summer Professor Bartholdi, from Stettin, a man to whom I am very much attached, but whom I have perhaps never mentioned to you, was here for a few weeks. I made his acquaintance when I was staying here previous to my going to Landsberg, and at that time already I felt vaguely that there was much in common between us. On my return from Landsberg we drew nearer to each other; shortly afterwards he was removed to Stettin, but each visit that he has paid to this place since then has rendered our intimacy more frank and hearty. In this excellent man I

find everything that I miss in Schlegel, and he exactly suits those points in me on which I differ from Schlegel. It is a pity that he is such a lazy letter-writer; we have never yet entered into a correspondence. However, this has not impaired our friendship; for when we meet we feel at once at home with each other.

You have not for a long time spoken of my living friends in the congregation, and more especially of Albertini. I have already been planning that on my return from Silesia I would take the route through Lusatia and visit again all the dear old places there. Here I am again on the topic of the journey, and yet I had determined that I would not say another word about it. You paint it and all its accompaniments in such beautiful colours, and I add to their brightness in imagination. I shall certainly do my utmost to realize this sweet hope.

[CXXVI.] *Berlin, 21st December*, 1799.

If I am to fulfil your wish, dearest sister, as I desire, and let you have a letter before the close of this year, it is high time that I should begin to write; for during the holidays I shall be very much occupied, and just now I shall be quiet for a couple of days. I cannot, indeed, say that at this moment I am quiet, for my mind is in a state of great agitation, but it is a pleasurable agitation, which I may communicate to you. It is joy at the return of Alexander Dohna, who came back yesterday from his long tour, and whom I saw again for the first time about an hour ago. . . . . In addition to this, Alexander has brought me, at last, a letter from my fondly-beloved Wedike, who still cleaves to me with the same old friendship, and to whom I shall also soon pour out my heart in a long letter—I have so much to tell him. This must also be done before the close of the old year; for at the end of the year I like to pay all my letter debts and money debts. In each case it is generally attended with difficulty, for time as well as money is most scarce towards this period. As regards money, I

believe it is the case with everybody, without exception; and as regards time, it is more especially the case with us clergymen, because we have then to make up our yearly lists, &c. &c., and this year I have, in addition, to train a new clerk. But these will be glorious days to crown the year, which in so many respects has been an unfavourable one to me.

You, dear Lotte, seem to me at present to live again a little more within yourself than you did some time ago. Your thoughts and feelings, like mine, move, if I may so express it, in a circle—sometimes more, sometimes less, turned outwards; and it is no doubt very good for us both that this occurs independently of our will, for thus only it is permissible, at least so it seems to me; for no outward circumstances can give me a right to withdraw from persons with whom I have once been placed in communication, or to cease to sympathize with them. It is true that this will in the long run affect the nerves of even the strongest among us; but that I do not consider a very great misfortune. Bark and iron may remedy that, and what these fail to do will be effected by the changes which are sure to ensue in our mental states. I always think that it is the duty of the body to suffer with the mind, and that a body that does not do so will also refuse its services to the mind, when it is called upon not to suffer, but to be active. This is my consolation when I am not so healthy as I could wish to be, and I then always find that, after all, I am healthier than I have any right to expect.

My eyes are at present rather better, and if we have not much snow I trust that I shall not have to suffer severely in this respect this winter.

[CXXVII.] *27th December.*

The holidays have gone by, I do not know how, without my being able to write to you. I have had a great many professional duties to attend to which have wearied me somewhat; as many more still await me; and there were, besides, several other things to do, which could not be post-

poned, as, for instance, the letter to Brinkmann, which was despatched by a courier. But now I will be all the more diligent, and will begin by answering as many of your questions as I can.

I have had a long conversation with Alexander relative to his sister. At present there is nothing to be done, and we must, therefore, hope the more trustfully that God will direct everything for the best. It is one of the differences between you and me, which necessarily spring from our position and our principles, that such a state of passive submission is most agreeable to your feelings, and that you prefer in every case to do nothing for fear of spoiling what you might attempt; while I, on the contrary, prefer to be active, and do not repine even when I do happen to spoil something, provided I feel that I have done, according to the best of my knowledge, what I considered to be my duty.

About the affairs of the old Count, in which I took an active part while he was here, I can tell you nothing further; they had reference to some matters abroad, and I have not yet heard what the issue has been. Indeed, it is nothing that can in any way interest us, and I only mentioned it at the time because it gave me a good deal of disagreeable occupation and caused the old Count much annoyance. For contrary reasons, that is to say, because they are too interesting, and would require too much detail and are too complicated, I cannot at present write you the particulars about my friend Schlegel. The complications relate, as you suspect, to economical, literary, and many other matters besides. According to his last letters, he is going on well and feels happy; but this does not comfort me, for it is only momentary and will prevent him from doing what he ought to do. In another sense, indeed, but with full right, I may say of him what you say of A——, that he has caused me pains and pleasures which no other person could have produced; and should it ever happen, that the differences of principle and thought which lie deep in our souls, attain greater development and become as evident as the great and notable resemblance

between us on many other points — should this ever, as is not at all unlikely, considering Schlegel's innate vehemence of temper, lead to a temporary interruption of our intimacy—I would, nevertheless, continue to love him with all my heart, and to acknowledge gratefully the important influence he has exercised over me. It is just now two years since he came to live with me, and our closer intimacy began, and you may conceive how many emotions this awakens in me. . . . .

[CXXVIII.] 2*nd March*, 1800.

My friend Schlegel is very happy at present with his brother in Jena, and his letters afford me much pleasure on account of the cheerful tone that prevails in them.

The number of my friends has been increased by the addition of one whose acquaintance I made through Schlegel on a certain occasion, but only by correspondence. A letter from him to Schlegel arrived the evening before the latter left. He deputed me to answer it, and the subject, of which there was a question, led to the communication of so many of our most intimate ideas, that we have grown more familiar with each other through correspondence, than many are after long personal intercourse. You will not require to have this explained—you who know through manifold experience how quickly and happily hearts and minds sometimes meet. He is a young man of considerable intellect and acquirements, and I knew him beforehand by name from a book which he has written, and also from having heard Schlegel speak of him. He has, however, entirely withdrawn from the literary world as well as the world in general, and lives with his wife, whom he has lately married, and two children whom he is educating, in great retirement and with the utmost simplicity, in the country, a few miles from hence, where I intend to pay him a visit of a few days in the summer. His name is Hülsen,* and I recommend him in advance to your remem-

* Hülsen was born of humble parents in Mark Brandenburg, and fled from home to avoid military service. His youth was spent in

brance. I shall take care that I do not treat you again as I did in the case of my Stettin friend, with whom I entertained amicable relations for several years without your knowing anything about it.

[CXXIX.] *Berlin, 29th March*, 1800.

To-day we have celebrated our dear Alexander Dohna's birthday by taking tea together at our common friend's, Henrietta Herz. We were all very happy, and in like manner as we rejoiced in possessing in him so good and so dear a friend, he rejoiced in us. From his parents, and sisters, and brothers he received the most affectionate letters, full of love and gratitude—feelings which have been rendered particularly lively this year, because by his presence at home he so considerably promoted the happiness and the domestic peace of all, while at the same time he had opportunities of rendering himself specially useful to each in particular.

There is something very peculiar and very patriarchal in the manner in which the eldest son is treated in these great families. Sisters and brothers look up to him as to a second father; the mother honours in him her future protector, and the father considers himself bound to give him an account of everything. As for Alexander, he deserves it all, for he is a most excellent man.

[CXXX.] *5th May*, 1800.

I know, dear sister, that you, like myself, devote a special remembrance to this day. Ah! it well deserves it,

the most painful poverty; and only in mature age he found the means of devoting himself to study and to the development of his intellect. Bold and paradoxical by nature, he first brought himself into notice by a severe and satirical essay, written in answer to a prize question issued by the Academy of Berlin. Subsequently, Hülsen married a lady of noble birth, a woman of superior mind and great refinement, and with her fortune purchased a farm in Holstein, where he devoted himself to agriculture and science, and spent the rest of his life in contented retirement.—TRANS.

however often we may on other occasions turn our thoughts to our dear father, for it was ever a special day of joy and pleasure to us. Ever since that year in Anhalt when we celebrated the day by singing, under the direction of Sch—, the hymn "Praise the Lord," it has been to me a most important day. The way in which we celebrated it in our early childhood I no longer recollect. To-day I have been thinking a good deal of the last letter in honour of this anniversary, which I wrote to my good father, and of his last two letters to me (in which he spoke to me as man to man, and which formed the commencement of a renewed and more tender friendship between us), and of how in the midst of my joy at them the sorrowful tidings came to me. This kind of feeling you cannot have experienced, nor am I able to explain it to you. This year you were very near being able to celebrate the day with Carl, as you used to do years ago, and as you may perhaps do many a year to come; but formerly you used always to expect our father likewise.

[CXXXI.] 26*th May.*

. . . . Eight days previously I made an excursion into the country with Herz, who had ordered it for me instead of medicine. We stayed with a Chamberlain von Wülknitz, a common acquaintance of ours, whose wife I have known ever since I was in Halle, and here I made the interesting acquaintance of General B——. The change in the position of this man does not as yet, at least, seem to cause him *ennui;* but I saw nothing in him to inspire esteem. He spoke of the king, whose favour he has so grossly abused, without the least affection, and also talked much of philosophy and morality, avoiding with the most consummate hypocritical art to dwell with emphasis on the feigned sentiments. With me he conversed a good deal about education, speaking in the usual tone of a nobleman who wishes it to be conspicuous that he intends to bring up his children to rise above the morals and the prejudices of their class.

Another equally interesting acquaintance I made a few

days ago—that of the popular author Friedrich Richter, called Jean Paul. You have never mentioned in your letters having read any of his works, but his name must be known to you, and you will no doubt remember that I once sent you some passages extracted from his *Hesperus*, which seemed to please you at the time. Unfortunately, I saw him for the first time at a large and mixed party, on which occasion neither of us pleased the other. Of all the good that he had heard of me, he said, he could neither see nor hear anything, and I on my side did not find in him that expression of sentiment and childlike simplicity which I expected. However, they say that in intimate intercourse he is very different; the same exactly is the case with me, and it will therefore depend upon whether we shall have opportunities of seeing each other under such circumstances.

[CXXXII.] *Berlin, 20th December*, 1800.

Your wish, dear Lotte, that I should not write to you until after the receipt of your last letter, has been but too thoroughly fulfilled. The excuses I may have to offer for this very long silence, if in reality there be any, will appear of themselves when I tell you how I have spent my time in the interval. My greatest fear is that you may have been anxious about my health, and the suffering this anxiety may have cost you, even the most legitimate excuses cannot recall.

That I would find it difficult to write, as long as the Dohnas were here, you yourself anticipated. I did not think so, however, and was always intending to write, but never got so far. I lived a great deal with them. During part of the time that the Dohnas were here, my friend Bartholdy was also here, and I had therefore skilfully to divide my time between them, and could keep none for myself. A little earlier in point of time occurred the appearance of W——, a veritable apparition, of which I must speak to you more at length, because it was so very interesting to me. He entered my room unannounced one morning,

and without my being in the least apprised of his coming. I recognised him almost immediately, more by his figure and the tone of his voice than by his face. We were soon seated confidentially side by side on the sofa, questioning each other about the past. We found each other tremendously altered; he me—as he assured me and I willingly believe—more lively, more joyous, more youthful, and in better health than I was ten years ago at Halle; I found him more decrepit and worn out than I ventured to express. . . . . Picture to yourself all this, and then the remembrances of the past which were awakened, remembrances of eleven long years, and of the time in Halle, one of the strangest periods of my existence—like chaos before the world was created—and you will readily comprehend that W——'s appearance filled me with deep sadness. His image and everything connected with his visit has since then remained indelibly fixed on my mind.

Such were, briefly, the most pleasant events that occurred during the period of my silence. But at the same time the disagreeable ones commenced, viz., a new colleague, quite unacquainted with the routine of office, to whom I am obliged to show everything, and for whom I am obliged to do a thousand things; disputes with the Poor Directory concerning my new dwelling; . . . the moving, which took place a few days previous to the departure of the Dohnas; the packing and arrangement of books and papers. This latter business is to me, as you will easily conceive, full of seductions; few things are laid aside without being looked into, and it is a great pleasure to me to read myself back into one or other period of the past, thereby losing a goodly portion of the present. As an excuse for my silence, however, I admit that this fortnight does not count much. My principal plea is the following. Instigated by various circumstances, and various rumours about me, which had been put into circulation, I formed the resolution, after Michaelmas, to publish a small volume of sermons, and the publisher, with whom I had made the necessary arrangements, expressed to me,

after the Dohnas had left, his desire to send the sermons to press before the commencement of this month. Now, as it is my habit never to write my sermons before they are preached, but only to note down the heads, I was obliged to set seriously to work, and as often as I thought of writing to you, I said to myself, you may as well finish this sermon first. In this manner the post-day went by; then I thought there would be time enough to begin a new sermon, and the same postponement was repeated several times. Nevertheless, I did not finish my work until the middle of the month, the state of my health having contributed not a little to the delay.

Since I have been in my new dwelling I have been suffering from a peculiar evil, the causes of which my doctors are not able to trace. My hands and feet swell, but after some hours the swelling subsides again, and this takes place several times a day like a regular ebb and flood. For some time Herz has been giving me strong sudorifics, the most disagreeable cure I have ever experienced. For fear of taking cold, I am obliged each time to remain fifteen hours at least in bed, without being able to sleep or to occupy myself in any way; and this process I have had to undergo three times a week during a period when each hour had its work cut out for it. At first the remedy seemed to do me good, but I have had a relapse, and something new is to be tried. This cure, the weakness which each application of it caused, and the anxiety as to what this strange state would end in, not only rendered my labours very burdensome, but also at times so depressed my spirits that, had I even forced myself to write letters, they would have proved as little satisfactory to the receivers as to the writer. At present, I have made up my mind to await patiently what the end may be. If the evil should increase, and some serious malady declare itself, then more serious remedies also must be had recourse to.

My birthday went off more quietly and sadly than usual. In the morning I received little presents from Henrietta Herz

and Alexander Dohna, and a friendly letter from Eleanore G——, and later, letters from Landsberg, from B——, and from my dear uncle; and from my kind aunt a waistcoat embroidered by herself. This present is doubly valuable in my eyes, because I know that needlework is very irksome to her, and that she generally avoids all unnecessary work of the kind. My dinner I took with the Herzes, where I met Alexander, and the rest of the day I spent at home, partly at work, partly absorbed in various thoughts and feelings. I meant to write also, the paper was spread out before me, but the pen dropped from my hand each time I took it up. The sadness which had taken possession of me was mostly caused by the position of Eleanore G——, of whose unhappiness in her marriage I had a few days previously again received a most painful impression. To this was added thoughts and anxieties about other friends, and questionings and surmises about my own future; and although the belief in an overruling Providence never leaves me, yet I cannot help feeling deep sadness at the thought that this or that beloved friend is doomed to a life of constant trials and sufferings. You will understand me, and I need not, therefore, expatiate any further on this.

Your letter and your affectionate gift I received on the 30th. May the purse prove a good omen, and may it never be empty. For the drawing, pray present my friendly thanks to the lady artist. Yes, yes, dear Lotte, this harmony between us on so many very important points, and our intimate knowledge of each other, constitute a union of soul, for which nothing, I think, could compensate us, and of which we will become more conscious the longer it lasts.

[CXXXIII.] *27th December.*

That the holidays obliged me to make a pause will not surprise you. I had not, indeed, to preach as much as usual, but I could not avoid the many invitations which robbed me of all time for writing. They were, moreover, of the most uninteresting kind: this is an annoyance from which, thank God, you are exempt in the congregation.

Now that I find myself again at my writing-table, I do not know where to begin, so much have I still to tell and to answer. If this epistle is to be despatched in the old century (the hope of posting it to-day I have already given up), I must touch, in a few words only, on each topic, but I hope you will, nevertheless, understand me, and be able to fill up the particulars in imagination. That which I would fain dwell on most fully is not this or that event, but the great joy which I feel at the development of your inner being, as it now appears in its ultimate shape. There are many sentiments from which you no longer shrink back as formerly; and whatever remains in you of mental coyness is of a different kind. The state of mind to which I allude was, no doubt, necessary and natural in you, but it is equally necessary and natural that it should eventually cease to exist. You and I are chosen examples of the different ways by which human hearts are guided to the same goal, and in spite of their dwelling in the most opposite climes, if I may so express it, that is, you in the congregation, and I in the world. Through abstinence of the heart, you have gained that strength which now takes the form of increased self-confidence, while I have attained it through constant efforts and emotions. In the congregation you are all, so to say, endowed with feminine constitutions, which, even physically, are cured and strengthened by repose and quiet, whereas, he who has a manly constitution, and requires strong exercise, feels the necessity of going into the world, where his mind reaches the same goal by an opposite road. Your increasing openness towards me, which I value more than I can express, is mostly owing to your no longer fearing so much as formerly to touch upon your own inward existence. The same is the case with your reserve towards those that surround you; you treat them as you used to treat yourself, and you are right, for the greater number of them are in the very state you used to be. Had I time, this might lead me to many reflections on the congregation, in which, I believe, you would concur, if not entirely, yet, in

a great measure. I am almost tempted to beg you to wait another ten years for further explanations, for, at the end of that period you will find them in connected order, embodied in a novel, which I mean to write some day, and which shall contain everything that I believe I understand about men and women, and human life altogether. You perceive that the prospect I hold out to you of enjoying my written works is a very distant one; my earlier works will probably be of a scientific nature, and not suited for you.

[CXXXIV.] *Evening.*

Here I come again to chat a little more with you; and, in order that you may see how I spend my time, I will begin by telling you where I have been in the meanwhile. First, I was a couple of hours at Henrietta Herz's, reading Greek with her, which language she is now studying. You know that she has no children; her household is in such excellent order that it only requires her attention a couple of hours daily, and, in consequence, she devotes a great part of her time to extending her knowledge quietly in various directions. In modern languages she has long ago acquired uncommon fluency, and she is acquainted with all the good and beautiful works produced in them. I therefore advised her to make herself acquainted with the Greek language also, which is, in so many respects, the greatest masterwork of the human mind. At first it gave her great trouble, because the character of the idiom is so very peculiar, and it requires to be studied in a particular way; at present, however, she is already able to read many fine works with me, and I am always loth to miss the hours we have appointed for this occupation. Afterwards, I went for an hour to the *Resource*, the only place where I meet a number of my colleagues, and also some of the gentlemen of the magistracy, who are some day, if they be so pleased, to elect me to be one of the preachers in the city. There I read the literary and scientific journals, and then played a game at billiards, which may seem ridiculous to you, who know how blind I am, but

in which I, nevertheless, get on passably, and with no detriment to my eyes. Thence I came home; and, during tea-time, I have been cogitating upon what subject I shall try to impress upon my hearers to-morrow, which will be the last Sunday in the year, and in the century. This I have now determined; the tea, the milk-bread, and the smoked sausage have been discussed; and I have turned round the great chair, in which I always sit, from my little dining-table to my big work-table, at which I am generally occupied until midnight. Such is the usual order of my life; I am seldom absent a whole evening, but I never allow a day to pass without taking exercise and seeing other persons, both being essential for the health of my body and my soul. All my friends have certain hours at which I like best to visit them; to Eleanore G—— I frequently run in for an hour in the afternoon, when she is either quite alone, or has only the children * with her, and when there is a good opportunity of speaking a sensible word with her; but, besides this, I generally spend one evening there every week. To the Eichmanns I go in preference to dinner, for, after dinner, the children return to school, and one may then have an hour's quiet chat. . . . . Henrietta Herz I like best to visit between dinner and tea-time, for, during these hours, I am not likely to meet any one there but the more intimate friends of the house; but if we are taken by surprise by strangers, I either take my leave at once, or, if they please me, I remain some time longer; to the larger parties at the Herzes I only allow myself to be invited from time to time. Professor Spalding I always visit in the evening, and so likewise some other young linguists, of whom I am very fond; but this only takes place once a month. In addition to those mentioned, there are a couple of other houses where I spend half an hour or so occasionally, when passing by. At home I work in the evening from seven or eight o'clock until twelve or one, and my usual evening meal is such as I have described above. This is the rule in winter. In summer, when

* The children of a friend; she had none of her own.

the Herzes are in the Thiergarten and the Eichmanns at Charlottenburg, then, indeed, it is different.

I have not felt anger against Mrs. Veit, but the extraordinary change in her destiny, and the strange and culpable light in which I know her conduct will be viewed by the world, grieves me very much, and is a source of deep anxiety to me, because she and Schlegel are so dear to my heart. In our opinion, who are so thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances, she had very good and sufficient reasons for leaving this place. Schlegel's brother and sister-in-law invited her to their house, and she is now staying with them in Jena. Friedrich is also staying at Jena, and you may suppose what the world thinks of this and of the whole connection. They would, indeed, ere this, have contracted holy and legal bonds, as they are in truth most deeply attached to each other, were it not rendered impossible by the only condition on which her husband will consent to a divorce, viz., that she shall give up to him her youngest boy, who still requires her maternal care and the sensible education which she gives him.

This may go on for a while, but when the elder Schlegel, who has for a long time lived in anything but harmony with his wife, separates from the latter, I do not know what is to become of the poor lady. These are unhappy complications which arise out of the incongruities in our laws, and our manners and morals, and which even the best among us cannot always avoid. Besides, Schlegel, not quite without his own faults, has many enemies in the literary world, who have not failed to take advantage of this connection, the true history of which is hardly known to any one, and thus poor Mrs. Veit's reputation is bandied about in all kinds of satirical and polemical pamphlets, sometimes under her own, sometimes under a fictitious name. It is a most unfortunate affair, and from the bottom of my heart I pity the two people, who are exposed to so many humiliations only because they have acted more simply and uprightly than the world is accustomed to see people act.

You see that I have also a great deal to suffer with and for my friends, as is but just, and as a feeling heart must expect to do. At present Henrietta Herz is the one that gives me the least anxiety, yet I foresee that as regards her also, times and events may occur which will likewise cause me much sorrow. In certain respects Schlegel is also a cause of direct annoyance to me. There are, namely, people who, although I am not as yet in the least mixed up with the literary and scientific world, extend their literary animosity against him to me, merely because I am his personal friend; but I take no notice of them, I go on my way unconcerned, and trust that they will soon get tired of the game.

[CXXXV.] 29*th*.

Whatever more I may be able to write, must be put into this letter. Yesterday I had to preach twice, and in the evening I was at the G——s, and to-morrow, which is post-day, I may not be able to find a minute. . . . .

The approval with which my lines to Maria have met, is undoubtedly very flattering to me, or rather would be so, if I could believe that it embraced the mode of expression as well as the sentiment; but as an encouragement I cannot consider it. I have so little talent for metrical composition, that I am quite incapable of producing even two lines of the kind at command, however much time and trouble I may expend upon them, but am obliged to wait patiently until it comes of itself, and that happens very rarely. Schlegel has, indeed, repeatedly maintained that poetry belonged to my nature, but I have a very lively conviction of the contrary; and though it may happen to me, from time to time, to compose a few verses, that is not, therefore, poetry. In W——'s little poem, on the contrary, I have discovered, to my great delight and surprise, not only the natural eloquence of feeling, but real talent for poetic representation. I should have liked to have read what you wrote to him. I hope soon to be able to inform you that I have placed myself anew in permanent relations with him.

It is a wonderful thing in life, that however little prospect there may be of it, all old acquaintances are ever drawing near to us again, and thus the early times of our youth are linked by the fresh colours of memory to our later years. In regard to how many persons, has not this already happened to me, and I reckon upon its happening with many others still. Should a time ever come when I shall be able to go to Silesia, as I so much desire, then you must come with me to Breslau; for I hope that by that time the reasons which would now deter you, will have ceased to exist. In respect to these matters your labourers have, indeed, strange notions. I suppose it arises from the fact that so many of them having been born and educated in the congregation, they are unable to judge of circumstances, and, therefore, conceive false ideas of the effects which certain things produce on the mind and character. However, these things no longer make me angry or cross. I have got over that, as is but natural now that I have attained a certain amount of knowledge of the human mind. He who understands the inner grounds and internal connection of actions cannot be greatly affected by the individual actions, because they will never come unexpectedly. In this manner I have attained to a degree of calmness and patience which often causes surprise. . . . .

My reading, as you will perceive, progresses very slowly; even the most remarkable productions in literature are a long time before the world, ere I find an opportunity of enjoying them. Neither Schiller's *Wallenstein*, nor Wieland's *Aristippus*, for instance, have I read as yet, although they have attracted the attention of the whole reading world. This is partly owing to the fact that reading takes me much more time than it does the most other people. In order to understand a thing thoroughly and as I wish to understand it, I am obliged to read the whole two or three times over, and particular passages sometimes still oftener, otherwise I do not obtain a clear conception of the matter.

For the same reason, though this is of less import-

ance, I go very rarely to the play. I do not like to see a piece which I have not read previously, because in that case I lose a great deal of it; I like best of all to take the book with me to the theatre, and to look through it during the pauses between the acts. Concerts, of which there are many here in winter, I have other reasons for not frequenting. On the one hand, they are very dear; on the other, I have very little taste for *virtuoso* music, even for *virtuoso* singing. *Nota bene:* I have not even as yet heard Haydn's *Creation;* but in a week it will be executed here by the royal choir, and perhaps I may then go to hear it. Opinions about it here differ very much. Some people are in ecstacies, others think that it is overloaded with meretricious ornament. The text is not known to me, but in general the text of such works is very bad. The music which I like the best, and which I hear the oftenest, is that of the singing academy, where nothing but church music in the grand style is given, which often reminds me of the festal music and the alternating choruses in the halls of the congregation.

. . . . I hope very soon to send you a remittance of money, sooner than I shall be able to write a regular letter again. Whatever you may require in the meanwhile, get from Carl, with whom I have made arrangements about this little matter. Your first draught upon him was by far too modest. Why did you not ask for the double at once? I am so afraid that it did not suffice. And now I must conclude, though fully conscious that you will miss many things in this letter; but they shall all be given later. If you take everything into consideration, and more especially the sermons, you will not, I am sure, be angry with me. Of course you shall have a copy of these as soon as they are printed; the other work has not been finished, owing to no fault of mine, but because the requisite materials were not sent to me from England; now it will probably be protracted until the end of next year. I hope you will let me hear from you again soon. Is it possible that you can think that you ever write too often, too circumstantially, or too frankly for me? You cannot surely

be in earnest! You know how much I should like to write to you the longest epistles ever penned. Adieu, much happiness, that is to say, good health in the new year and the new century!

YOUR FRITZ.

[CXXXVI.] *Berlin, 12th February*, 1801.

Knowing how anxious you are about my health, I ought to have written before; indeed, the will has not been wanting, and I only wish that I were not obliged to tell you of the vexatious mishap which has deterred me, and which, alas! touches you even more than me. The fact is, I wished to send you the promised money at the same time, and no sooner had I got it together than by some fatality I lost it. It was probably taken out of my pocket in a crowd that I was obliged to traverse on my way to get the money changed into currency, which I wished to do as you had had difficulties about it on former occasions. I had a kind of presentiment of evil, and therefore preferred taking it myself to be changed, instead of sending my servant, as usual. It is more than a fortnight since this happened, and I have endeavoured in vain to find out a means of speedily filling up the vacuum created, and am therefore at last obliged to send you an empty letter. If I only knew how this disagreeable news will affect you, and whether you will have any resource in the meanwhile! I will not wait until I have again gathered together fifty dollars, but will send you a smaller sum, as soon as I can, to help you out of the most immediate straits. We ought never to attempt to do things too well; I have been seriously punished for it this time. You may conceive that this occurrence gave me but little desire to write, and altogether upset me very much. It is the first time anything of the kind ever happened to me; and if it were I alone that had to suffer from it, I would not so much care; for in my household I can always manage for a time to spend less money than usual, and I should not therefore feel the loss as much as you will,

and should also be able to find help for myself sooner than I shall be able to find it for you. I must force myself away from this unpleasant subject, or I shall go on for ever writing about it, and after all that would not alter the matter.

About my health, dearest, be without anxiety. Whatever may have been the cause that produced it, the swelling has entirely disappeared; but although it seems to have been Herz's remedies that have affected this, he still maintains that he did not in the least understand the case. I always suspected that it was dropsy, but as dropsy in the fleshy parts of the body is seldom dangerous, I did not feel alarmed for my life. That I shall die of a chronic malady, and more likely of this than of any other is, however, very probable, considering my constitution, which although weak, is so decidedly anti-inflammatory that I never get any illness of which fever is one of the symptoms, even when all around me are suffering from such. Neither the influenza nor the catarrhal fever, by which, at least every seventh person in Berlin above the actual working class, is laid prostrate at the present moment, has been able to lay hold of me. You have therefore but little reason to fear that you shall ever receive, unexpectedly, melancholy intelligence relative to me; nevertheless I have taken the necessary precautions in case anything of the kind should happen, and I have always in my desk a paper containing my dispositions, which I alter from time to time. This is a precautionary measure which every person ought to consider it a duty to adopt, and more especially every person who possesses papers. As regards this point, I shall probably soon be placed in a great predicament, for there is every reason to expect that Alexander will speedily be removed to one of the provinces as director of the domains, and if this takes place I do not know another man whom I could ask to take charge of my papers, and to bequeath them to a woman would be to impress upon my life, even at the very last, the stamp of that paradoxicalness of which I am already often enough accused. Besides which, it could be no other woman than

Henrietta Herz; for to Eleanore G—— it might cause much annoyance.

That you cannot, without having witnessed it, picture to yourself the kind of relation in which I stand to Mrs. Herz, seems strange to me. It is that of hearty and confidential friendship, in regard to which there is no question of man or woman. Is that so difficult to conceive? Why no other feeling has ever been mixed up with, and never will be mixed up with it—that is another question; but even that is not difficult to explain. She has never produced an impression on me that could in any way disturb the tranquillity of my mind. Any one who understands the expression of the inner life, will at once recognize in her a passionless nature; and even were I likely to submit to the influences of mere externals, her appearance possesses no charms in my eyes, although her face is undeniably beautiful, and her colossal, queenlike figure is so very much the opposite of mine, that even supposing that we were both free, and that we loved each other and wished to marry, the match would seem to me from this point of view alone so ridiculous and absurd, that only very weighty reasons could induce me to waive the objection. Of the nature and character of our intercourse, I dare say I have already told you enough; but if there be anything more that you wish to know, pray, ask freely, for it makes me quite uncomfortable to think that you cannot picture this to yourself.

[CXXXVII.] *13th February.*

I should like to despatch this letter to-morrow, and yet I have so much to do before that, and also so much remaining to tell, and to answer, that I do not see how I can possibly get through it. And now at the last moment, I have been requested to execute a very pressing commission; I am to take a lodging for the elder Schlegel, who will arrive here in a few days. I am very inexpert in such matters, and the weather is so bad that I could not think of asking a lady to undertake the business for me; I see myself therefore daily perambulating the finest quarters of the city in snow and wind, not knowing what

to do. It is true I look forward with pleasure to Schlegel's coming, for his society will give me a new impulse, which I require, as I am again suffering under the effects of not seeing a sufficient variety of persons; but what a much greater joy would it not be if it were my dear Friedrich who was coming! Yet, perhaps his presence would be too much for me. He belongs too much to my sorrows, and I have already one object here who causes me sorrow each time I see her. This is Eleanore G——.

You are right in saying that you and I feel the sorrows of others more than our own; indeed, I can hardly remember the time when I have been very much affected by anything that touched myself alone, although there is in my position taken altogether, much that would render me uneasy were it that of a friend. One advantage, however, I have herein over you—as upon the whole men are colder and slower to be moved than women—and that is, that I do not torture myself so much when there is nothing to be done. I suffer with my friends, but after a time I say to myself: well then, they must just bear it, as I should be obliged to bear it, were it me. This is particularly the case when there is a question of suffering from outward circumstances. There are, indeed, evils which do not at all inspire me with pity; for instance, unfavourable rumours, slander, physical pains; in regard to the latter the only regret that I feel is that they interrupt existence, that while they last man neither does anything nor becomes anything, and I have much more pity with a person who has the bad habit of sleeping too much than with one who suffers from toothache, or colic, or any other such evil. But when the heart is so immediately the sufferer, as in the case of Eleanore G——, and also in a measure in Schlegel's case, then mine also suffers much. Yet it has happened to me to be looked upon as cold-hearted and unfeeling, because I have such a peculiar standard by which I measure misfortune.

With the kind L——, I have felt much sympathy, on account of her little Herrmann. In general, however, such cases do not affect me; I place myself in imagination three months

forward in time, after the lapse of which period people seldom think of the event with any great intensity of feeling. That Hülsen has lost his wife, I suppose I have written to you. This I consider the greatest misfortune that can befall a human being, and my sorrow for him is as keen now as it was at first. In relation to what I once said to you about the loss of friends —I believe in the chapter letter to which you allude—I have lately extracted from a little book a passage which is taken right out of my heart. I am tempted to insert it here for your benefit, for it is a long time since I have communicated to you anything of the kind:

"With truth I may say that my friends do not die away from me; I take their life into my own and their action upon me never ceases: but to me their dying is death. The life of friendship is a lovely series of accords, the common key note of which dies away when the friend departs from the world. Inwardly, indeed, it leaves an echo that resounds for a long while, and the music therefore continues: but the accompanying harmony is lost, to which I was the key note, and this harmony was mine, as that which is in me was his. My action in him has ceased, therefore is a part of life lost. In dying, every living being deals out death, and he who has lost many friends by death, dies at last by their hand, because excluded from all action upon those who constituted its world, and thrown back upon itself, the spirit consumes itself."*

The passage is somewhat obscure, as is indeed the whole of the little book, but if it can but be understood, that will suffice. For the rest, dearest, I believe, I read even less than you do of general literature. I have so many serious studies on hand that I can find no time for it, and even the most remarkable publications of the day I learn to know only by letting my friends narrate to me the most important parts. But then I hope that my studies will in time, if I live long enough, bear good fruits.

* This passage occurs towards the end of the section headed "Prospects," in the *Monologues*, published at that time anonymously by Schleiermacher.

[CXXXVIII.] 14*th*.

That you also were unable to write on my birthday is another of those strange coincidences which we have repeatedly remarked. I was in an indescribably sad and tender-hearted mood. Partly I suppose this may have been owing to the state of my health, but if I know myself at all, it cannot have been solely ascribable to that. In fact, the mood still continues, for if I would give myself up to it, I might be constantly in the same state. With old papers, and consequently with old times, I was also much occupied, not only on my birthday but during all the latter days of the year. Indeed it belongs to the order of the day with me on such occasions, and very naturally so, because during this period of the year I place all the letters received in the course of it, in the portfolios to which they belong. This time I was more particularly absorbed in Schlegel's letters, which I filed regularly for the first time, because the earlier ones remained for a long while in Henrietta Herz's hands. I pondered deeply on the strange and various turns which this connection has taken, and on the influence which it has exercised over me in manifold directions, and no doubt will continue to exercise; it will ever remain one of the most remarkable epochs of my life.

During the last night of the century my thoughts were much with you and with the congregation in general; indeed they always are during the first hour of the new year and on the first Easter morning, being drawn towards you by the remembrance of the beautiful and most appropriate manner in which the festivals are celebrated among you. Of your illuminations, the effect of which was not, I dare say, impaired by the moonlight, I drew in my mind a most agreeable picture. Here the night was not celebrated with any solemnity; there was neither ringing of bells nor firing of cannon, and the most people made the transit while drinking, gambling, or dancing, for on all sides I heard of balls and punch parties. I had only to preach in the afternoon of New

Year's Day, and was therefore able to go in the morning to the Cathedral, which was much fuller than usual, and where the whole court was present. Mr. Stosch, one of the chaplains in ordinary, is one of our best preachers, but on such days it is rare that any man satisfies the expectations raised, and he was not more fortunate than others. After the sermon the hymn *Te Deum laudamus*, as altered by Niemeyer, was sung, and then again I thought with a sigh of the congregation. As the *Te Deum* is so rarely performed, nobody knew how to sing it; they were always waiting for the organ, and the voluntaries at the end of the verses, as also the repetitions, so confused the people that they were generally a verse behindhand or beforehand. Christmas joys I had none this year; at the distribution of Christmas gifts I have, indeed, never been present while in this place, but I was generally at the Eichmanns' early enough to see the children in their first exultation. This year, however, I did not go. How I wish I could have been in the Institute with you and S——! Such simple and natural pleasures are dearer to me than any of those that other people run after with so much eagerness. The sight of women and children rejoicing in the gifts which they bestow and receive, would, I am sure, always have a cheering effect upon me, while the pleasures of art and even the contemplation of nature mostly tend to increase my melancholy. A large party always makes me feel light-headed, and a concert, an opera, or a play sometimes makes me good for nothing for a whole week, while a simple song sung at the piano has the most beneficial effect upon me. In consequence, I have not partaken of any such gaieties during the winter, but I mean to go to the last performance at the opera and to hear Haydn's "Creation," which you also praise. Judging by what I have heard about it, I fancy, however, that I shall not like it. That you have now a piano in your room I consider a great advantage.

[CXXXIX.] *Berlin, 21st June*, 1801.

I thought it would be so, dear Lotte, when one post day after the other went by without my being able to write. I felt sure, as has proved to be quite correct, that a letter would come from you before I had despatched or even commenced mine, and I have spared myself no reproaches. Yet they were nothing compared to what I feel now that I see that my silence led you to hope that I was about to pay you a visit, a hope which I see no possibility of realizing this year, and the disappointment of which must be so bitter and painful to you. I did expect that in the meanwhile Carl would have written a few words at least to let you know how matters stood. Many things concurred to prevent my writing. First of all, since the commencement of this year I have really been industrious to a degree which I believe I never before attained; but the obligation was there and I could not but comply, that is to say, what I consider obligation, a necessity induced by my given promise and by various friendly relations. Even a great part of the time which used to be devoted to social intercourse I have spent, together with friends and acquaintances, in studies connected with this work. All this has been very trying to my eyes, as I have had to look constantly from one book into another, from Greek to Latin, then again to German print, and between whiles into manuscripts in various handwritings, while at the same time the pen has never been out of my hand, and I have had to make annotations in various cahiers. After having worked and written myself tired in this way, I was inclined to nothing less than to sit down to write again, and to you I had so much to say and wished to write in peace and quiet; for letters which were dashed off in ten minutes I wrote not a few of. As to peace and quiet, there were other reasons besides why I could not find these. From all sides unpleasant thoughts and feelings rushed in upon me: Carl, with his affair which seems never to come to a termination; Eleanore G——, with her ever-renewed and seemingly

never-ending sorrows; Schlegel and his unpleasant position, which has been aggravated in a manner peculiarly painful to me; and many minor cares oppressed my heart and mind: and besides waiting for time and leisure, I waited with childlike trust until something should occur to give a favourable turn to some one or other of these cases. However, nothing has occurred; but as I can at present allow myself a little respite from work and may devote an hour now and then to writing, I will boldly commence a goodly epistle, but which, I foresee, will not contain all that I would fain communicate!

Let me begin by reversing the order of things, and touching upon your letter which I received this afternoon just as I was starting for a walk. Would to God that what you tell me therein about yourself were more consolatory!

23rd, Evening.

I left off here the day before yesterday, because I became overwhelmed by a flood of thoughts and feelings from which I could not extricate myself. At the same time I felt a greater longing than ever to satisfy your wish that we should meet before this year draws to a close, and I pondered in vain to find out some possible means of effecting this. Probably you know from experience how much such pondering exhausts one; and you will not therefore be surprised, more especially as I had had a fatiguing day of preaching, that I was obliged to seek refreshment in sleep, which, even on such occasions, rarely fails to come at my call.

Yesterday I could scarcely command a couple of hours in the forenoon for work; I dined with our old uncle Reinhard, and in the evening I was at Mrs. G——'s, where was assembled the greater part of her family, who all treat me with much friendliness and kindness; and be it understood, the ground I had to traverse to reach her house, taking into the account a few errands which I executed on the way, comprised no less than a mile and a half. I mention this to show you how, even when a person lives a very retired life, many a day may, so to say, be lost in this great city. To-

day I have made up for what I neglected yesterday, and shall now allow myself a little further gossip with you.

Your change of room I feel to be a really mournful and heartrending event, and an event, moreover, which tempts me to be very angry with the people yonder. Do they not know what pain such a change inflicts upon a human soul like yours? And what necessity was there for routing you out of your dear little nook? And what right have they to torment you in this way? But might you not, though they could not understand the other reasons, at all events, have objected to the removal to the upper story on account of your health? And to be put among uncultivated people! Can there possibly be a reasonable ground for such a change? That you should be removed from the Institute is comprehensible, as on account of your sickliness it might be better for the children that it should be so, but this! Only a short time ago I was reading how, in the month of November last, you were celebrating the anniversary of your taking possession of that room, and were rejoicing at having lived three consecutive years in the same spot. Thus we are often deprived of a thing when we are the most thankfully conscious of the happiness it bestows. It has made me quite sad. How long may it not last before you find up yonder a being whom you can admit into your heart, or who will be able to derive any benefit from your character and from the treasures of your soul? The piano you will also have to do without, for, I dare say, they have not got one up there. In reference to your mode of life, such a change is just as great as when any of us who are living in the world are removed to a strange city; and I feel in regard to it as I should if my superiors had forced me, or could force me, to accept a living in a very small place among uncultivated people. But I had better stop, for at present I can talk of nothing else; and, after all, talking will not make things better.

[CXL.] 1*st July.*

During the last days I have done my utmost to realize your presentiment regarding my visit to you, and this is the reason why I have not written. As long as there was the slightest hope, the undertaking appeared before me in such lively colours that I could not help believing in it; but now I see the determined impossibility before me. I have made every effort and have waited to secure every chance, but neither time nor money will allow of it; and now I will, therefore, endeavour to write on uninterruptedly, so that my letter at least may soon be with you. I will not even wait for the money which you want, for a couple of weeks may elapse before this is forthcoming; but whether I shall be able to write on all the subjects that you would like to hear of, that is a question.

I believe that I mentioned to you that I had fallen out with Sack on account of the manner in which he expressed his views of my connection with Schlegel, and that in consequence I had not seen him since the beginning of last year. The Eichmanns told me at the beginning of the winter already that he had written me a long letter explanatory of all the differences between us; but this epistle did not come to hand. On the contrary, instead of receiving this friendly epistle, I had very distinct proofs of his having endeavoured to injure me in the opinion of the minister, or at least of his having talked very incautiously, and done various imprudent things that might have injured me. Such things do not, however, make a very great impression upon me. Therefore, far from feeling any anger against him, I continued as before to show him every politeness in my power; and among others I sent him a copy of the sermons that I had published. This drove matters to a head, and the epistle that had been held back five months came at last, accompanied by a note, which was to serve as introduction, and which contained an acknowledgment of the copy of sermons.

The letter began with complaints at my strange choice

of friends, whereby probably he meant Henrietta Herz and Schlegel,* though he did not name them; next he proceeded to complain of my philosophical system, in doing which he attributed to me, in consequence of a perfect misunderstanding of some of my expressions, a system which he characterized as opposed to all religion, and which is in reality not at all my system. On this were based the further conclusions, that it could not possibly be any desire of my heart, but merely interested motives and fear of the world, that made me remain in the clerical profession; that, however edifying my sermons might be, those persons who learnt to know me more intimately, or who were acquainted with my system (according to which all this was mere superstition), could derive no blessing from them; that he could not reconcile all this with his former opinion of me, &c. &c.

In regard to most of the things that he put forward, I felt as if I had dropped from the clouds, as I had never suspected that I could be so thoroughly misunderstood. The letter was now and then very bitter in tone, and was garnished with occasional side hits; but, upon the whole, it was, no doubt, well meant. I answered him, therefore, in a very gentle and

* The following are the noble, manly words in which he answered this point in his letter to Sack (published in *Studien und Kritiken* for 1850).—TRANS.

"Never will I be the friend of a man of disreputable principles; but never either will I, out of fear of the world, withdraw the consolation of my friendship from any one who has innocently incurred its ban; never will I, on account of my profession, allow myself to be guided in my actions by the false appearances which determine others, instead of by the true nature of the circumstances. Were this maxim to be allowed sway, we ecclesiastics would be outlaws in the domain of sociability; for every calumny against a friend, provided it were invented with sufficient cleverness to secure belief, would banish us from his society. Far from submitting to this, the aim which I propose to myself is to lead a life so uniformly blameless, that in time I may bring it so far, that no unfavourable light shall fall upon me on account of any undeserved evil repute in which my friends may stand; but that, on the contrary, my friendship may shed a favourable light on their reputation."

friendly tone; pointed out to him, in as few words and as delicately as possible, that he had entirely misunderstood my philosophical expressions; took no notice of the oblique hits, which had, more particularly, reference to literary matters; and only justified myself very circumstantially in all matters regarding my character, because, in my eyes, this is the most important point. He had mentioned his own letter to his children and to the Eichmanns, and had even shown it to his brother-in-law, Spalding; but of my answer he said not a word to any one, until I begged them expressly to inquire whether he had duly received it. Then only he mentioned it to Spalding, and promised to show it to him. I showed my answer, before I despatched it, to Alexander and to Henrietta Herz—to the latter, because I could not, and would not, avoid naming her and speaking of her—and afterwards I read both the letters to Mrs. Eichmann and her mother, who were here at the time, and indicated a desire to hear them; and all these parties expressed their approbation. What impression the letter made upon Sack himself I know not, except that he said cursorily to Spalding, that he was not quite satisfied with it.

It is a great satisfaction to me that the Eichmanns and Spalding have throughout this affair been so very friendly, and that they have entirely approved of my conduct. Even Sack's children constantly inquire about me in the most amiable manner, are pleased when they meet me, and some of them always go to church when I preach in the town, be it ever so far off.

And now for a piece of agreeable intelligence. In the first half of the month of May I made a little excursion to Prenzlau. The Herzes were going thither, to pay a visit to a sister who is married there, and, as they invited me, I availed myself of the opportunity to make a little journey. When it came to the point Herz could not go, as he had some patients who were dangerously ill; but as none of us care about these matters of prudery, I went with Mrs. Herz and her youngest sister—my little daughter as I call her.

My chief reason for undertaking the journey was to learn to know a certain pastor W——, and a young theologian by name Von Willich, both of whom I had heard of through the Herzes and other friends, and who had also heard a great deal about me, and were as anxious to make my personal acquaintance as I was to make theirs. In Willich I have found a sincere friend, who loves me much, who takes great part in everything that concerns my inner and my outer life, and understands it all; and in whom I, on my side, find so much that is good and beautiful, that we have become heartily attached to each other. I was there only three days, but then we were together almost the whole of the time. Willich was generally in the house until late at night, and was there again early in the morning, and such a variety of subjects were touched upon and discussed, that we learnt to know each other, and, therefore, to like each other, in less time than is usual with me; for I am not apt to give myself away, do not immediately try to appear in a brilliant and favourable light before people, and am very cautious in my first judgment of others and very reserved in communication with them on slight acquaintance. Mrs. Herz thinks that in general I am too reserved, and perhaps you may like to hear what she has written to me relative to this particular case. You still say that you cannot form to yourself any conception of the relation that exists between us; perhaps a few written lines of hers will help you to understand it.

I must tell you first that Henrietta Herz remained a fortnight longer in Prenzlau than I did, and that I returned home alone by the mail, which leaves late in the evening; that we spent the last hours together at her sister's, and that Wolf and a few other friends of the house, who do not belong to our conclave, drank punch and sang songs (among others Schiller's *Ode to Joy*), and that during the singing Willich and I communed in silence with each other. Soon after Mrs. Herz wrote to me thus: "Something has happened that I thought was impossible; you have become dearer to me than ever; not that I have dis-

covered anything new or beautiful in you, for I have long known all that is in my friend; but the ease and openness with which you met Willich, the amiable good-will which you evinced to show yourself to him exactly as you are, has rendered you much, much dearer to me. All this is, indeed, part of your nature, but it so often remains concealed; you think: 'It is time enough; we shall remain long together;' but in this case there was no time to lose, and you used the precious hours gloriously. But, in truth, you have not wasted the sweet gift; Willich is full of you, and he has given a rich return for what he received. My heart was very full when you went away; I had watched with heartfelt joy and emotion the manner in which you and Willich met each other during the song, and if I did not join in the chorus it was because it was impossible for me to utter a tone or a word, the emotion which I experienced was so great; but willingly would I have pressed the hands of both to my heart, and given to the one friendship such as I had already bestowed upon the other. They all went away and left me." (The rest of the party accompanied me to the post-office, Mrs. Herz remaining behind, because she was not well, and was obliged to avoid the night-air.) "I was glad to find myself alone, for I could thus think of you undisturbed. I felt happier than I had been for a long time; with true devotion I felt all that is good and beautiful—with devotion and deep, rich emotion. The others returned, Willich seated himself beside me, he was equally moved, and in holy stillness we remembered you. He whispered to me that it was long since he had felt so religious as during these moments; I rejoiced at the concord, but did not speak."

How deeply I, on my side, was touched by this, you will readily understand; and, indeed, I can quite conceive that to witness the birth of such a friendship must be peculiarly impressive. I value Willich very highly; he has not Friedrich Schlegel's great, deep, and all-comprehensive intellect; but he is in many respects nearer to my heart, and his sentiments in and regarding life are more similar to my

own. As occasions offer, you will hear more about him and gradually learn to know him.

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CXLI.] [No date.]

I am almost astonished at my having sent you the letters on the *Lucinda** without the least foreboding of evil, for I have reason to believe that they have already estranged two friends from me. It is the most delicate subject on which a man can write, and one regarding which misapprehensions may easily occur, and are likely to be taken up most seriously by the best men and to be made the basis of a series of false conclusions. You may suppose that I am anxious to hear what your opinion is, more especially of the view which I take of the subject, which is not, however, mine exclusively, because I have had real persons in view in all the characters I have introduced; and the most remarkable character, that of Leonore, is drawn entirely from life.†

* Though Schleiermacher was at first disagreeably impressed by Schlegel's *Lucinda*, love of his friend, and also a certain love of opposition which was not foreign to his nature, and which was, in this case, roused by what he considered the unjust storm of reprobation which the work called forth, eventually induced him to write a defence of it in the series of letters here alluded to. I am neither acquainted with Schlegel's book nor with Schleiermacher's defence of it; but, in reference to both, a recent German reviewer observes, that the astonishment felt at seeing a healthy and pure mind, such as Schleiermacher's, finding pleasure in the *Lucinda*, is exceeded by the admiration experienced at beholding the purified reflection of the work furnished by the pure mind.—TRANS.

† The person here alluded to was Eleanore Grunow, and according to the writer quoted above, it appears from her share in the letters, as it does indeed from Schleiermacher's letters to her in the present work, that she was distinguished above all his other female friends for the talent which he himself possessed in so pre-eminent a degree, and which he valued so highly in women, viz., the power of observing with extraordinary minuteness, and depicting with distinctness and lucidity, the state of her feelings and the experiences of her inner life.—TRANS.

Whatever is said under this name are her thoughts, and in many instances even her words. Had I known that our mutual friend had spoken to you of this little publication, I should most likely have touched upon it in our conversation; we were at one moment so near the subject that I might easily have introduced it.

But what is the subject that I should not have been glad to have discussed with you? In spite of the many matters that were mooted, it seems to me that I did not make a sufficiently good use of the time. Such is usually the case on similar occasions, but it is a comfort to think that the one generally knows more of the other than is actually spoken, and I hope that you will write to me freely without waiting for me to write to you, for I am just now disagreeably overwhelmed with business, whereas you are living in the enjoyment of golden freedom—in such freedom as I have not long witnessed, and the reflection of which in your whole nature has done me much good.

I have in my mind a very vivid picture of you, such as you are in the circle amid which I saw you, but I should have liked to have seen you with the Countess and in that circle which forms the supplement to the other. Yet I should not be doing justice to your communications, were I to deny, that they have afforded me a very clear conception of your whole existence. As regards myself, I am a bad narrator, except on special occasions; but should there be anything you wish to know without waiting until it comes of itself, God knows when, then ask without reserve. Or if you wish to have a more vivid impression, then be good and keep your promise, and come and witness my life as I have witnessed yours.

Greet every one from me, each according to his due, one more heartily than another, but none so heartily as yourself.

[CXLII.] [No date.]

At last I am able to sit down to write you a regular letter; my first lines were, as you will see, only intended to serve as introduction. I have been long silent, it is true,

but in the meantime I have dwelt upon and deeply enjoyed in my heart, the fortunate occurrence which brought us together, the manner in which we found and recognized each other, and my new happiness in all its fulness. I think that, upon the whole, we very soon apprehended—indeed, in a measure we knew beforehand—that we were mentally akin and were living in the same sphere, and I cannot therefore understand how it was that my openness towards you, and the calmness with which I gave myself up to you, could have appeared to our Jette as something new. But I soon felt that there was something more than this general affinity between us, and that you might become my *friend*, in a sense in which no one had been so for a very long time. I confidently hoped that it would be so, and wrote it to Jette, and patiently awaited, as is my wont, the gradual development of the relation. And you wish it to be so; you will be my friend and brother! But why should I not at once address you as a brother, as if we had touched our glasses and drank to our sweet union.*

Do you remember how little I had to tell you in Klinkow, when you asked me about my friends? In fact I had not one in the *entire* sense of the word. In the first period of my conscious self-development I had two friends; our views and our aspirations, which were different from those of all the persons who surrounded us, were identical, and such identity is a delightful bond of union. The one of these, who had, I believe, strength enough to have remained my friend, died early; the other was by his religious feelings and by his timidity chained to circumstances, amid which our friendship could not but soon feel itself starved for want of communication, and thus he has in point of fact ceased to be my friend, although I still remember him with undiminished affection, and he, no doubt, in a certain measure, feels the the same towards me.

* This is in allusion to the use of the pronoun *thou*, which Schleiermacher henceforward adopts in writing to Willich, and to the custom among the Germans of interlacing their arms and touching each others' glasses when drinking brotherhood, as it is termed.—TRANS.

Later I met in the province of Prussia—where I lived three years—but only towards the close of my stay there, a country clergyman, an excellent man, simple and genuine, of sterling moral worth, possessing a pure love of truth, and living quite in patriarchal style. We became very much attached to each other; but independently of the inequality of years which, although he had found eternal youth, nevertheless produced certain dissimilarities, there were always many points on which I felt that I could not venture to pour myself out quite freely to him; and since I was induced, in consequence of a long letter which he wrote me about Schlegel's *Lucinda*, to send him my letters on the subject, I do not know how I stand with him, but I suspect that they may have led to misconstructions which will be the more difficult to rectify, the more delicate may be the form which they have assumed in his mind. I think of him with pain now.

Besides a strange individual, about whom it would take me too long to speak at present, I have now only to mention Friedrich Schlegel. Before the world I may and must call him my friend, for he is to me in rich measure what is generally understood by this name. There is great similarity in the results of our reasoning, and in our scientific and historical opinions; we both aspire to the highest gaol; and with this there exists between us brotherly union, a deep interest in the conduct and concerns of one another, while the life, the actions, and the circumstances of each, is open to the other; but the utter dissimilarity of our sensitive natures —his quick and violent temper, his inordinate susceptibility, his ineradicable tendency to suspicion,—all this prevents me from treating him with that unbounded sincerity which my heart yearns for, obliges me, in order to avoid misunderstandings, to express things to him otherwise than I express them to myself, and is the cause of there being ever in my innermost soul secrets which I cannot impart to him, or which he forces me to keep back. He maintains, indeed, that the *Monologues* have given him the key to all the apparent dis-

cords in my nature, but I am by no means sure that this is the case.

You have been the first to express the wish that we should be friends, let us then once for all picture to ourselves in advance, and endeavour to feel and to know, what we may be and become to each other, and then simply continue our path together without reflecting upon whether we realize this, and how our relation to each other gradually develops itself.

Your letters, with the vivid pictures of your life, and the strong evidences of your remembrance of me, have affected me more than I can describe. I feel myself more elevated and happier than ever. The belief that my life and my existence in themselves, and not only the premeditated exhibition of these, have a living hold upon other minds and hearts, requires to be thus confirmed to me.

Although I knew that it was through the *Monologues* that you had first learnt to value me, I do not believe that I thought of them once while I was in Prenzlau; I lived in the present, and in the contemplation of your inner being; but I glory in having written them; I was driven to it by an irresistible desire to pour out my soul to the empty air, without any premeditated object, without a thought of producing any effect, and I have often said to myself that it was folly; but, while thinking myself a fool, I have grown wise.

Farewell! Greetings and blessings!

[CXLIII.] 11*th June*, 1801.

If it were not so disagreeable to you, I would fain begin by seriously declaring myself to be a most harassed individual; for I am just now feeling it very keenly again, and if you would but seek for the sense of the word in the proper direction, you would find that I am right. It is all owing to the somewhat oppressive relation in which I stand to science and to art. It is true that I undertake nothing to which my genius does not instigate me, for that would be a most unnatural proceeding. I do not either find it difficult, according to my mode of producing works, to shape my

thoughts into a rounded form for communication, and then to put this forward in a manner which, viewed from the stage that I have at present attained, seems to me satisfactory. This facility alone gives me the ever-renewed assurance that writing is my vocation and belongs to my life. If, therefore, I felt myself at liberty to produce again and again such works as I have hitherto written, in which I move exclusively within my own sphere, then there would be no question of my being harassed. But to make myself acquainted with the works and the thoughts of other people, within the provinces where mutual action and reaction is unavoidable—in short, mere reading and studying, costs me unutterable labour, partly because of my want of skill in setting about it, partly because nature helps me but very little, having more especially denied me a good memory. If it were only the ancients I had to do with, I should not be so badly off, for into their thoughts I penetrate with ease. I have also a natural liking for philological studies, and am very assiduous to them, as I ought to be; and I think that, after some years of practice, I shall be able to do something in this direction. But the modern writers, and more particularly the philosophers, must have been created to torture me. You would hardly believe what enormous trouble it costs me to take in such a book, even so far as to be able to render an account to myself of what the writer really means, what object he has in view, and what is his stand-point. And yet it is impossible for me to do as Fichte does, break off in the middle, and take it for granted that there is nothing in the book. Fichte's own writings being among the best, belong also to those which I understand with the greatest facility; but the less excellent they are, the more they torment me. I still remember with sorrow that I spent and lost four weeks in mastering the *Destiny of Man*, so far as to be able to write the strange stuff about it that was published in the *Athenæum;* and of his "report, clear as the sun," which I think will not in future be counted among his best things, I stand in a kind of holy awe. Then it has further to be taken into consideration, that for

this very reason, I believe, and with right, that I am called to exercise the vocation of critic. For a man who takes so much trouble about books, and whom it costs so much labour to become acquainted with them, must have a right to give his opinion on their value.

You see, my friend, these are my troubles, and in less than ten years I do not count upon getting over them. At present, when I except some minor critical papers, relative to which I have unfortunately engaged my word, I feel myself quite comfortable, because I am only working at *Plato*. But, next year, I mean to write a critical inquiry into ethics, such as they have hitherto been understood, as an introduction to my own system of morals; and only fancy the immensity of reading that this will require, as I shall be obliged to begin the whole series of systems over again, and to work my way through them anew.

Apart from these matters, I do not easily allow myself to be troubled. Sorrows of the most serious kind are weighing upon me, sorrows connected with the fate of a beloved being, whose possession would complete my life, as mine would hers; sorrows for a friend—for I must give Friedrich Schlegel this name, although not in its widest sense—whose distresses have their inexhaustible source in his own soul; and many other sorrows of a similar nature, not to mention my cosmopolitan interests, which often cause me great excitement of mind: but all this has not the power of troubling me, or of disturbing the composure of my soul in the very slightest degree, and still less can personal annoyances do this, although of these, God knows, I have my share. And now you know how you are to understand my being troubled and harassed, and you will feel that you may bestow a little pity on me in consequence, without allowing the matter to distress you very much.

With Mrs. Herz I generally spend the hours from one to five every day; we dine together, read, chat, and walk. The greatest delight would be to spend a whole forenoon with her, but that we have not yet been able to accomplish. Yester-

day we amused ourselves with an abusive criticism of the *Monologues* in the *Deutsche Bibliothek*. It seems to belong to the order of the world, or, at least, of our times, that the most sacred things, and the most ludicrous, should be found side by side; for I could not refrain from hearty laughter on reading this, and, on reflection, it even seemed to me quite natural that the *Monologues* should give rise to a joke of this kind. But how willingly I turned again to their more serious aspect, and how happy and reverent I then felt at once! That you were in my thoughts you may conceive, for are you not the best of what I owe to them, and as regards you, I know for certain, and I see it anew in your letters, you have understood their innermost meaning as clearly as it is given.

But why should my slowness of apprehension have made you fear that I should take one-sided views only. On the contrary, it is this very slowness that is my best security against one-sidedness; for it has its source in the maxim, that every detail is but a part of a whole, and that we must first have mastered the several parts in order to understand the whole; it is, therefore, nothing more than a patient waiting for a perfect comprehension, and a sincere dislike of all one-sided conclusions, and of a precipitate and super-sapient valuation of human character, based upon a knowledge of individual features only. Do not therefore fear my mental revolvings and solutions when I imagine that I have discovered contradictions in you; I shall not be able to abstain from these; but, depend upon it, it is good that it should be so. There is no true knowledge but that which has been acquired by our own labour; and the same holds good as to knowledge of men; and it would be unpardonable laziness were I to put questions to you directly a cursory thought glances through my head. On the contrary, before doing this, I will look well on all sides, so as either to destroy the impression, or to make it more distinct; but when I think that I have completed it, then I will ask you whether it is correct. You will soon learn to know how I proceed in these matters, and I think you will not disapprove! But why do

you presuppose that I shall imagine that I see contradictions in you? I am not at all likely to do so. In reference to real and true men and women, I always start with the supposition that whatever is in them belongs to their nature, and I am so slow to admit the opposite conviction, that I am, indeed, often accused of being too indifferent, or too indulgent in regard to their so-called defects.

[CXLIV.] *June*, 1801.

. . . . Besides meeting all the nice people whom you expect to see in Rügen, and dwelling amid those wonderful natural scenes for which you have so much taste, it will also be a delight and a happiness to be in a place where you spent your early youth, and to which the first memories of your life are attached. Such a place there is not for me. Since I was eight years old I have never been three consecutive years in one place, until I came to Berlin, and these constant changes of locality and of society have obliterated many traces of my past life. Therefore, also, I have no love for my native city, and for my native land I have only the same affection as strangers feel for it, as a beautiful and smiling country. To one locality only in it I feel really attached, though I spent no more than a few months there; but these were very remarkable months, for during that period occurred the first movements in my inner life. As I have a sister living there who is very dear to me, this also often makes me long to be there again, and I should like very much to go this summer, if it were possible.

About Muhrbek also, you will, I dare say, tell me more when you have seen him. Among other things I should like very much to know what he thinks of the latest phenomena in the world of philosophy, I mean the *Schelling-Novalismus*, as Fichte calls it, or the *Spinozismus*, as Schelling calls it. I am afraid these two men will soon scandalize the world by an open contest, which I hope they will at all events carry on with dignity and moderation! I expect many good results from it. What Schelling has just put forward (in the last

number of his *Journal for Speculative Physics*) may not, perhaps, belong to the domain of *philosophia prima;* it is, however, very original, and very beautiful, and I hope much good from it. I think that the limits of philosophy will at length come under discussion, and if nature be placed beyond these bounds, then there will be room for mysticism beyond the limits of philosophy on the other side. Fichte, with his acquired virtuosoship in idealism will, indeed, feel very uncomfortable during the operation; but where is the harm? In what you say of Nicolai, you are quite right. There is a good deal in it that is quite a failure. Fichte and Friedrich, and in some measure, also the elder Schlegel, cannot refrain, on such occasions, from saying or doing something that people can lay hold of, and whereby the cause gains nothing. They are generally so much in love with such passages that they do not see how greatly they injure their own objects by it.

Farewell, and be happy! How I spend my time here you know; this summer I enjoy fewer long walks and other such pleasures than ever. But there is not much lost by it in this place, and Plato keeps me seriously at work. In addition to this, the perturbations in the orbit of philosophy cause many thoughts to flit through my brain, and I feel that in some way or other I shall put in my oar; but then again I determine to take my time. The world, and more especially the philosophers, are still in my debt for much that I have given them, though they have not accepted it.

Schleiermacher to his sister Charlotte.

[CXLV.] *Berlin, 10th November*, 1801.

It is true, dearest, I cannot lack material for communication, after having been such an immense time without writing to you. The cause of this long silence you have partly learnt from the little note that accompanied the money, which I hope has come safely to hand, and its further causes you will be able to glean from my narrative. I will, therefore, not stop to make any further preliminary observations,

but will at once give you the intelligence of the death of our dear Friederike, because, though it is not the first event in order of time, it is one of which I cannot yet think without deep sadness. The enclosed letters, which I have copied expressly for you, in order that you should not lose any of the details connected with this interesting subject, will tell you all.

What Alexander writes about Friederike's tranquillity of soul and cheerful composure, Louis has repeated to me with deep emotion, and the great veneration, which both brothers evince for their sister, has rendered them still dearer to me. With Alexander I find fault, and I have told him so, because though he witnessed her composure of mind, he, nevertheless, endeavoured to prevent them from speaking to her of death. She must at last have remarked it, and have thought that they avoided it because it was too affecting to them. This over-refinement in their treatment of each other is a real drawback in the upper and cultivated classes! How many precious words might not the departed have spoken! And what could be more interesting than to know how such a being contemplated the end of life, and what she felt in reference to it. Louis deplores with me that it should have been so. To me it seems a great and sublime as well as a loveable trait that, in as far as her physical state would allow of it, she continued her usual mode of life to the last. A few days only before her death she was still employed on some delicate needlework, and occupied herself with reading instructive books. And now, I will speak no more of her for the present, but leave you, as well as myself, to our own feelings. Peace be with this loveable, glorious soul!

* * * *

From another side also my life begins to assume a value which it has not had previously, and even a certain brilliancy, if I may say so. Though it is but little that I have hitherto been able to be and to do in regard to the public, I am, nevertheless, beginning to exercise an influence on the opinions of the cultivated and more superior minds among them; I am esteemed by the so-called philosophers, and from

far and near I draw pious souls towards me in all sincerity. I may say that I have worked a blessing to many, and if I retain strength and health to finish some important works which I have in hand, I foresee that I shall acquire still greater influence as regards these matters, and also in respect to various sciences; and that I shall, in a few years, be numbered among the more renowned individuals, whose words carry a certain weight. However agreeable this would be to me, not only because it would flatter my natural vanity, but also because it would secure to me a pleasant sphere of activity in the world, I should nevertheless count it as nothing compared to the prospect of a quiet, cheerful domestic life; and I would not hesitate, were it necessary in order to be able to enjoy the latter, to consent even to such a change in my position as would entirely exclude me from a wider field of influence, and in a great measure impede my scientific progress. Except in domestic life, all that we enjoy and all that we attempt, is but vain illusion. That alone endures which we effect quietly within the domestic circle; and to the few beings that constitute this we may really be much, and for them we may do much.

That the elder Schlegel was here the greater part of the summer, you know. In the month of August he returned to Jena, but is already back again, and intends to remain the whole winter. He also draws largely on my sympathies. I do not know whether I ever mentioned to you the sad state of things between him and his wife? . . . . How much this pains me, how deeply I pity Wilhelm, I cannot tell you. Upon the whole there is no such difficult matter in the world as marrying. When I look at all my friends, far and near, it makes my heart sad to think of how few happy marriages there are among them.

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CXLVI.] *13th December*, 1801.

You have learnt from Jette, dear friend, the cause that has hitherto prevented me from writing to you, and which upon the whole leaves me little time to devote either to present or absent friends. I mean the long-wished-for presence of the man who is, in many respects, so exceedingly dear to me. As far as regards himself personally, I have found him quite unchanged, both as to his points of attraction for me and his points of divergence from me; but in power of thought, in comprehensiveness of knowledge, in art and science, he has made still further progress. His thoughts and opinions have taken more distinct shape, into the nature and essence of poetry he has more particularly penetrated deeply, and in the next few years we shall, no doubt, obtain from him a series of essays on various subjects, which will all be more or less masterly. He has written a tragedy to the construction of which various objections will, no doubt, be raised; but all the details are so thoroughly and purely tragic, and the whole is composed in so grand a style, that in spite of these theoretical objections it will not fail to make an impression on simple minds. It is based upon an old Spanish romance, and is in course of publication.

When I except Plato, he and I shall, therefore, for a time proceed along different paths as regards our literary labours. In writing poetry he will prepare the production of his somewhat poetical, theoretical philosophy, while I shall embody my practical philosophy in various works, several of which will, at least as far as the mode of expression is concerned, approach towards a poetical form.

That Friedrich's presence here should cause your coming to be deferred, is indeed a disagreeable circumstance; but should you find a good opportunity later, nothing will have been lost by the delay. I could not at all events enjoy you

both at the same time, as you are not acquainted with each other, and Friedrich by no means belongs to those with whom one can rapidly establish friendly relations.

I am curious to know what you will think of my sermons when you have read them—you and the Countess; for you know how much value I place on feminine judgment. Of opinions publicly expressed a few only have as yet come to my knowledge, and these were very laudatory; but that which I seek for in such, viz., profound and detailed criticism, I found not therein. One of the reviewers declares war against me because of the mention I have made of my never writing down my sermons, and treats the matter as if to do this were the first and most sacred duty of the preacher. Should similar attacks occur oftener, I shall be glad to seize the opportunity of expressing myself fully on this point, in regard to which I hold very heterodox opinions. I should like to chat a good while longer with you about my occupations and my various needs; but time will not allow of this, it is already midnight, and I must at least write one other letter to-night.

[CXLVII.] *January*, 1802.

. . . . The fear that you express in regard to us both was, I trust, merely a passing vibration. It is not science that has drawn me towards you, and, therefore, it is not either science that is to bind me to you. You ought to be concerned only with the mode in which I cultivate it, in as far as this is connected with my character. That you will understand this mode and love me on account of it, I believe; for my heart craves for this sympathy on your part, and I am sure you can and will grant it when we shall have had fuller communication on the subject. I am very glad that you judge my sermons entirely in regard to their power of edification; and your testimony to the fact of my attaining this object is of great value to me. Is the Countess of the same opinion? However, they are also discourses, if the word be taken in its ancient acceptation, in which the lucidity of the

reasoning and the *numerus* are the principal points—that is to say, in as far as the subject allows of it, according to my present views. But they are not discourses in the modern sense: that demands a certain amount of metaphor, which is almost quite unknown to the ancients, and also a certain poetical something, which is, nevertheless, not to be poetry. By the critics they have as yet only been praised, but this is of little importance to me.

About the *Athenæum*, about Schlegel, and about art, we will speak when you are here. Upon the whole I now reserve a great deal for verbal discussion. In many respects I like the *Joan of Arc* better than the most of Schiller's other tragedies, because it is more full of life, freer, more poetical; but the real Joan was, however, very different. I have read all the historical facts about her that are known, and it seems to me that something very superior might have been made of the subject.

Schleiermacher to his Sister Charlotte.

[CXLVIII.] *Berlin, 19th January*, 1802.

It is the long-expected and long-wished-for visit of Friedrich Schlegel that has prevented me from answering your last letter, dear Lotte, and from fulfilling my promise to write to you before the close of the last year. From the 2nd of December until yesterday he lived, or at least dwelt, with me. Had I known beforehand that he would stay so long, I should, of course, have arranged matters differently, and not have allowed myself to be withheld from writing to you. But after the first fortnight already he intended to depart every post-day, and yet he remained, because he could not bring his business to a conclusion. In consequence, I was constantly delaying my letter-writing and other matters, partly in order to enjoy his company as much as possible during the time, and partly in order to be able to write afterwards more in peace and quiet. It is, also, this visit that has made it impossible for me to send you any money. It was rather

expensive to me in consequence of its being protracted so much longer than I expected, and also because Schlegel, most unfortunately for himself, has no end of little necessities and self-indulgent habits.

That it was a great pleasure to me to have this long-missed friend with me, you may conceive. Several of the objects of his visit were, indeed, not attained, in spite of its long duration; for instance, we did not devote near as much time as we had intended to conversation and study relating to our common labours; but knowing him as I do, and consequently foreseeing that he would most likely be induced to take part in all kinds of recreations and to enter into all kinds of connections, I had calculated upon this, and was not therefore rendered anxious by it. One thing only I regret, and that is, that the loss of time to me has been so much greater than the enjoyment I have had in Friedrich's society. During the two years and a half that I have not seen him, his whole nature has become more strongly developed; the tendency of his mind is more evident, he is more decided as to what he will and must effectuate in the world, and so likewise all the traits in his character, which attract me and repel me, stand out more distinctly and decidedly. Henrietta Herz felt more attracted towards him, and was on a more friendly footing with him than formerly, to which, indeed, various circumstances have contributed. The unpleasant feelings associated with the critical period of his connection with her friend, have now passed by; he has, for a length of time, been faithfully attached to this friend, and really makes her very happy, and has lifted her up into a higher sphere of existence than she previously enjoyed; and he is earnestly bent upon legitimizing his connection with her, in the eyes of the world, in the only manner which stands open to them.

What he thought of me, I cannot exactly tell. But I know that he always looked upon me as being, in my way, already completed and unchangeable. He seemed also to have a very correct and clear conception of our points of divergence, and

to be conscious of those points in himself which I could not approve of. Many of my acquaintance, who are sincerely anxious for my weal, but who do not know me very intimately, and who misunderstand many things in Schlegel, and take an exaggerated view of such of his qualities as displease them, have also on this occasion felt great alarm lest my close intimacy with him might eventually affect me injuriously, and might untune my mind and lead to changes in my views. But I cannot conceive how any one can entertain such fears, relative to a person, whom they believe to possess any degree of firmness or inner worth, and I leave it to time to prove to them that I am still the same that I ever was.

During this period I have also had the pleasure not only of receiving a letter from Hülsen, who had not written to me since the distressing loss of his wife, but also of making his personal acquaintance. As is generally the case, I found him somewhat different from the picture I had formed to myself from his letters, but the difference was in his favour; he was more cheerful, more childlike, more earthly. The first thing that I said to myself on the subject, and the best that I can say even now, is, that I had always read his letters with too solemn an accent. Our first meeting was very strange. One evening, as I was going to spend an hour with the elder Schlegel, I met, outside his street-door, a tall, dark figure, wrapped in a large cloak, who was awkwardly and vainly fumbling for the bell. I rang the bell, and we went upstairs together without exchanging a word. When we had arrived on the landing, he asked me if Professor Schlegel lived there. I answered in the affirmative, ushered him into the anteroom, and pointed out to him Schlegel's door, without, however, entering with him, as I wanted first to speak to Schlegel's host. After a while, when I went in, Schlegel named me by name, and asked me whether I had come together with Hülsen. Hereupon we both exclaimed in one breath, "What, this is Hülsen!" and, "What, this is Schleiermacher!" and then we fell into each other's arms. After having gazed at each

other in silence a few moments, it was as though we had been in the habit of seeing each other daily for years. Hülsen only remained here a few days; he kept me at a distance, and only for one half-hour the first evening in the street had I him entirely to myself; yet it is much to have seen him face to face, and I hope we shall manage to meet once more this year. His grief has by this time lost its poignancy, but the emotion with which he now speaks of his wife will never subside; his life is still out of joint, he has not yet found another fixed point, another object. Our correspondence will, I hope, continue to be very lively. Next Wednesday I expect a similar pleasure, and for this reason I will, in every case, despatch this letter before then. Willich, whom you know from my visit to Prenzlau, is coming with his pupil, a young Count Schwerin, to stay with me a couple of days. This is the real complement of Schlegel's visit, for Willich possesses all that which I miss in Schlegel. The subjects on which I remain silent to the latter are exactly those on which I can speak most freely to the former; and, on the other hand, in all those directions in which Schlegel imparts instruction to me, and stands far above me, I can impart instruction to Willich.

But while I remember it, dear Lotte, let me mention what the thought of Willich puts me in mind of, as I shall have a great deal of talk with him about sermons. Carl writes me that, in accordance with my desire, he sent you a copy of mine in August already. How is it that you do not allude to them even with one word? If they do not please you, you ought, at all events, to say so; and many things in them ought, I think, to meet with your approval when you take into consideration that they are written for the world. I have, however, others in my mind which will be more to your taste and to mine.

[CXLIX.] *8th February.*

. . . . Willich has been here since the 3rd, and will remain until the 19th. That I derive more enjoy-

ment from his presence than from Schlegel's you may easily guess. He lives entirely with me and Mrs. Herz. The mornings we usually spend at home, except when he goes out to see some of the curiosities of the city; and either each works by himself, or we read some interesting book together; and as we both take tea for breakfast, we have a nice hour's chat round the flame of the spirit-lamp, until about nine o'clock. If we dine at home we generally spend the evening with the Herzes, or *vice versâ*. There, also, we converse on interesting subjects, or read some good work (thus, the last two evenings we have been reading the beautiful novel, which is the last completed work of the late Hardenberg, whose poem, *Longing for Death*, I once copied out for you); at other times, we meet there an assembly of such persons belonging to the Berlin world as we like the best. At home we read together those works of Schlegel which have the most interest for Willich, or I read to him some of my written thoughts, or some of Hülsen's or Wedike's letters. The theatre, I dare say, he will visit repeatedly, and during that time I may get through my most urgent business. Hitherto I have only been once to the play with him, to see *Maria Stuart* again. Just now he is playing me an evil trick, for he is ill. If, as I hope, there be nothing worse behind it, he has, at all events, a catarrhal fever, and I sit up the greater part of the night to nurse him. His Wilhelm is a good youth, and does not in the least disturb us. He has made friends with the Veits' eldest son, and seems to be very happy.

I have now made two attempts to inform you what I have been about; and this being accomplished, I may tell you how constantly your concerns have been in my mind. Your letter has made me very sad from the moment I received it up to the present time; and when in the midst of the most joyous mood a change has suddenly come over my spirit, and a veil of sadness has spread itself over my whole being, Henrietta Herz has not known whether to attribute it to thoughts of you or of the painful position of Eleanore G——. Hitherto it

has most frequently been thoughts of you, and not only of your state of health, but of the view which you take of it.

[CL.] *Berlin, 17th March*, 1802.

I will begin with the most important, dear Lotte, for this will at once explain to you my long silence, which has arisen, partly, from my wish to await the decision, and, partly, from my being in too agitated a state to be able to write satisfactorily. The fact is, I have been offered an appointment in Stolpe, in Pomerania, and I have accepted it; and that you may at once know all that most interests you in the matter, I may as well tell you that I must be in Stolpe as early as the 1st of June, and that I shall therefore start hence as soon after Easter as possible, perhaps on Easter Monday, and if that cannot be, on the 23rd of April at the latest, in order to be able to pay you a hurried visit. Unfortunately, as you will perceive, we shall be very limited as to time, and it will not be possible for me to remain with you more than exactly eight days. Our journey to Fürstenstein I suppose, therefore, we shall be obliged to give up; but by the last post I gave Carl notice to arrange matters so that he might pay a visit to Gnadenfrei at the same time. The delightful project of travelling a whole year, previous to such a change as is now to take place in my position, has thus come to nought. To a certain extent it is a consolation to me, that my professional duties will not admit of my undertaking such a journey, as, even had it not been so, my finances would have opposed it more than ever. The congregation have urgently requested that the vacancy might be filled up without loss of time, as several young people are waiting to be confirmed, and the widow of the deceased court-preacher (a title which, unfortunately, I shall also be obliged to adopt, and have to pay twenty dollars for), who, in fact, has a right to the revenues of the whole year, has expressed herself willing to compensate me for whatever I may lose here, up to the close of the year; and I have not, therefore, even been able to raise any objections on account of outward

circumstances. My worldly position will not be greatly improved by the change, as the income, including house and other advantages, does not amount to more than six hundred and thirty dollars, and there, as here, I shall not be able to get on without the help of other work. For this reason no one here, except my most intimate friends, is able to comprehend why I have taken this determination, and the less so as I shall lose much by the exchange, not only in regard to the comforts of life, but also in regard to my studies.

I look upon myself as having already left this place. During the four weeks from this till Easter, I shall be so overwhelmed with work, that I shall hardly know what to do, and the fortnight that I shall be here after my return must be devoted to packing and leave-taking. In my studies this journey makes a terrible break. I have already announced a book to appear in autumn, for which I require a number of old works which I could easily have at the library here, but which I shall certainly not be able to obtain in Stolpe, even if I had the necessary money, as such books are not always to be got at. I shall therefore be obliged to break my word, which is very disagreeable. It is equally disagreeable that I shall be obliged to run myself into debt. When I calculate the expenses connected with my appointment, with the journey and with my settling, I shall certainly require five hundred dollars, which I must right out borrow, and as yet I really do not know where. I do not either see how I can pay them off even in the next three years, however industrious I may be and however successful.

Another remarkable event that I must mention is, that with Sack I am again quite on the old footing. During our epistolary communications, it struck me that there were many points on which he did not like to express himself in writing, and in such a case I considered that I should not be giving away any of my dignity by making the first step. I therefore wrote to say that if there were anything on his mind that he could only communicate to me verbally, I begged that he would appoint an hour when I

might call upon him; whereupon he immediately invited me to partake of a friendly supper with him as formerly. During my first visit I felt as if I had been long absent on a journey. In speaking to me about Stolpe, when we were alone, he said that about the matter which we had been discussing together we might perhaps have some conversation another time. He took me all about his house, which the king has built for him since the estrangement occurred between us, and his wife and the girls were also quite as usual. I have been there several times since.

Schleiermacher to George Reimer.

[CLI.] *Gnadenfrei, 30th April,* 1802.

Yesterday, when I was forced to make up my mind to remain here some days longer than was my original intention, my first thought was, that in that case I should probably not see you again for some time, and under the circumstances, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of at least writing a few lines to you. Schlegel and his wife I fear I shall not either meet, but this I only look upon as saving me one leave-taking.

I feel myself very happy here in the society of a beloved sister, in a beautiful country, and amid the wonderful impressions of an earlier period of my life. There is no other place which could call forth such lively reminiscences of the entire onward movement of my mind, from its first awakening to a higher life, up to the point which I have at present attained. Here it was that for the first time I awoke to the consciousness of the relations of man to a higher world—in a diminutive form, it is true, just as it is said that spirits sometimes appear in the form of children and dwarfs; but they are nevertheless spirits, and as regards essentials therefore, it comes to the same thing. Here it was that that mystic tendency developed itself, which has been of so much importance to me, and has supported and carried me through all the storms of scepticism. Then it was only germinating, now it

has attained its full development, and I may say, that after all that I have passed through, I have become a Herrnhuter again, only of a higher order. You may conceive what an intensified inward life I live here; added to this I have a sister here whom I sincerely love, and with whom I have always kept up a very frank correspondence, entering deeply with her into all matters most interesting to me. After this, it was a glorious pleasure to find ourselves face to face, and to enjoy immediately what for years had been spoken and experienced through the medium of the dead letter only.

Schleiermacher to his Sister Charlotte.

[CLII.] *Berlin, Monday, 17th May.*

I received yesterday the letter which you expected would be in my hands already on the 12th or 13th. It came very opportunely at dinner-time, to refresh me between my second and third sermon. You may conceive that I was at first very much alarmed at the sight of the strange handwriting, but as soon as I began to read, the tone of the letter tranquillized me, perhaps, indeed, too much, for you must have been pretty severely attacked, poor dear, to be obliged to keep your bed.

La Charmante is really truly charming, and I do not know how to thank her sufficiently for doing so much for you, and consequently, also, for me. But I recognize therein the continuation of all the loveable attentions which she showed us during my stay, and if you attribute her last kindnesses partly to the confidence I have shown, I can only say that this confidence was the fruit of her first kindnesses. Tell her how grateful I feel, how sincerely I rejoice in her sisterly attachment to you, and how glad I am to possess so many lines from her hand, and also something of her style, which must, naturally, in some degree have accompanied her handwriting. And do not the handwriting and the style of a person reveal much of their true nature? and more especially the handwriting and the style of a woman? Well, you may also tell

her that I form a very vivid image to myself of how she will cast down her eyes, and her divine eyelashes, which have not their equals in the world, when you tell her this. I should like much to continue to chat with her in this way through a third person, *et comme elle est plus femme et moins prude que son nom* (to my great joy), she would probably forgive me for so doing; but I must tear myself away from her, in order to answer some matters in your letter, for I can only dispose of detached quarters of hours for writing. I am in constant movement, but not, as you say of yourself, like a pendulum, but like a hunted hare. . . . .

[CLIII.] *Wednesday, 19th May.*

. . . . That you understand me so well in the *Monologues*, gives me sincere pleasure. I think you will now be able to see how much we agree in spite of the dissimilarity between us, and that, although my thoughts and my being assume a distinct form and reveal themselves in a peculiar manner, our aspirations are essentially the same and equally directed towards an inner and a higher life. One thing, which will, I fear, touch you painfully at times in the *Monologues*, is the pride; but he who is proud in *this* way, can also be very humble, and I trust that you will feel this, though it be not expressed in the book. But tell me, what am I to do with the surname of the Sublime? I am afraid I have got it through the *Monologues*, but in every case it is ridiculous, and you must try and find another for me, if you would not have me believe that it is from pride that *la charmante*, in reference to this sublimity, calls herself *la soumise*.

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CLIV.] *19th May*, 1802.

I returned on the 9th. With my sister I enjoyed myself thoroughly. She has developed herself very much during the six years that I had not seen her. I knew this beforehand from her letters, yet meeting face to face is a very dif-

ferent thing, and a more delightful gratification. However different people may be, increased maturity always facilitates mutual communication and understanding, and therefore we communed with each other more thoroughly and more composedly, than ever. *You* have already become dear to her through my letters, and she has rejoiced at our having drawn near to each other so quickly. She made me promise to send her some of your letters that she might form a more vivid conception of you. Wedike's letters I took with me, and they afforded us many a delightful hour. Of Henrietta Herz she stands in a certain awe which she cannot conquer, in spite of all my endeavours to talk her out of it. About the *Monologues*, also, which she likes very much, we had a good deal of conversation. Besides her, I had my brother there for some days, and his presence, and that of many old acquaintances, and the reminiscences of early, but for me very decisive years, and the delicious country, all afforded me intense pleasure. And in the midst of the purest and most elevated enjoyment, I wished I had you all around me, all you whom I love.

Since my return, I am living here amid the greatest confusion, immediately around me a desert waste, and in prospect, if possible, a still more desolate waste. I am working at present at the review of *Alarkos*, which I will send off from here, *coûte qui coûte*. Whether it will quite satisfy you I do not know, but perhaps it will at least afford you some new points of view. My judgment ought, I think, to be regardless of any secondary considerations, for in this case the work has not been previously and publicly cried down. It will, I think, cause you more and more emotion the oftener you read it. Goethe is letting them study *Alarkos* for performance at Weimar, the condensed power of the drama having, as he writes, strongly affected him.

*Schleiermacher to his Sister Charlotte.**

[CLV.] *Berlin, 27th May*, 1802.

Yesterday has become a very remarkable day in my eyes in consequence of an evening visit paid to Reimer. That he nourished a hearty attachment to me, I had observed with joy for some time; and I also loved him already for his pure and noble disposition. Yesterday a sudden action took place within us—similar to that between me and Willich, in as far as regards the rapidity with which the effect was produced, but without any outward mediation—during which we took possession, as it were, of each other as intimate heart-friends. Do not ask me, at present, to describe this; I am too much overwhelmed and too perplexed; your own feelings must supply what I leave out. I spoke to him of my joy in his wife; with great openness he showed me letters of hers full of childlike piety and love, and which afforded me a very clear conception of their entire life and their relation to each other. I pressed his hand, and after a short pause said, "When my life has taken distinct and perfect shape, then you shall likewise be allowed to behold it thus unveiled." He folded me in his arms, with the words, "Henceforward let there be nothing concealed between us!" Thus it was, and thus it will remain. Afterwards we spoke a great deal about how friendship is formed, and how necessary it is to await the propitious moment. . . . .

To-day I have preached my last sermon at the Charité. The auditorium was rather distinguished, for, besides the minister, there were six clergymen, and several candidates for clerical orders present. After church I walked on foot a good mile to Friedrichsfeld to the Spaldings, who have a pretty country-place there. The Eichmanns had arrived there before me, and we spent the time pleasantly together until evening. From the Spaldings I took leave without words; of each other's

* The later letters from Schleiermacher to this sister have not been found.

hearty love we are sure, and they entertain greater hopes than I do of seeing me here again in a few years as court-preacher. From Heindorff also I took leave. The evening, until midnight, I spent with Brinkmann. On my return home I found a letter from Willich, and one from a parson Schwarz in Hesse, a very excellent man, who first learnt to love me through the *Monologues*, and with whom I keep up a lively correspondence. Next I sat down to write this to you, and now I will go to bed for a couple of hours. Good night!

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CLVI.] *Stolpe, 3rd June*, 1802.

Your letter was a most pleasant surprise to me, dear Jette, for I had not hoped for one so soon. But before I go further, let me say one word. I cannot help it, I am just like S——; here in the distance it is quite impossible for me to say *you;* I do not know why it has such a strange effect on me, nor can I as yet understand why I should find it more difficult to submit to it here than yonder. I think it must be because, when I was there, my whole manner of intercourse with you all, was tantamount to saying *thou*, though the lips may have said *you;* and perhaps, also, there was something piquant in the contrast which made the formal mode of address more tolerable. Here the auxiliary language ceases, and the appearance of cold reserve alone remains, which, however, can never in reality exist between you and me. Let me, then, say thou.* You may do as you like, but I shall be surprised if you do not likewise feel that it is more hearty.

First of all, dear friend, be as cheerful as you possibly can. You know how far I am from expecting that any one can change his or her own nature. Seen from this side, your

* Henceforward he addresses her thus; but, for obvious reasons, the second pronoun is not adopted in the translation. It may be interesting to the English reader to know that this familiar mode of address is never used in his letters to Eleanore G——.—TRANS.

nature consists herein, that you only live in the future; therefore you are so fond of making plans, therefore you dislike so much to think of death. But, if the whole is not to be an empty circle, the second half of this nature must of necessity be prophetic, and like a prophetess you must see and feel the future in the present. Savour, therefore, now already the joy of all the good that your rare and benevolent activity will effect around you; enjoy now already the repose that you will feel in consequence of having managed so many difficult circumstances with proper judgment, and having remained faithful to yourself in spite of many privations; finally, enjoy now already the distant future which your friends will prepare for you.

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CLVII.] *Stolpe, 15th June*, 1802.

This time, dear friend, you have not rendered it difficult for Henrietta Herz to outspeed you; she might have lagged considerably and yet been before you. However, it is not my intention to begin with scolding, although you might ere this have sent your solitary friend a loving word.

Of my life here, there is not much to be said. Up to the present moment I have had to endure the double trouble of paying and receiving visits and of studying the church archives, which I think ought always to be the first business attended to by a clergyman. Next will begin the journeys to the annexed parishes. Human beings I have not as yet found many of, nor have I at all lived, except in the house of my first churchwarden, a merchant, who is called, *par excellence*, the rich. The family are very kind and friendly to me; they are good-hearted and upright people, but this is all that can be said about them. As yet I have not visited any one who does not belong to my congregation, and, nevertheless, I have not got through any work. Hitherto I have also been entirely cut off from everything literary, and have read nothing except Schelling's *Bruno*, which I brought with

me. Among the clergy here I do not think there is one literary man. I shall, therefore, be obliged to begin to read journals, and will soon go in search of Pastor Hake, the author of *The Grey Portfolio*, who lives about a mile from this. Perhaps there is something more in him than his very tolerable prose.

About professional matters I cannot either as yet say much. I seem to give satisfaction, but I have only preached three times, and do not reckon upon my success being permanent. To-morrow I am to begin catechization, and I hope that will do me good.

Schleiermacher to Eleanore G——.

[CLVIII.] *Stolpe, 21st June*, 1802.

To-day, dear friend, my joy at receiving your letter was somewhat retarded. I had to go to my annexed parish, and had taken every means to obtain my letters before I started: but to no avail; and I did not, therefore, get them until I returned home in the afternoon rather tired. I began almost to doubt that I should have a letter, as it had not come in the morning. I endeavoured to prepare myself for the melancholy fact, while jogging along on my peasant waggon, but was obliged to confess to myself that it would considerably upset me, and that I knew not how to help myself. I am already spoilt by your promise and its regular fulfilment up to the present moment, and I should unquestionably feel very uneasy, were your letters ever to fail without your having prepared me for it. You will not be surprised at this, if you picture to yourself distinctly how I treat your letters, how I first devour them, then read them, then enjoy them, and then ponder upon them, and finally make all kinds of critical conjectures relative to particular passages; how I give myself up to all the memories which they awake in me; how I watch every emotion of your mind and every change in your features, which appear so vividly before me; and how willingly, nay, how joyfully, I turn my eyes inwardly when-

ever you make any remark about myself. This time, however, I cannot quite agree with you.

[CLIX.] *Tuesday.*

You do not, I hope, anticipate from the above that I mean to defend my indolence in paying visits? No; to this I plead guilty, though I do not think that I should have been called upon to do so had you been here. But I cannot submit to your including in my laziness the deliberation with which I seek others and wait till they find me. No, dear friend, either we do not understand each other on this point, or you imagine my way of proceeding otherwise than it is. I am by no means passive in regard to this process. I look well about me, and endeavour to discover those who would care to understand me. This seeking and finding must be reciprocal, and must be induced by the natural power of attraction exercised upon each other by kindred souls. The more design there be, the more the parties endeavour to promote the meeting, the more danger there will be of spoiling the whole. Without designing it, every man reveals himself sufficiently to those whose eyes and ears are open, and who are capable of understanding him, and thus they approach each other naturally in a proper ratio and in the only manner which is consistent with perfect truthfulness, and with the belief in perfect truthfulness on the other side. Everything that is done with design is liable to be misunderstood and distrusted.' No delay arising out of adherence to this principle (which is part of my real positive character and not of my negative character or my indolence) has ever been, or will ever be, a cause of regret to me; and, consequently, should I entirely neglect a given opportunity, I shall console myself with the thought that it was not so ordained. For that which a human being cannot attain without doing violence to his peculiar moral nature, that must be as little appointed for him as is that which it is physically impossible for him to accomplish.

Though with a very different purpose, I have been looking

over the fragments in the *Athenæum* this afternoon. I do not know if I ever pointed out to you those among them that are written by me. In some of them I have explained as clearly as I possibly can, the subject I have just been touching upon. You cannot by any means point to yourself as an example. It is quite true that that which is most individual and deepest in your nature is very difficult to discover. Who was ever so happy as to understand you before I came? But now that the course has been laid down upon the map, others also find the way. In you I found the one of these two powers entirely thrust back and held in bondage. Do you know with what I am tempted to compare you? With a magnet that has wrapped itself in iron-filings, because it never found a solid bit of iron to attract. When such a bit arrives, it does not recognize you on account of those surroundings, but at the most has a vague feeling of your presence, and everything depends upon a bold grasp, that shall shake off the filings.

When the thought occurred to me, "Of that woman a great deal might be made," I had not yet discovered your innermost being—for that *is*, and nothing more need be made of it—but only your understanding, and you know that the understanding alone makes very little impression on me. I could not, indeed, have found you in any other way than I did find you—through a revelation of love. And had it not been for this, what could you have done with my confidence? Did you not also discover my inner being after and through this revelation? Until then, was it not my understanding, or, if you will, my intellect and my manner of viewing the world, that interested you? And should we have got much farther in that way than to a communion of intellect? But I will dwell no longer on ourselves, but return to my indolence. In fact, it consists merely therein, that there are certain things on which I am loth to spend thought, because I do not find it worth my while to reflect upon them; in consequence I prefer spending time upon them. And it is only because, as you say with truth, that the time thus spent despoils me

of thoughts, that I look upon it as a defect, for the same reason that the maxim, rather to spend money than time upon an object, is a wrong principle in those who are obliged afterwards to purchase money with time. . . . .

[CLX.] *Stolpe, 8th June*, 1802.

. . . . . The account of your travels you have drawn up very much *in nuce*. To spoil all works of art through parsimony, is a very common fault in our country. I recollect a very excellent observation of a Frenchman on the subject. He said "*que tout était très beau chez nous, mais qu'il y manquait toujours un écu.*" When I heard that, I noted in my memorandum book that such was exactly my character. Do you not think so likewise? Not that everything in me is *très beau* or even *très bon;* but whatever it be, *un écu* is always wanting, be it in industry, or in good manners, or in genius. I see it in all my works when they are finished and I am able to take a survey of them, and I always discern very clearly where I might have put in the additional *écu;* and probably I had it all the while in my pocket, as is mostly the case with the Prussians; it being merely kept back in accordance with a misapplied and unreasonable system of economy. In my behaviour towards others it is just the same; yet, upon the whole, I think it is based upon a well-understood plan, and I would not for a great deal either add anything to or deduct anything from my principles. With my manners also I am upon the whole satisfied; but in all the great sacrifices which I make to men and society, there is almost always an *écu* wanting, which prevents them from bearing their fruits. Do teach me to have this *écu* always at hand. How much would I not be improved by it. This would be a glorious jewel in the crown of your merits towards me.

Last Wednesday the synodal assembly of this diocese took place, and the dean was so kind as to invite me to be present. This occupied almost the whole day. How sad it made me! Ah! dear friend, to find yourself among thirty-five such clergy-

men!—I did not feel ashamed of belonging to the profession, but with my whole heart I longed for and I pictured to myself those future times, which, I trust, are not far distant, when such an assembly will be impossible. I shall not live to see it; but could I only in some way contribute to bring it about! Of the openly disreputable among them I will not speak, and I would even submit patiently to there being a few such among the great number, particularly as long as the livings are only worth one thousand dollars; but the universal degradation, the entire unsusceptibility to all higher influences, the base and sensuous views—depend upon it, I was the only one among them who mourned in heart, the only one; for had there been another I must have found him, I knocked and searched so earnestly.

As for my not loving Friedrich Schlegel, do not allow Jette to persuade you that this is so. That she should believe it, is but natural. She knows that Friedrich's character and mine are utterly heterogeneous, and she does not think it possible that any one can love a nature quite unlike his own. In addition to this, I have often, with my usual openness, expressed to her my disapprobation of many things in him, and have also agreed with her in what she has blamed. She knows that Friedrich's impetuous and overpowering sensuousness is disagreeable to me in many of its utterances, and, as it were, repellent to my taste; also that I have expressed great disapproval of the levity which sometimes gives almost a character of unfairness to his dealings; and now these qualities appear to her as the essential features in his character, because the reverse of them, namely, calmness and order, are the essential features in her character. She knows that he is wanting in taste and feeling for much that I appreciate very highly, and she believes, therefore, that he is wanting in heart altogether, and that it is his intellect only that has attracted me, though I do not see this myself. But I am quite clear about my own feelings in this case! For his intellect alone I love no man. Schelling and Goethe are two mighty intellects, but I shall never be tempted to love them, and certainly

I shall not either fancy that I do so. Schlegel, on the contrary, has a high moral nature; he is a man who bears the whole world in his heart with love; his sensuousness is not offensively disproportionate to the rest of his powers; and, according to the spirit, he is by no means wanting in uprightness, though, according to the letter, he may sometimes be so. I have often pointed this out to Jette; but she has not been able to see it, and I have therefore given myself no further useless trouble about the matter. I feel certain that when he has completed himself in as far as regards the outer presentment of his inward nature, she will understand him and me better. In the meanwhile I leave it to you to make an attempt to teach it and comment upon it to her: perhaps you will be more successful!

[CLXI.] *Monday, 19th July*, 1802.

You put my faith to the test, dear friend; for this Monday again I have received no letter from you. You will at least find it natural, that to compensate myself I should now indulge in a quarter of an hour's chat with you. Much longer time my conscience will not allow me, for I have set myself a task, by the completion of which I must first earn the right of gratifying my heart. This is a rule of action which I find sometimes very wholesome. Yet, see how well man knows how to accommodate things to his wishes, even in such cases: first, I seldom have recourse to this rule, except when I am not quite inclined for that which otherwise I like better; and, secondly, when I apply it to my work, I have many auxiliary means of escape. At present, for instance, it is in the translation of one of Plato's *Dialogues* that I set myself a daily task; but if a technical term in philosophy occurs, about the rendering of which in German I cannot quite agree with myself, I quickly decree that it must be postponed until the second revision of the work, as I shall then be better able to judge of its exact value. Sometimes this delay is founded in the nature of the case, and proves a real saving of time; occasionally it originates in mere love of

ease, and is therefore a waste of time; but I do not examine very narrowly in each instance how matters may stand in this respect, for that would mostly be to lose time. At the present moment I have nothing to upbraid myself with, for it is a settled thing that when I receive letters, or when I have been disappointed in the receipt of one, I am for some time unfit for work. I require first to recover the equilibrium of my mind after the recent disappointment, or to take in leisurely the contents of the letter, whereby a great difference becomes apparent between the effect produced upon me by a letter and by a conversation. How often have I not gone to work immediately after deeply interesting conversations with you, during which we have been most conscious of our mutual affection, and yet the work has proceeded pleasantly and satisfactorily—merely the time occupied by the walk home I devoted to the pure enjoyment and thorough diffusion through my soul of the beautiful thoughts and feelings, which we had conjured up and contemplated together. After the receipt of a letter, even of the most delightful letter, imagination and aspiration require more time for the exercise of their functions.

Two letters I received unexpectedly to-day instead of yours. The one might have been very disagreeable, but did not in the least affect me. In it, M—— announces that last month the *Erlangen Literary Journal* ceased to exist. It is quite in accordance with the laws of necessity that publications which are deficient in vigour, though not failing in good intentions, must perish, while others which, in spite of their bad tendencies, are conducted with a certain amount of ability and skill, flourish, and deserve to do so. My regret at our failure in regard to the annals is painfully revived on this occasion. I am convinced the office of critic could not have been intrusted to better hands than Wilhelm's and mine, and sooner or later something of the kind must be started. . . . . According to M——'s letter there must be a review of my sermons in the last number for June. Do take courage and give a report of it when you have an opportunity.

The second, most welcome, letter was from Spalding,* who has, in the most friendly manner, anticipated my writing to him. We had made no verbal agreement to write to each other, but it seemed a matter of course that we should do so, and I have several times been in the act of taking up the pen to address him. On this occasion, as whenever anything agreeable happens to me, my first wish was that you were with me (for if I had been with you, I should not have received the letter) to participate in my joy at the noble and amiable sentiments of this worthy man, and at his hearty affection for me; and also in the pleasant mental stimulation which a correspondence with him cannot fail to produce. He also is of the number of those of whom I have spoken too little to you; but you know my weak side. At present I cannot give you a better sketch of his character than by transcribing a few lines from his letter. I have so often applied the term *noble* to Spalding: tell me whether, after this specimen, you do not think that it has been properly applied:—

"In wishing to discuss with you in writing many a subject which either did or did not occur in the verbal communications between us, that have now been interrupted, I give you a decided proof of my confidence. Not because I may, perhaps, express disapprobation of many things that you have spoken or written; for having the courage to do this in your case, I do not take very great credit to myself: but in showing myself to you in all my weakness, with all my prejudices, in all my poverty of acumen and philosophical knowledge, I shall be doing you true homage, and a homage which I consider your due. Only to one whom I look upon as thoroughly good could I do this."

The favourable opinion expressed in the last words of this passage will, I hope, prove lasting, or will at least only be momentarily suspended; of losing it, I think, I no longer run any risk.

Most likely many philosophical and philological subjects

* Professor Spalding, son of the Dean, and brother-in-law of Bishop Sack.

will be discussed in our correspondence, but in such a way as also to afford the heart some nourishment. Dohna and Henrietta Herz were much pleased at the friendly relations existing between Spalding and myself, and often watched with a certain anxiety the height of the barometer in regard to them. It was, however, in a great measure, worldly considerations that made them do this; they desired for me the support of a man whose personal and literary worth the whole world appreciates. This often made me smile. You know how little I value such things. But, that a man of such principles—who is capable of thoroughly despising intellect when not combined with character, and who, on the other hand, does not always penetrate into the inner depths of man—has conceived love and esteem for me, is a gratifying proof to me that my moral worth is not so hidden and difficult to discover as I imagine.

[CLXII.] 29*th July*, 1802.

I read every day, if only for half an hour, something beautiful and interesting. At present I am engaged on *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*. You ought really to possess this book; and as soon as Reimer has returned from his native land, he shall send you a copy. This book treats not only of love and mysticism — these points in Hardenberg I knew beforehand—but gives evidence of the fulness of knowledge that underlies all that he has written, of that respect for knowledge which is so rare in persons of his stamp, and of the immediate application of the same to the highest objects, to attain a conception of the world and of the Godhead! In addition to everthing else, Hardenberg would, most certainly, have become a very great artist, had he been allowed to remain longer with us. But this could hardly be desired; not only his melancholy fate, but his entire nature, pointed him out as a tragical personage, as one doomed to die. And even his fate seems to me to have been connected with his nature. I do not think that he had made a right choice in his beloved, or rather that he had found the right one;

indeed, I am almost convinced that she would not have been enough to him, had she remained to him. Do you not think that we may conclude this from his Mathilda? Does it not appear to you that, in comparison with the rest of the book, she is not sufficiently highly endowed, and fails to satisfy the mind? And would he not have depicted a very different woman, had his heart been filled with the image of a richer womanly nature? At least I console myself with this thought, but it is difficult to say anything decided on the subject, as the whole is, unfortunately, not extant.

[CLXIII.] *7th August*, 1802.

I often rejoice at the thought, dear friend, that your good mother may now be with you, though at other times I think that it can hardly be the case as yet. But it is the most agreeable picture which I can form to myself of your condition, and, therefore, I cling to it. How tenderly you will nurse the worthy old lady, and what fresh life and blossoms the filial love, which is so deeply rooted in your heart, will put forth! Ah! there are few things in the world more beautiful than this; indeed, I know none, for is not this an essential part of every other thing that is beautiful and noble? You know how long I have been an orphan, yet hardly a day passes by that I do not think of my father, in particular, with love. It is true I lived more with my mother, but I lost her early; him, on the contrary, I knew at least at the commencement of my maturer life. An unhappy misunderstanding had estranged his heart from me for several years. He believed me to be on the road to perdition, and thought me conceited and puffed up, while I was simply following out my deepest convictions, without carrying my thoughts one step farther, and without wishing or hoping for anything. I suffered much in consequence. I thought of what a beautiful relation there might have been between us, and that it was not! and yet without any fault on my side. I was touched by his tender, anxious love, which, in spite of the sorrow I caused him, was never withdrawn from me. But you know how I am; I

never took any decided steps to draw him nearer to me, but went on my quiet way, fearing that explanations on my side might only produce a contrary effect on him. Gradually, however, his understanding and his judgment took counsel of his heart; but hardly did I hold in my hands incontestible proofs that he was again entirely mine, when he was taken from me. Had but the happiness been vouchsafed to me to sweeten his last moments, to close his eyes with filial hand! most willingly would I have borne the impaired health which might have been the consequence, as in your case. Oh! dear friend, enjoy with melancholy but calm consciousness, and undisturbed by any considerations that might possibly deter you, the last great banquet, perhaps, that your filial heart has prepared for itself; and the moments which you devote to me, during the presence of your mother—and it must only be when she is reposing—will be doubly sacred to me should they bear the impress and traces of your mournful feelings.

* * * * *

You will, I hope, believe that, notwithstanding this chance at Königsberg, and quite independently of the improbability that anything favourable to me will come out of it, I have never yet felt the very least regret at having come hither; nor has my doing so given rise to any bitterness of feeling whatsoever. How could I wish that I had acted differently, when I am conscious of having acted rightly and prudently? And to wish that circumstances had occurred otherwise than they did, is a kind of folly to which, as regards my own affairs at least, I am little given. I have no doubt that on this subject also we think alike, and therefore I shall not dwell further upon it. Even the next vacancy there I look forward to with great patience; I am persuaded that, should I be proposed and chosen for the place, it will be more as a matter of favour than from any belief in my merits; and in all civil relations—and, unhappily, the clerical profession belongs to these—I prefer an inferior benefit bestowed by my regular superiors, to a far greater one obtained through private favour.

And, therefore, I trust God will be with me; and the longer I am here the more pleased I feel.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CLXIV.] *Stolpe, 10th August*, 1802.

I am looking forward with fear and trembling to the news about *Plato*, which I am to receive from Fromman; for if Schlegel again plays him false, and he gives up *Plato* in consequence, then farewell to my delightful project of paying a part of my debt, at least this year, and I shall be badly off indeed. For though I will in that case stir heaven and earth to find for myself alone a publisher for *Plato*, even under the most favourable circumstances at least half a year will be lost. It would be unpardonable in Friedrich, but I almost expect it. From himself I have, as yet, heard nothing, but hope soon to learn something about him through you and Mrs. Veit. I have been pretty industrious. To-morrow I shall complete the first rough translation of the Sophists, one of the richest in thought of the *Dialogues*, in which I have only found two very difficult and garbled pages that I cannot quite comprehend; but when I have conquered the difficulties of these passages, I believe I shall be able to make this dialogue also as clear as anything of the kind can be made. Indeed, I am daily learning to understand Plato better, so that, at last, no one will find it easy to equal me herein. The prophetic quality in man, and the fact that the best that is in him originates in vague presentiments, has become clearer to me than ever through my experience in regard to Plato. So little did I understand him upon the whole, when I first read his works at the universities, that the meaning merely floated before me like a misty vapour; and yet how I loved and admired him even then! while, with respect to Kant, whom I studied at the time with equal energy and success, I had the same impression of incompleteness, of confusion, of short-coming as regards the understanding of himself and others, as I have now after the most mature acquaintance with his writings.

Schleiermacher to Eleanore G——.

[CLXV.] *12th August*, 1802.

I am going to Rügenwalde; on Monday, on my way back, I shall perform divine service in S——, and on the evening of the same day shall be here again. The first thing which will give me joy on my return will be your letter; the second, my little boarder. That I am friendly inclined towards him, you may be assured; it is so natural to me to be so, that I am persuaded that I could not feel otherwise towards any child whom I had to deal with, either alone, or in common with a friend. When I was a tutor I did not, it is true, always feel thus, but this was mostly owing to circumstances, and when not so, my apparent want of friendliness may have been the effect of shyness. I could do the children but little good; their little joys did not depend upon me; but, in regard to their lessons, I alone bore the burden of the labour of counteracting their negligence, their disorder, and their deep-rooted tendency to superficiality. It was a difficult task; and, at length, it came to an open rupture between the parents and myself on this point. For the rest you are right when you say that men generally leave heaven empty, or, rather, the imagination, whence love and heaven are to proceed. Men are always busy with the understanding, and, worst of all, with that understanding which is directed towards the social relations in which alone they live, and move, and have their being; and even the morality which they endeavour to inculcate has only reference to these. It is therefore I have such a disgust for their educational books and their educational undertakings. I have once already poured out my heart on this subject; and, most likely, I shall do so again! Two years ago I promised Eichmann's Franz, half in joke, to write a child's book for him; who knows if I may not one day do so in earnest? In the meanwhile I am curious to see Schwarz's *System of Education*, although I shall now no longer be able to review it in the *Erlangen Journal*. When you find time

you might get it from K——; I should like to know what you think of it.

. . . . What you say about *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* I have perfectly understood, and not only with my head, but also with my heart and imagination. You have in this instance, as on so many other occasions, expressed a great truth in a few words, and a truth about which, I am sure, not a syllable is said in B——'s *Art of Reading*, though this is a work in many volumes. It is, indeed, a miserable thing when a book is merely taken in by the understanding, in which case, generally speaking, there is not much to be said either about the reader or about the book. He, however, who is endowed with the greater gift of understanding through the imagination, may easily acquire or do without the lesser capacity, as best may suit him. This power of judging through the imagination women possess in a pre-eminent degree, more especially because they enjoy so much repose; and if it could possibly be justifiable to exclude them from assuming a position of their own in respect to science proper and to the business of society, it could only be because active life extinguishes the imagination, and because the less they know, properly speaking, the more clearly apparent it becomes *how* they might know everything. It would be a master stroke, if you could teach M—— to understand the *Monologues* with his imagination, which comprises the heart.

[CLXVI.] 19*th August*, 1802.

Certainly, dear friend, you do a kind and generous deed when you write to me. You may with confidence count it among your good works, and I trust also among your works of joy and pleasant recreation. For you cannot but feel joy at the gratification you afford me; and what recreation can be more delightful than the close, tranquil self-contemplation, the unconstrained play of the deepest feelings, to which you give yourself up, when writing to me? You are right when you say that to us has been vouchsafed every blessing that the children of the Almighty can expect; for even while

so painfully separated, does not the bond between us ensure to us everything that is good and beautiful? At present I quite rejoice in my taciturn nature. While I am reading your letters, it is as if I were by your side; for what more did I do in general but listen to you in silence, and feast upon my inward joy in you? The same I do now, and even in your tears, the traces of which do not escape me, I exult. I see how, great and pure like the feeling from which they spring, they glitter in your eyes, and then suddenly roll majestically down your cheeks. Give yourself up to the full enjoyment of the varied feelings which are at present stirring in you; the present juncture in your life is like a transitional passage in a great musical composition, during which an unskilled ear hears only discordant tones, but which is nevertheless full of harmony, and a harmony which cannot fail to re-echo in the ears of those who have caught all the tones, while even those who are not able to do this, would no doubt, if the sense of music be not entirely denied them, feel gratified by each single chord, were you to repeat them consecutively in your sweet resigned manner. You will not, therefore, I am sure, allow yourself to be too much troubled, but calmly, though sorrowfully, you will wait to see which string of your heart will be most violently jarred in the nearest future.

Be not astonished that your good mother clings so strongly to life. Why should she not? She is independent, she has reason to be satisfied with her children, and is happy in their love. To *despise* life, is either enormous pride or revolting levity; to be indifferent to life is only permitted to him who feels that his inner being is a ripe fruit, and who enjoys himself as such, or to him whose real life is already destroyed, and to whom, therefore, death is no more than an outward formality; but to be able *to detach ourselves* from life in spite of nature's clinging to it, *that* is the highest triumph of faith and religion. Often the last radiant moment is called rapidly into being, even in souls wherein the eternal Light has not always shone with bright effulgence. *You* will discover it, when it comes to your mother, even should others overlook the fleeting phe-

nomenon. But I think that your melancholy foreboding is as yet unfounded.

From Henrietta Herz I have already had two letters; but she had, in reality, long arrears to make up. She thinks that I ought to feel like a king here, free and rich—in short, like the Stoic sage, and even better; and on mature consideration, I cannot say that she is wrong. I flatter myself that I possess riches of which no mention is made in the declamations of the Stoics; and if you are now to be hailed as a prophetess, I ought to rejoice in the emptiness and barrenness that surrounds me, as it leaves me freer scope for my lovely phantasies. If Providence will but allow me a continuance of the post-days, which nourish and refresh me, and will secure to me a tolerable state of health in respect of my eyes, with which I am by no means satisfied, the winter—which I will look upon as an *intermezzo* between the last generation of this year's roses and the first generation of next year's—shall not pass by without bearing fruits for me. For if I were called upon to utter paradoxes regarding the sages, the first should be one which the Stoics have forgotten, viz. that sages are the only persons who ever do anything.

Do give me categorical orders as to when I am really to begin to write the criticism on ethics; but you must fix a term that will allow of my previously reading a good deal, as, for instance, after my return from Marienfeld, whither I intend going on the 24th September. I must absolutely make some such arrangement, or else the undertaking will be ever longer deferred; for you must allow that I obey orders!

Do you know that Friedrich once regularly sold an idea to his brother Wilhelm, and that for a flannel night-jacket? If you feel inclined to make a similar barter, pray do send me all your luminous thoughts, as you call them: about the price we will not disagree, for I shall not haggle. One thing only you must not ask, and that is, that I shall make something out of them.

You know that I determined long ago that my reward, after catechizing, should be to write to you, and to-day more espe-

cially, I will not allow the reward to escape me, as I have been more than usually satisfied with my catechization, although otherwise I have not felt much of the heat and burden of the day, but have been mostly occupied with trifles. I often wish that you could be present during the catechization, for I believe I might learn much from your remarks. In spite of the original plan of our—thank God, not Heidelberg, but only Herringian—catechism, which I am bound to follow, I have made a plan of my own, with which I am very much pleased; yet, in carrying it out, I am afraid I allow myself a little too much licence in regard to those things that interest me most. However, I am always willing to turn off again when I find that I have got into a region in which the little ones cannot follow me. As a general rule, I think Plato undoubtedly the best teacher of the art of catechization; in particular instances a woman would be so, for women are ever our best teachers in cases requiring presence of mind and quick judgment.

My essay in education is going on pretty well; every day I enlarge the sphere of my operations, and shall soon have extended my care to the whole of the little man's being. To my delight, he is already growing a little less shy and a little more polite. You know what I understand by this latter word, when I use it in a eulogistic sense, and that it only excludes uncouth bearishness, not anything truly human. Much feeling I do not as yet discover in him, for his attachment to me is only the consciousness of dependence and increased well-being. But I do not think much of the want of feeling in children, and rather value in them understanding and self-will. Have we ever conversed on this subject? I believe that my opinion on this head is intimately connected with my conviction that true feeling is the highest attribute of man; for, according to my views, it is nothing else but the constant and, as it were, omnipresent activity of certain ideas. Now of such feeling children are incapable, and that which in them is called feeling is only utterances of instinct, whereby, however, they themselves, as well as others, are led

erroneously to believe that they possess real feeling. Understanding and self-will, on the contrary, are, in my eyes, forerunners of reason and self-dependence, and with the growth of imagination we may then hope that feeling also will come, if care be taken that the imagination be not crushed.

Tell me whether you had much feeling as a child? It would surprise me if it were so, and I should then have further reason to admire you for having so successfully mastered the false feeling! As regards myself, I can answer in the negative; the first element that developed itself spontaneously in me was the religious: I can still remember its first movements in me during a walk with my father. He never allowed me to lose sight of it again after it had developed itself; and it was therefore no wonder that he misunderstood me when I withdrew from a society to which he was greatly attached, and in which he had placed me in accordance with my own wishes, and with great hopes of saving me from the united power of the world and of those sceptical tendencies in me which did not escape his observation. He attributed to the inspirations of a vain-glorious heart, and to an impious desire to throw myself into the abyss of scepticism, that which was only the effect of my sense of truth, without any desire for, or repugnance towards, whatever might be the result. Far from loving the vanities of the world, I feared them; and had I known of any other retreat like the Herrnhut establishments to which I could fly from them, I would have fled thither in preference. In like manner, I lived at the university like a true Herrnhuter, without taking any heed of what my fate might be; and had it not been for my uncle, I believe literally, that I should never have thought of presenting myself for examination, in order to establish some claim upon an appointment.

I have now given you a regular fragment of my life, and not an insignificant one; and it has led me to begin this new leaf, which I meant to have cut off; but as it is begun, I must chat

a little longer with you. First of all, let me give you a testimonial, or, rather, a sketch of my character, while I was at the university, which somebody, I no longer recollect whom, gave to my father. He communicated it to me afterwards, and even at the present moment I cannot conceive who it can have been who knew me so well then, when I hardly associated with any one. I was, he said, negligent in my person; had entirely the manners of one whose eye is turned inwardly; was cynical in my whole mode of life; very frugal when alone, but when in society, and to please my friends, capable of sacrificing even my most urgent necessities; industrious, but only by starts, and at all times a very unsteady attendant at the professorial lectures, which I seemed to despise; for the rest, seeking concealment, but when thrown into the society of the rich and high-born, behaving as if I were both in a still higher degree; cold and proud towards all who held a higher position than myself, but more especially so to my teachers and superiors.

Do you recognize me in this picture? Some strange features there may very likely be in it, as in all portraits, because the painter looks at everything from the same point of view; but there is also much resemblance, only you must remember that at that period much that it now awakened in me was still sunk in profound sleep. I had already very correct tact in regard to all that is false, mean, incomplete, and wrong; but the right I had not yet discovered. Of art and women I had then no knowledge whatsoever. My regard for the latter was awakened during my sojourn in the domestic circle in Prussia. This merit, in regard to me, Friederike has taken with her into eternity, and it will, I hope, not prove the least beneficent work of her noble existence; for it is through the knowledge of the feminine heart and mind that I have learnt to know what real human worth is.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CLXVII.] *Stolpe, 20th August,* 1802.

As regards my riches, my dearly beloved Jette, you are quite right. Be assured I keep a strict account of them, but you can hardly picture to yourself my joy at every increase with which—thanks be to Heaven—I have been particularly blessed since my exile. Only think of Reimer, of your growing intimacy with Eleanore, of Lotte's affection for her, and of the pleasant commencement she has made towards entering my whole circle. Do you believe that I do not feel all this? and that it does not make me happy? Nay, I am not such a miserable wight as that; on the contrary, I often say to myself that there are probably few persons happier than I. But may not the richest man at times feel a momentary want, when he has just put his *all* out on interest? Now this is exactly my case, and there is no money to be had here, however high a rate of discount I may offer. There is no one who can help me but yourselves, and that by sending me very frequent remittances. Since your return I have, indeed, every reason to praise you in this respect. But I cannot understand your surprise at that which has not only been known to you so long, but which is moreover deeply grounded in my innermost nature. For can you deny that it is in my nature not to have any independent existence? that all my activity is but the product of communion? and that the former is, therefore, always in proportion to the latter? It is of the greatest importance in regard to whatever I may have to do, that I should be strongly affected, and your letters, therefore, not only promote my being, but also my doing: yes, it is upon them alone that I depend, and without them the consciousness of my riches will neither suffice to stimulate me to action nor to work.

[CLXVIII.] *Tuesday, 24th August.*

If you have the same degree of heat as we have here, I do not know what is to become of you. When you are com-

plaining *in duo*, imagine me as adding a third voice; and in return, while refreshing myself in the water, I will think of you with pity. Never since I left Barby have I so thoroughly enjoyed bathing. I do not mean so much in the sense of physical well-being, as in regard to the play of ideas—which no bathing-tub and no bathing-house, but only nature can call forth—the organic environments, the mass of the element, which here is not indeed great, but which makes up in energy for what is wanting in expanse, and then the clear blue sky overhead. All this gives you a strong republican view of the relations of man to the other phenomena of nature; and besides this, there is something majestic in the feeling of your being in the water, whether one looks at it from the historical or the transcendental point of view, which is rendered particularly vivid when I reflect that the water that is playing round my limbs will, in a few hours, be in the sea. In the sea itself I should, therefore, experience the feeling in a still higher degree; and I am greatly inclined to make a journey one day to Stolpemünde, merely for the sake of trying a bath in the ocean. Of all modes of committing suicide, that of throwing oneself into the water is the most poetic, but it must not be into a little pool, but into the sea, or a large river; and the man who intends to drown himself must not resist when he is once in, for that is pitiful. . . . .

Only think, I have had the courage to ask Fromman if, in case Schlegel should play him false, and his present engagement with us should in consequence become void, he would venture upon Plato with me alone. Should he agree, fancy what a load of work I shall have to do between this and Easter, should Schlegel really prove faithless. Nevertheless, I am quite determined, if Fromman refuses, to look out for another publisher, for I cannot possibly give up Plato now, after having spent so much labour upon it. To my great consolation I feel that I am getting into excellent working trim. For some time I have been sleeping like a badger, but now I require only a few hours' sleep—you know how variable I am herein—and am nevertheless well disposed the whole day

through, if I vary my occupations and do not give too much time to each. In philology I am making constant progress; and who knows, supposing that I can command the money required for the necessary auxiliary means, whether I may not in time, while merely seeking recreation, work myself up to be one of the best Greek scholars in Germany? You see that from all sides I take a bright view of the future, and I believe that, if I live, I shall prove myself to have been a good prophet.

Schleiermacher to Eleanore G——.

[CLXIX.] *26th August*, 1802, *Evening.*

In fact, my dear friend, I do not deserve the pleasure of writing to you after a day in a great measure wasted. I did, indeed, sit down to work again after tea, in order in some degree to get rid of this feeling of unworthiness, but it remains nevertheless, and I therefore humble myself before you, as in truth I often do, when I think how at this very time you are combining the execution of all the most troublesome business of every-day life with the active performance of the most sacred duty, and how I invariably fail in all these little matters. You will smile when I give you an account of my proceedings, whereas our friend Jette would feel vexed. In the forenoon I did, indeed, work for some hours, though with little success, partly because I had been disappointed in my hopes of receiving several letters (in which case I generally waste the more time in reading the papers very minutely), partly also because I knew what was before me. The fact is this, the court-preacher's widow having been here again for a few days, and having now entirely vacated the house, I determined to remove from the upper story down to the lower, and this great affair was to come off to-day. The people came in proper time, as ordered, to take the great writing-bureau to pieces and to transport it downstairs. To rest myself after the heavy work of putting in the drawers and setting all the papers to rights again, I made myself very

comfortable for a couple of hours with Hippel's *Biography*,* which Pastor H—— has lent me, and also in looking through Schwarz's *Educational System*, which had just arrived. Not until evening could I make up my mind to proceed to the great work of removing the books. With the help of the old housekeeper, the books were unpacked, and we were in the act of transporting the book-case downstairs, when we were suddenly brought to a standstill, the thing refusing obstinately to go down the last flight of stairs, and my mathematical knowledge being insufficient to enable me to discover any direction in which I might force it so to do. I was ashamed to send again for the carpenter—because he would, of course, think that if I had had the sense to unpack the books before he came, he might have done this piece of work at the same time as the others; although when he comes to-morrow he will probably

* Hippel, whose works are ranked among the best humorous productions in German literature, was the son of the master of a grammar-school in East Prussia; but his ambition having, by circumstances, been turned early towards the attainment of worldly distinction, and having been further stimulated by his love for a lady superior to himself in rank and riches, he devoted his remarkable capacities with such energy towards the attainment of wealth and honours, that he succeeded, within a surprisingly short time, in placing himself on a level with the object of his devotion, whom he then renounced, having become so enamoured of the game of ambition that he feared to debar himself from further success by trammelling himself with the chains of matrimony. Having gained great reputation as a barrister, and with this a very handsome income, he eventually entered the service of the State, and ended his days as burgomaster and director of the police in Königsberg, posts of considerable dignity, to which were added the title of Councillor of War and President of the City, and the little word *von* before his name, the Emperor having elevated him into the class of nobles; and he left a fortune of 140,000 dollars. His character is described as an extraordinary mixture of the most heterogeneous and contradictory qualities; and we are inclined to place faith in his inconsistency when we see that the principal works of this man, who sacrificed love to ambition, and remained a bachelor to the end of his days, are entitled, *On Matrimony, On the Amelioration of the Social Condition of Women*, and *On Female Culture*.—TRANS.

not think me a bit more sensible: and in the meantime the wooden monster is lodged on the stairs, and the books are strewn about the floor, some upstairs and some downstairs, and to-morrow the whole thing must be begun over again. But I fear nothing so much as the opinion of the carpenter. I have laughed most heartily at myself, and pictured to myself very vividly how Jette would have scolded, and how she would at once have pointed out how I ought to have set about the matter. It is strange enough, but I enjoy a laugh at my own awkwardness on such occasions, just as much as I would were it any one else.

Hippel's *Biography*—which, in fact, I have not either deserved to read to-day—has interested me very much, although my unacquaintance with the *Lebensläufe** has prevented the whole from making as distinct an impression as it might. I have a great deal to say to you on the subject of this book, but I will reserve it for a future occasion. One thing I must mention directly, viz., the allusions made in the appendix to the strange mixture in his character, his artfulness and other defects—accusations which seem to be partly based on testimony derived from his own papers and from the lips of his friends, and partly on facts. That there must have been something wrong, I always concluded; more especially from his observation that where entire sincerity prevailed, even the best friends could not help despising each other; and I have often speculated upon what the evil in him might be. That which I stumbled upon accidentally, I now find to have been correct. But besides this, I have found a great deal which has in another way made me sad: I mean all that is said about his avarice, his domineering spirit, and his reserve, bordering upon falseness; for this shows me distinctly how even such distinguished persons as his friends could misunderstand and misrepresent him. These vices Hippel cannot possibly have possessed in the sense which they attach to the words, and I am certain that if I were in possession of all

* The title of one of Hippel's works.

the facts which are supposed to prove these defects, I should be able to bring them into greater concord, and to explain them differently. Ah! dear friend, even in regard to that shadow of himself, the judgment that is formed of him by others—the conception of his character that remains after he is gone—a man fares ill if he has not been loved in the true sense of the word, or if he has not formed, what is I think far more rare, a perfect friendship. "Love is blind," such is the common saying, and of course the dictum is consented to. But on the contrary, is it not love alone that is clear-sighted, that is truthful? What more I have to say I will say to myself, and wish you a good night, and also your mother. To-morrow I am to catechize, and I want to think of this while preparing for sleep, in order that I may render myself the more worthy of writing to you afterwards.

[CLXX.] *Saturday, 28th August.*

I am now regularly installed downstairs, and thus somewhat nearer to a permanent and desirable state of existence, though as yet all my arrangements are provisional. My books occupy the only place in the room in which I could put a small writing-table, the want of which I feel more and more every day, and at which, my imagination foretells, will be penned the most delightful things that I shall write from here. The windows are still curtainless, because I have not got the brackets to nail them to, and the *ameublement* looks as yet rather meagre. Thus, even in these matters, I retain the feeling of imperfection and of yearning after the more perfect, which my heart so highly prizes. But I will not give myself up to this feeling at present, but rather refer to various matters in your last letter.

Is it possible that you can believe in earnest that I could take anything amiss that you do or say? And can you doubt that even in writing I have borne in mind what you have said and written to me, namely, that in fact I was always (as a tribute to truth, we ought not to omit *almost*) right?

Such a dictum is too gratifying to me to allow of my ever forgetting it, and I was quite aware of how applicable it was in the case in question. . . . .

From Friedrich I have heard nothing directly, and indirectly through Jette you will probably hear of him before I shall. With reference to our common work, I look forward to the first accounts from him with fear and trembling, but as regards himself personally, with great pleasure. Whatever he may think of France, he will there—supposing that his pecuniary means be not too limited—live in perfect quiet, and enjoy the feeling of undisturbed possession; and the character of the nation, as well as the treasures of art that are heaped up there, will stimulate him in a thousand ways. An abundance of thoughts will be called into being; but whether any works will be the result, and if so, when they will appear, time alone can show. In my own future productions I gain every day more and more faith, and I also shall spend the winter very quietly and very industriously. The critical inquiry into all existing systems of ethics shall be produced, and my sweetest recreation shall be long and delightful letters to friends, more especially to you. I enjoy it already in advance; and when I compare these letters in my mind with those which you received from Potsdam, while I was engaged in writing the *Discourses on Religion*, I see that both together will afford an excellent survey of a very remarkable period of my life.

[CLXXI.] *3rd September*, 1802.

. . . . . You exercise your dominion in a way quite peculiar to yourself. It is the way most natural to you, and, therefore, no doubt, the best, at least as regards me. Jette has undoubtedly also been very useful to me, and is so still; but so immediately and so decisively as you she cannot act upon me; and what makes your triumph the more perfect is, that the difference between you as regards this matter lies entirely in your character and in your manner. . . . . For Heaven's sake, dear friend, take care that you be not

served in regard to mirthfulness as I have been in regard to cleverness. I was often provoked to find that people saw in me cleverness, satire, and God knows what, rather than that goodness which I felt and was conscious of possessing, and that even my female friends often called me the "clever Schleier." Now that I have at last prevailed in making the good that is in me acknowledged, it fares so badly with my cleverness that, although I am not conscious of any particular change having taken place in me, I am called stupid by half the world, *i. e.*, half *my* world. There is, indeed, a certain degree of similarity between our two cases, for that which was called cleverness in me was not always in reality that which it was taken for, and the like is not unfrequently the case in regard to your supposed mirthfulness.

But to return to your dominion and your commands, from which I started. Help me on, the latter will no doubt; and your curiosity ought in equal degree to help on the *Critical Inquiry*, if I could but allow you to persevere in it. But I am afraid I must advise you to keep it for the Ethics themselves, for in the *Critical Inquiry* you will only find detached indications of what you are seeking; because, as I do not mean to preface the *Inquiry* with a statement of my own principles of morality, I cannot attack the prevailing systems on account of what I consider their immorality, but must do so on account of their scientific incompleteness and worthlessness; and, in so doing, I can only let my own principles shine through dimly and obliquely as it were. Lazy I am not, in fact, and I grow daily more attached to my work. But you can have no idea of how slowly my reading proceeds when it is to be got through for a critical purpose. In part, this defect arises out of a want of confidence in myself, which I ought gradually to have conquered by this time; in part, it is also the result of habit, but of habit of such long standing that I can hardly at present distinguish it from that which is inherent in my nature. You would scarcely believe how far this goes; but, to give you an example, only fancy that to understand a dialogue in Plato—as I wish to understand it,

and taking for granted that all linguistic difficulties have been overcome—costs me more than double the time that it takes me afterwards to translate it and put it into perfect form. And yet Plato is undeniably the writer whom of all others I know best, and with whom I have almost grown into one.

Now consider all that I shall be obliged to read for the purpose of the *Critical Inquiry*, and that it will be the more difficult to understand the more confused and the more defective it is; that almost all of it will be disgusting to me because of its unsoundness, and doubly so because of the esteem in which it is held by the world; consider further, that all the works of antiquity which I shall be obliged to read for the purpose will, at the same time, constitute a philological study, in pursuing which I shall not be able to resist the temptation of devoting many a half-hour, perhaps in vain, to clearing up some garbled passage. At present I am suffering more especially from Kant, who becomes more troublesome the longer I occupy myself with him. When I have got happily through him, then I shall come to Fichte and Spinoza, which will be quite a recreation. In the latter I shall, at least, find inward life, and in the former a certain outward perfectness, which prevents his readers from being thoroughly wearied. Hitherto, the Stoics have been my worst plagues, but now I know exactly what poor creatures they were.

It will cost me a great deal of trouble, I know, to make that gentleness prevail through my book which ought ever to be the companion of thoroughgoing and strict criticism. But I will think much of you; that will help me more than anything else; and, secondly, I will allow myself the prospect of giving vent to my anger in the *Dialogues*, where I can do it without bitterness, in the light and pleasant play of ideas that characterizes the Platonic irony. If I only reach half way to the ideal that floats before my imagination, these *Dialogues* shall, for the world also, be the best that I have ever produced.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CLXXII.] *Stolpe, 6th September*, 1802.

According to the newest regulations, it is to-day your birthday, dear Jette, and I am going to celebrate it in solitude during the quiet evening hours, by drinking Russian tea and devoting to you many good and faithful thoughts. This is the first anniversary of the day since our separation; how many more will there be? How long will this separation last? how will it end? And of all our delightful projects, how many will succeed in the distant future? But of the Future I will not think; this silent, veiled personage shall not force herself in between us, for she always makes such a strange impression on one, so that one cannot help growing silent like herself. Let us neither think of time nor space, but merely of each other and of what is dearest to us both. Our inward and true life will and must ever develop itself more beautifully to greater perfection. Yes: let us confess with pride and joy, that there are not many such united circles of love and friendship as ours, which has been brought together in such a wonderful way from almost all the extremities of the moral world. All who belong to it are at this moment present to my soul. May they all draw closer and closer around you, each in his own way and with such gifts of mind and heart as he may possess.

To-day I have made considerable progress in the *Critical Inquiry*. I have sketched the entire plan and made a separate cahier for each division, into which I shall gradually introduce the materials I have collected; by this means they will attain a certain shape, and, in future, when reading and collecting, I shall be able to give more attention to the place to be assigned to each passage or thought, and thus the whole will be much facilitated. But I have still to read Kant's *Tugendlehre* and Fichte's *Sittenlehre*, and a good deal of Plato, and the half of Spinoza; and that is something. Besides this, I ought, in fact, to feel myself in duty bound to read Helvetius's two works, if I only knew where to get them.

I have written to Dantzic on the subject, but I fear to no avail. Could you, perhaps, procure me the loan of them for a few weeks? For the rest, the *Critical Inquiry* will be a very good book, and so artfully got up, that no one, not even such a critical genius as Friedrich, shall be able to guess from it what my own system of ethics is, and consequently, when the latter appears, it will be quite new to people. God give his blessing to the completion!

With fear and trembling I am expecting every post-day a letter from Fromman. If Friedrich has not sent any "copy," or, rather, has not sent it all, then, to my great grief, it is all over with our common translation of Plato. Should Fromman next refuse to accede to my proposal, I shall be sorrowful indeed. Should he agree, I shudder at the thought of the work with which I shall be overwhelmed, and that during this winter, when I ought to spend so much time on my solitary friend. If, under these circumstances, I do not learn to perform wonders, I shall never learn it. The art of making time do, is, after all, a great art; nay, I might almost say, the most important one in this world next after the art of loving, for upon this depend all others.

Schleiermacher to Eleanore G——.

[CLXXIII.] *Friday, 10th September*, 1802.

. . . . I knew that my few cursory observations on Hippel would suffice to suggest a great many thoughts to you; for was it not often, nay, I might almost say, generally, the case when we were conversing with each other, that I had only to strike the first note? Our mode of viewing each person as a whole, and not judging his inner being from individual and external features, but, on the contrary, of explaining the latter by means of the former—of believing in the existence of dissonances in human nature, but not of incongruities; and not in total transformation, but only in development and improvement—this method is identical in us both, and is undoubtedly correct, as, indeed, our example

proves; for we understand ourselves, and also others, much better than most people do. Some traits in Hippel you have presented to me in a more perfect, I mean a more finished form, than I had pictured them to myself; and that so entirely in your own peculiar manner, that I quite exult in my silence on the subject. Other traits you have made clearer to me, but on some points I feel inclined to contradict you, if for no other reason, at least for the purpose of contributing some gleanings of my own.

First of all, I do not quite understand why you attribute his wit to the restless and fluctuating emotions of his soul. Do you mean that this is generally so, or only in his case? Do you mean that wit, considered as a talent, is dependent on such a state of mind, or only that the expression of it is called forth by this state? In putting these professorial questions, I remind myself of the late Garve; and in order to render the resemblance perfect, I must tell you that I consider this view of the nature of wit as being in your case in the highest degree subjective. Indeed, wit is a peculiar thing, and not easy to define. The greatest difficulty, however, I think, lies in the term, which is made to bear such a fearful number of very different meanings.

Evening.

But is not wit the expression of a light heart and lively imagination? Satire may, indeed, spring from that inward disquietude to which you allude; but, as far as I know it, Hippel's wit was not bitter; and witty, as I understand it, I think he must have been from his childhood, previous to all inward restlessness. As regards his piety, you have unquestionably hit the truth, and how I love you for having done so! I understand you perfectly, although I always picture to myself Christian piety—as I have described it in the *Discourses*—as excitatory of pain. But it is the sweet pain of melancholy, so well calculated to soothe other pains. Surely, if there was any good in Saul's soul, it must have been an *adagio* that exorcised the evil. But why do you

think that piety and wit are seldom found in company? On the contrary, I have often found them united. Nowhere are playfulness and earnestness more intimately blended than in a pious soul; and is not such combination the greatest incitement to wit? I am vexed that I have not given utterance to this in the *Discourses*, though it was always floating before my mind, and in such lively colours that I cannot help thinking, indeed, that it must be expressed somewhere between the lines without my being conscious of it.

In unison with himself this extraordinary man certainly was not, and his friends seem not to have been of the kind that could help him to become so. But, indeed, this was a task that not friendship, but only love, could thoroughly have accomplished. Love alone, however late it might have come to him, could have had the power to heal the one great schism in his inner being; friendship could only have soothed the pains occasioned by it, and consoled him by pointing to the times and to destiny. Unless we consider the political misery as greater still, it seems to me that there is nothing in our day that affords so complete a subject for elegy, as the fact, that we have attained a point of civilization at which every better man, who does not learn to know true love at an early age, must inevitably, and against his will, either fall into the snares of his imagination or of his sensuality; and this melancholy "against his will," is all the advantage he has over the others. And yet he, who is at variance with himself in this way, is better off than he who allows himself to be deceived by a false appearance of love. But may it not be Hippel's own fault that, even at the last, love did not come to his rescue? For that first love, on his entrance into the world, was hardly of the right kind. May he not too soon have given up seeking for it? That you would have been very dear to him, had he known you, I have always told you; but I should like to know whether you could have felt love for him? Such questions are, in truth, foolish, yet they will arise in all minds from time to time. I

answer this one in the negative, though I can give no definite reason for so doing. You have declared me to be a *virtuoso* in friendship, and you may be right, for I do believe that I am this by the grace of God. But, would I have been a friend to Hippel? It is strange that you should think so, knowing his reserve, and my expectant and silent manner; yet I believe it might have been so. I know that I am able, when it is needed, to place my hand on another's heart; and I trust I should have been able to seize the favourable moment to call to him to pour his sorrows into my bosom, for I divined them and felt them all. In that case I might, indeed, have been a great deal to him—more, for instance, than I shall ever be to the good Friedrich.

Since I have touched upon Friedrich in my revision of my capacity for friendship, allow me to say something further about him, although I am doubtful whether I shall be able to make everything clear to you, as I do not exactly know what it is that you have not as yet understood. Jette, I know, raises objections on account of the great dissimilarity in our dispositions, of his rude and violent manner, of all those traits in him which shock and render him disagreeable in general society, of that levity of conduct which frequently borders upon dishonesty, and of the other defects which spring from the pride and arrogance of his heart. But all these are only outward appearances, which are, indeed, very different from the outward expressions of my character; but it does not follow that the inward divergence between us is proportionately great. I admit, however, that the latter also is considerable; but great similarity of character is by no means necessary for friendship. The centre of his whole being, of his activity and his aspirations, I have recognized as something exalted, rare, and, in the true sense of the word, beautiful. I see the natural connection between this and all that appears faulty, contradictory, and wrong in him, and which cannot be otherwise without a total and impossible change in his relations to the world; and because I understand the nature and origin of his faults better than other

people, I can also be more indulgent towards them. I cannot help loving the ideal that dwells in him, although I am very doubtful whether it will not be shivered to atoms, before he succeeds in embodying a harmonious presentment of it, either in his works or in his life. However, I see before me, in imagination, the great and truly sublime image of what he may be if he ever attain his true development. How could I, then, feel otherwise towards him than I do? How could I do otherwise than, as far as I am able, remove every obstacle out of his path, embrace all his plans with love and sympathy, afford him every assistance in my power, which he can accept, towards its accomplishment, and allow him sometimes, though very cautiously, to contemplate the completed image of himself which dwells in me. As regards myself, his existence alone is so beneficial to me, that it would never occur to me to wish to make any special use of him; and in how far I can and ought to open myself to him, must, in every case, be regulated by the effect likely to be produced. Early in our acquaintance already he had a vague conception of much that was in me, though my real nature he did not recognize until later. I know that, taken as a whole, he loves and honours it, but it would be quite contrary to his ways, were I to require him to give his attention to its various aspects. I feel quite convinced that he derived the wise and fine aphorism, that in friendship the most important thing is to know its limits, from his experience in regard to the connection between himself and me and from my bearing towards him; for it is in reference to this very point that the strength of my friendship for him has frequently been proved.

Does it appear to you that there is anything forced or purely imaginary in what I have been saying on this subject? Tell me whether I have cleared up all that was obscure to you, and try whether through your understanding of the subject you cannot be useful in helping our friend Jette to understand it. She seems to think that in reality you and she are of the same opinion; pray undeceive

her! When you say that you believe that Friedrich is one of my sorrows, you are right, but it is only on account of *his* sorrows and the dissonances in *him*. Jette and A——, on the contrary, seem at times to think that it is because I take too much upon myself, and suffer too much for the sake of the connection, and receive neither thanks nor reward in return. This is such a very worldly view of the matter that I feel it more easy to speak to you about it than to those who entertain it, and who ought not to entertain it. He who earnestly wishes for a thing must also be willing to accept everything necessarily connected with it. And let me ask you, what trifles must not those be, which can be combated and destroyed by mere inactivity? They could only be vexatious to me as indications that the world is far too partial, to admit of my fulfilling my vocation as mediator between it and Schlegel, otherwise than indirectly and, as it were, behind its back. But there are too many indications of this kind to allow of any special one making a particular impression. That Friedrich is prosperous would be very gratifying to me if I did but know what kind of prosperity he is enjoying. Jette writes me, that probably he will not stay long in Paris, and this is still more gratifying to me; it was a false tendency that led him thither, and his harebrained notions on this subject surpassed everything of the kind he ever took into his head. It is to be hoped that he will now again draw nearer to the German frontier. In regard to Plato, however, he will hardly do anything, and this will pain me very much, though I try to prepare myself for it. Every post-day I am in expectation of the Urias' letter from Fromman.

I have given Jette a full account of my labours, which you must make her repeat to you, should you see her before she starts for Lanke.

Saturday.

. . . . . The account you give of your own experience cannot be cited as an instance opposed to my idea.

That you had at a very early age a strong feeling of justice or injustice in regard to yourself is very natural. But the longing for a sympathizing heart can only have come later with increased and deeper self-consciousness. Happy for you that it was so early developed. But what I specially want to know is, whether you ever had a very strong instinctive love for your parents and your sisters and brothers? My theory and my experience concur in proving, that where this feeling exists in a high degree, a more elevated love is very rarely developed subsequently, but only a feeling of good-will without any special character. There may, however, be many exceptions to this rule, for if human beings have the power of conquering their lower instincts when they become conscious of them, why should they not also be able to conquer their higher ones and to supplant them by something higher still.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CLXXIV.] *Saturday, 11th September.*

I have written pretty fully to Eleanore about Schlegel, but I perceive from your letter that it is nevertheless necessary that I should make some further remarks on the subject. You refer to his conduct in regard to myself. This has not, indeed, according to our ideas, been very noble, but it is entirely in harmony with his nature; and why should the expression of his nature in regard to myself, lessen my affection for him more than the same expression towards others? If it were so, would it not prove that I was wanting in the first principles of justice in my judgment of men? Besides, in fact, he does not conduct himself differently towards me than towards himself—and can a friend ask for more? But that which most offends you in him is his want of sentimentality. But then, why should everybody be sentimental? Can you not conceive of a loveable soul in any other form? To tell the truth, this seems to me a strange term; and I wish you would once try to define exactly what you mean by it.

. . . .

Schleiermacher to E. Von Willich.

[CLXXV.] 15*th September*, 1802.

. . . . Sectarianism is not so hateful in my eyes as it is in yours; correctly understood, it is nothing more than an inevitable semblance. Do you not think that *we*, with our modes of thought, our manner of living, loving, and being, also appear to others like a sect? Yet we know that we are not, and thus it is in our case likewise only a semblance, which is inseparable from the indirect presentment of that which is peculiar yet common to us all. You will very likely answer, that what you detest is the *desire* in people to be, or to appear, a sect. But to desire such indirect presentment belongs to human nature, and is often the only means which renders a direct one possible. Even you yourself, were your entire activity in the world known, would appear to people tremendously sectarian; they would say you were an idealistic Herrnhuter, a missionary of the incorporeal Saviour, and of prevenient grace; and I should be pleased to hear them judge you thus, and I would tell them approvingly, that they had hit the truth, and that you were in reality what they supposed.

I have at present a little boy under my care; but no sooner shall we have learnt to get on together, than, in all probability, we shall be obliged to part again.

Farewell, dear Friend.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CLXXVI.] 16*th September*, 1802.

. . . . In addition to this I awoke this morning with a tremendous cold in my head, and was very drowsy, and, in spite of this, I commenced Fichte's *System of Ethics*, which, like a hedgehog, sticks out its bristles in all directions, and very cleverly covers all its own weak points. All this taken together has made me spend an intensely disagreeable day.

I have thought of you, and with how much indulgence you used to treat me when I came to you in such miserable plight; otherwise, none but stupid, perverse thoughts have come into my head, and I have been regularly good for nothing. I believe, in truth, that I should not even have been capable of a good deed, as it is called, though of many unworthy ones. Eventually, during the afternoon, I caught myself in the act of wishing that I could get up a party for a rubber. This enlightened me at once as to the degraded condition in which I was; it was the culminating point of my moral good-for-nothingness. I forced myself to think of you all, and I felt a little better. I tell you all this, because you speak so much of the sunshine in me, and that you may not another time forget the shadows. Ah, may I only not have many such days, while I am alone! To-day I must have no other motto than, "As the dog, so is man, a pitiful scrub."

In what way you can help me, I ought, in fact, not to say. You know, I suppose, Schiller's little moral-arithmetical apophthegm about the numeration of elevated souls? But perhaps the truth is, that you have doubts as to your being one yourself, and if so, you are wrong. Are you not as much an individual as any one else? Have you not formed for yourself a very particular mode of life? Do you not see united in yourself, in a peculiar manner, many qualities which elsewhere you see disconnected, or, at least, otherwise modified? Shall I, perhaps, enumerate some of these, such as your fidelity to your vocation, your lovingness, your passive taste for science, your social tact, your wonderful power of mimicry, which is the source of your linguistic acquirements as well as of your knowledge of human nature, your talent for everything practical, in the application of which you are so indefatigable? But why should I come to the assistance of your indolence? for indolent you are in this one point of self-contemplation, and for this very reason you ought to write.

Perhaps you are wrong in allowing L—— to have this advantage over you, that she loves me on account of my

preaching. Preaching is, in the present day, the only means of exercising personal influence over men in masses. In reality the influence is, indeed, but a small one, because but little is effected; but if the preacher takes and treats the matter as it ought to be, and not as it is, and there be but three or four who hear with the right ears, the effect must be good. I do wish I could properly hear myself preach; sometimes I can do so during a few minutes, and this always produces deep and exalted emotions in me. My reading the *Monologues* to you was, in fact, the same as preaching to you, for, as far as I remember, we spoke but little on the subject at the time, or afterwards; and what else could be the cause of the peculiar effect they produced on you? I also remember full well how I felt in regard to the *Monologues*. Nothing that I have ever written has taken form so spontaneously. When I first conceived the idea, my intention was to produce something quite objective, and the subjective part was only to constitute the form. But while sketching out the plan, the subjective views grew so rapidly over my head, that suddenly the matter stood before me as it now is. The polemical element now only appears here and there as the product of a temporary mood, and the objective matter is somewhat concealed and only discernible by the sharp-sighted. However, those who cannot quite understand the subjective aspect, I may refer to the objective, and they may take the former, as originally intended, as a mere form. . . .

With me winter has already set in. I am writing this at about ten o'clock at night, and I am not out of bed in the morning before half-past six. These are good prospects for the *Critical Inquiry*, which still progresses very fairly. I am at present engaged on Fichte, and find that I succeed pretty well in giving a reduced picture of him, if it were only not so fatiguing a manœuvre to admire and to despise a man in the same breath. . . . .

Schleiermacher to Eleanore G——.

[CLXXVII.] *17th September.*

You have kept your word, dear friend, and in spite of my self-love, I almost feel inclined to say that you have kept it too well—that is to say, more faithfully than I have deserved. You know that with me to deserve means to know how to use properly; and only imagine, I was yesterday in such a wretched mood, and spent such a miserable day, that even your letter did not entirely rouse me; and consequently I proved that I did not deserve it. I think you do not know me in those moods, at least it must be through Jette's or my own description, for you have never seen me in them. It is a state of perfect prostration, not only of the intellect, but also of the heart and the imagination. In a great measure, no doubt, this arises from physical causes. I awoke in the morning with a bad stuffy cold in the head, which made me very stupid, and kept me in a state of extreme drowsiness; nevertheless, it is a mental dereliction, and we are always guilty of a certain degree of voluntary incapacity, when we allow ourselves to be so completely overruled by bodily conditions. And while in this state I was so childishly perverse as to commence the study of Fichte's *System of Ethics*, although I might just as well have undertaken something easier. To this you must further add, that when my better self is thus asleep, my original and baser nature reappears more conspicuously with all its defects. Towards evening I was quite aware of what I had to do to rouse myself, but not until matters had come to the worst did I do this. It is only the presence of friendship or of love, with their many sweet incitements, which can effect a sudden and thorough cure.

Heaven preserve me from any more such days, while I am here, deprived of all counteracting influences. I will do my best to ward them off, and have, therefore, determined to make a full confession each time they occur—that is sure to help. . . . .

[CLXXVIII.] *Wednesday.*

Only fancy, I have made up my mind to read an essay by Jenisch in the *Brennus*, thinking that there may possibly be something in it. Is that not like taking a ticket in the lottery, because of the possibility that I might win? This Jenisch, whom we all know, gives himself an air of being intensely interested in religion. Those who know how to discern inward truth, cannot, indeed, help judging from the exaggeration of his words to their emptiness; but how many are there who can discern truth? That such a personage should succeed in throwing sand in people's eyes is so revolting to me, that were I to follow my inward inclination I would give him a good hard hit with my fist in the open literary highway. . . . .

I wish half the sense in the world were at the devil—I would even give my quota, though unwillingly—if we could but get in exchange, say one-fourth of the amount of imagination which fails us in this beautiful world. But the devil will take care that it shall not be so, for he must know that his rule would then soon be at an end. . . . .

. . . . *How much*, and *what*, is not required, dear friend, to see a man exactly as he is! He who would do so must not only know himself, but he must have found *everything within himself.* True innocence and simplicity will never attain to such knowledge of human nature. But he who has discovered within himself, if it be but one element of every kind of evil and perversity (for in each of their elements the essentials of each reside), and can trace in himself germs of all that is good and noble, while at the same time he possesses sufficient conceit to venture to construct in imagination the whole completed image out of these elements—he has every requisite for attaining a knowledge of human nature. . . . .

I have next to enter my protest against your supposition, that my thoughts treat me with great tenderness and indulgence. By no means, dear friend! The wretched things are even sometimes such *précieuses ridicules* that they are hardly

to be borne with. If I were to describe to you the dance they sometimes lead me, it would, I am sure, make you both laugh and sigh. It is a fine maxim of Friedrich's, that a truly cultivated being ought at any moment to be able to attune his mind according to will. The most ridiculous part of it is, that no one in the world is farther from possessing this capacity than himself, and the saddest part is, that we have indeed as yet far too little true liberty, and the best is, that if this problem were to be completely solved, the loveliest spell of human life, the charm of self-communion, and the sweetly melancholy feeling of the magic power of nature—all would vanish. . . . .

[CLXXIX.] *16th October.*

. . . . Shall I tell you in what form your melancholy has been transmitted to me? Surely in the same form as it has assumed in you: deep, yet strong and courageous, not only suffering from the thought of the transitoriness of life, but also active and watchful. No wish of our hearts can so fully realize itself as this, that our inward strength may ever concur with the occasions for exerting it, and that in the when and the how of our actions a divinely happy chance may ever seem to prevail; while, after all, it shall prove to have been nothing more than the mental clear-sightedness and the free activity of a pure and sensitive soul, maintained even under the most painful circumstances. All honour be to suffering, for in the present times it is an indispensable element of a noble life. Is not every one, to whom it does not draw near of itself, obliged to go forth into the wide world to seek it, in order that he may grow strong in love and faith?

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CLXXX.] *Königsberg, 26th October*, 1802.

Dear Jette, I have just been reading something about coquetry in a book by Schaffner, which very naturally brings me back to your last letter but one and the confessions contained therein; and again I am inclined to begin with the

question, What do you understand by coquetry? Shall we refer to Socrates teaching an Athenian Hetære the art of catching men? Something of the kind there is, indeed, in all coquetry, but it makes a great difference, whether it be practised as a liberal art or as a mere trade, that is, whether it be the whole man or only his senses that are to be taken captive. According to my views, it is the latter kind of coquetry only which is properly blameworthy, and the more so when it not only uses sensuous attractions to captivate the senses, but also makes use of mind and intellect as means of conquest, although the real triumph sought is that of sensuousness. The purpose and the conscious endeavour to attract men, lie deep in woman's nature, and belong to it (in girls it is more wish and instinct, in married women will and set purpose) not as a *defect*, but as one of its necessary and essential attributes. For it is only in this way that women avoid the degradation, to which Fichte condemns them, of being inactive throughout the whole process of love, from the very commencement. But it is not only in love, but also in friendship, that you avail yourselves of coquetry, because even friendship you are not, in your actual condition, allowed to offer openly; for which reason this to me so well-known phenomenon in no way interferes with my views of the difference between love and friendship. Nor does it confuse me that the coquetry of friendship and of love differ little from each other. Both necessarily have their origin in the difference of sex; but a clear though tacit understanding must be come to regarding the limits to be observed in their feelings towards each other, before the connection between a man and a woman can develop itself into one of friendship. . . . .

One word more about your sentimentality. Surely you confound two very different things; the upright and the noble is not the same as the refined and the delicate. There are great minds that are more political and artistic than ethical; and who find the circumstances amid which the delicate and the refined qualities of our nature are revealed, too circumscribed, because they are always looking further; yet, if we con-

emplate these minds from a point of view which will allow us to take a wide survey of them, we cannot, by any means, say that they are deficient in the beautiful. In a measure Friedrich belongs to this class, although it is not always what is great in him that makes him susceptible of what is refined. But I am inclined to go a step farther, and to maintain that there may be great and fine characters, who are not indeed deficient in the feeling for what is right, but who are destined to wound the feeling in others, because they are placed in a position in which they are called upon to determine the limits of right. You see, that even in these latter characters I cannot dispense with the feeling of right, though in the former I can dispense with the appreciation of the delicate and the refined, not altogether however, but almost in every special case. You must make it your particular duty to endeavour not to lose your appreciation of what is great, in your predilection for what is delicate and refined.

I am in a tremendous hurry, as the post is so impolite as to refuse to wait for me. The two or three days that I shall remain here I shall employ in making the acquaintance of a few *savans*.

[CLXXXI.] *Stolpe, 14th November*, 1802.

. . . . Among other letters, I have had one from Fromman, who, having received from Schlegel a short introduction, and a promise of the remainder in a week, has once more allowed himself to be talked over. To me this news is most unwelcome; and just as great as was the delight with which I formerly thought of Plato and worked at it, is the disgust with which I now contemplate the undertaking, partly because I know it will be postponed *ad infinitum*, partly because I see more and more how little many of Schlegel's views in regard to Plato are to be depended upon, and I hardly agree with him on a single one of the pieces which are to constitute the second and third volumes. I have communicated my doubts to him *in nuce*, and if they have any effect,

they will induce him to stop working for the present, and to read Plato through once or twice more, from beginning to end, after his own peculiar fashion.

From the public this difference in our views cannot either be entirely concealed, for in my *Critical Inquiry into the Ethical Systems* I shall be obliged to refer to many passages which he considers spurious.

Monday 15*th, Evening.*

I have done for to-day with the Herculean task of working myself anew into the abandoned *Critical Inquiry*, and the interrupted Fichte. Am I not a miserable creature to find it each time so dreadfully difficult to begin anew? and ought I not to sit chained to my work, without intermission, until it is finished? But, unfortunately, that would not either do with me; and thus it is decided that I cannot get on in any way. So far, then, I am clear about myself. . . .

Schleiermacher to Eleanore G——.

[CLXXXII.] 16*th November*, 1802.

. . . . You say that I shall have grown one year older before your next letter reaches me. Heyday, dear friend, is it thus that you keep the covenant between us? No, not even separation and suffering shall make us grow old. Bind yourself to this with me once more. I know how much you suffer, and I suffer with you, and I also know what strength dwells in a soul that has reached the point to which you have attained, and how there may be courage even in melancholy, and what beautiful alliance there may be between suffering and action. Only be prudent and careful of yourself. Eternal youth does not grow wild, but requires to be tended.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CLXXXIII.] *Stolpe, 22nd November*, 1802.

This time I have celebrated my birthday during two whole days; and, undoubtedly, its regrets, as well as its joys, merited a whole day's devotion. Its joys have come to me to-day with your letters, and those among my dear ones who have not written have been as near and as present to me as those that have. Dear children, tell me whether there be a happier and a richer man in the world than I? To be beloved by such beings, and so many—verily a whole troop. I know full well that amid all that is affectionate and hearty in what you, more especially, say to me, there is much that is too flattering; but I accept it, nevertheless, willingly, because it is affection that has inspired the flattery. How heartily have I not embraced you in thought, my own dear Jette, and not without tears! Yes, you will always remain to me with your love and your faithfulness—you and all of them; for I hope I shall not live to be dissevered from a soul so closely allied to mine, otherwise than by the hand of nature. Fidelity, dear Jette, cannot be anything separate or distinct from affection, if the latter be mature and self-conscious; it is only in reference to less perfect relations than mine (of the first class, I mean) that there can be a question of fidelity. . . . .

Schleiermacher to Eleanore G——.

[CLXXXIV.] *24th November*, 1802.

. . . . . On my birthday I felt deeply the affection of all my friends, and in the midst of my sorrows—but not in spite of these, but through them—I was conscious of the rare happiness that is bestowed upon me in life. This happiness has long been quietly preparing. Had it not been for the calm disposition to await and to look on—had it not been for the true feeling, which ever kept me back from the less worthy—I might long since have rendered it impossible;

but its real commencement dates from within the last few years: it has still to me all the charms of novelty, which, indeed, it will never lose, and I find myself still dwelling on its every feature, and asking myself if these be, indeed, all mine. Then again turning from the sunshine of life towards the dusky cloud that is passing by, bearing in its lap a higher beauty and increased fertility; but which, while it is there, weighs upon the chest and obscures the mental vision: even that I bless; for to have felt everything—everything that has the power of touching a feeling heart, never mind how or what it be—it is this that constitutes the richness of life.

Continue to think of some present for me. Is it not exactly those gifts that we do not need that are the most delightful and the only true ones? A sweet gift you have bestowed upon me in the few short words in which you tell me that your mother is fond of me. There is something so soothing in the feeling, that I would not miss it for a great deal.

Farewell, dear friend; God give you strength to bear all that you have still to go through. Seek solace from time to time in the happy thought of how much you are valued and loved.

[CLXXXV.] . . . *27th November*, 1802.

. . . . But it is time that I should speak to you of myself and my, perhaps, self-inflicted paroxysms! You are right, dear friend; you ever speak to me of yourself, and only of yourself. If you could but speak out all that is in you, how happy I should be! Even to that to which I cannot, in fact, say yes, I listen with pleasure, viz., when you flatter me with the assurance that everything in you, even the best of your possessions, your unwavering inward tranquillity, is my work. I know full well that at the most I was only the cause of your looking deeper into yourself, and of your thus acquiring greater self-control, and with this honour I am quite content. The inward state of one human

being cannot be the work of another. This can only be said of such qualities as are merely a product of exercise, and in relation to which a new direction given to the thoughts is often decisive, and the friendly attention of a sympathetic soul may be more impartial, more uninterrupted, and more clear-sighted than one's own. In this way much of what is in me is your work; and how much more would not be so, were I again to live near you! This was one of the pleasant subjects of thought to which I gave myself up on my birthday. Among all the minds that have stimulated mine and contributed to its development, there is not one whose influence on my heart, and on the purer presentment of my inner being, can be compared to yours; and this grateful conviction was the sweetest thought I could indulge in. But I can tell you nothing about this, that I have not already told you, except that each time I feel it with increased vividness and delight. Indeed, what other consolation can I have at this distance from you, than this retrospective and prospective view of the sweet relation in which you have stood, and will again stand, to my life?

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CLXXXVI.] *Stolpe, 8th December*, 1802.

Your long silence, dear friend, made me the more uneasy, as I felt convinced that I had mentioned to you when I should be back again. I would now willingly give you a lively and detailed account of Prussia, but I must beg you to rest satisfied with a few hasty lines. Time, and more especially such moments in which I feel desirous of communicating with others, are measured out to me very sparingly, as, independently of various other matters, I am at present buried in the *Critical Inquiry*, in connection with which I have still to fight many a hard fight.

The first agreeable incident of my journey was making acquaintance in the post-waggon with a pleasant young officer, a nephew of Colonel G——. Then followed a cozy evening with Alexander Dohna, in Dantzig, where he happened to be

at that moment on business. Thence I went straight to Königsberg, where I stayed with Wilhelm Dohna, and was a joyful witness of his young married life. In this marriage the right proportions obtain to a degree which is seldom witnessed. There might be hundreds of such marriages; why are there so few? Besides this, I only renewed one interesting acquaintance in Königsberg, that of Professor Kraus, a man of great merit, and who, in consequence of his writing very little, is in the uncommon position of being and knowing a great deal more than the world, at least the world not immediately surrounding him, has any idea of. Statistics are his academical department of knowledge, and in this he combines the purest principles with the most lucid views, and inculcates them with the discreet enthusiasm of a moderate man; but in addition to this he is a mathematician, and as such certainly excels Kästner in profundity and extent of knowledge. At this moment, moreover, he helps to govern the province, as lieutenant of the minister and the president; and in the appointment of the right men to the right places his action is more especially beneficial. The rest of the world there I either did not see at all, or only caught a rapid glance of.

But now come the happy days with the Wedikes, about which, however, there is not much to relate. Of the present times we spoke but little, except of such subjects and persons as Wedike has latterly been immediately interested in, as, for instance, the glorious Novalis, whom, however, W—— confessed that he did not quite understand. This is, indeed, often the case with one mystic in regard to another. The most frequent subjects of our conversations were short accounts of friends and events; and how thoroughly W—— entered into all my friendships; with what freedom from prejudice he adopted Friedrich as well as yourself, Henrietta Herz (inclusive of our "thou") as well as Mrs. Eichmann! But the life in that house ought to be seen, for it cannot be described; it is the most perfect amalgamation of liberty and love that I have ever witnessed. The same is the case

with the children, who, in the midst of this life, develop themselves with a freedom and purity that I have never seen before. In Wedike himself I have discovered nothing new, as, indeed, it was not possible that I should; but his wife I have learnt to know more thoroughly than formerly. Freedom and energy, self-consciousness and modesty, sensibility and firmness in action, are blended in her and make her, in every respect, one of the most distinguished female characters I know. But she bears the penalty in a sickly body, and was confined to her bed when I arrived. However, she got up and kept up the rest of the time.

Schleiermacher to Eleanore G——.

[CLXXXVII.] 10*th December*, 1802.

Your case is the contrary of mine, dear friend; you will receive my greetings for your birthday on the preceding day. It will be one more added to the series of mournful days which you have lately spent, but as an anniversary it will be distinguished from its predecessors by the feeling, which cannot fail to force itself upon you, that it is the last time that you spend it with one of your dear ones. I also shall think a great deal of this, and I shall feel grieved at not being able to be present to participate in your pains and sorrows. It is a solemn year of your life that you are ending, and so also that which you are commencing. You are ending a year during which you lost the presence of a friend, who feels with mournful pleasure that he was always something to you, and that his presence called forth much that was beautiful in you. You are entering upon a year which will rob you of your dear and tenderly beloved mother. I shall say no more of how much I love you, because of this filial love of yours, and of all the sorrows that it has entailed upon you. But while dwelling on the grave events of the coming year, let us not fail to remember with melancholy pleasure that, in fact, the passing time takes nothing away with it, however much it may seem to do so. You can never, indeed, lose your mother, for

even now your sweet love for her, and the image of her which you treasure in your heart, is the only way in which you possess her; and in the same sense—so much so that the same words might almost be used again—you have not either lost me, and I trust that you will remain faithful to our covenant to hold fast eternal youth, and through this to instil fresh youth even into your temporal life; then your soul will, as beseems every phœnix, rise up renewed from out of the purifying fire of sacred sorrows. Thus I hope to see you in the new year of your life, and to show you that I also, remembering my happy fate, have, in spite of many privations and not a few sorrows, remained faithful to the covenant of this day. May you in this year enjoy every happiness that my grateful heart wishes for you! I had thought of a present for you, which I am sure would have given you pleasure. I hoped to be able to obtain in Königsberg Hippel's earlier literary essays, which are somewhat rare, but I did not succeed, and I have now, therefore, nothing to offer except the few trifles by him and about him, which will be transmitted to you through Jette. I am not very much concerned at the gift being so trifling. When friendly hearts make each other presents, it is the affection which is expressed in giving and in taking (and for which it is so essential to be bodily present) which constitutes the true value of even the costliest gift. But I had nearly forgotten that you will also receive *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, at least it is my intention that you should receive it. Accept it even now, as from my hand. A book like this, the monument of a pure and noble mind and heart, which attracts to itself every other heart and mind similarly attuned, and adapts itself to every worthy mood of such, is at any time a valuable possession.

You have not, I think, been misunderstood by me, but you must allow me to continue my little legitimate war against the dead letter. Am I not at present suffering as much from it as the Apostle suffered from Alexander the Smith; for remember I am now really writing the *Critical Inquiry*. How many dead letters about the most sacred subject, and one

so full of life! And now I will waste no more dead letters upon what I have said about them. But even herein I am just, and I have never complained of the dead letter that has been called into life by a woman, but have, on the contrary, always felt and still feel, how much that is beautiful has been bestowed upon me through its mediation.

Same date.

It must have been a most edifying morning that you celebrated with all your dear ones—a morning worthy of your sorrows and your tears! and what a deep impression must it not have made on your gentle and sensitive heart! Certainly, there can be no more beautiful act than this, for taking a calm leave of a beloved soul, and, so to say, closing life; for after this, physical death may come when it will. I might almost say, that if Christ had done nothing more than institute the holy communion, I should have loved Him to adoration.

[CLXXXVIII.] *No date.*

I had a foreboding, dear friend, that your beloved mother would not live to see this day. In deep mourning it will be spent by you. It will be to you as something new and strange, and well may we wish that it may be followed by others happier than it can possibly be. Even this wish will only glance cursorily through your heart, which will do little else than pronounce funeral sermons, such as the one I have before me now. It is one of the greatest advantages possessed by true men and women, that in all their joys and sorrows though there may be an evanescent element, there is also something indestructible and immortal, which soon makes itself felt and becomes dominant. When the news of my father's death was to be imparted to me, they took a great many precautions to soften the suddenness of the impression. But how little has this to do with true sorrow, though it plays so great a part in the strange sensibilities of ordinary people. Oh, you are right indeed when you say, that when oppressed by solemn

grief, there is nothing that we must avoid so much as the face of man! It is a comfort that kind H—— is going to assist you in keeping visitors off, and may you both on this day at least be saved from every intrusion that would disturb the communion of your filial and sisterly hearts. How many moments will there not be in your future life, in which you will both wish that you could call back the departed spirit to witness your peace and your faith, the blessed fruits of your sorrows and your tears. In this way she will ever remain in the circle of her children, or in the circle of one or other of them, should a time come when they cannot all be gathered together in her name. Nevertheless, at all times, and under all circumstances, the remembrance of her will ever form a point of union for those whom she loved so nobly and so tenderly. Even the disappearance from earth of human beings awakens new powers and new activities, and how much unalloyed gold may not an ingenious human heart draw from the bosom of the earth! . . . .

[CLXXXIX.] *5th January*, 1803.

I am still inclined to maintain that I was never destined to be a writer, because each work so entirely absorbs me at the time that, while it is going on, I dare hardly venture to read anything else or to pour out my heart upon paper on any other subject; and, for this reason, conversation becomes a greater necessity to me than ever. Far from this constant work making me forget my solitude, as might be supposed, it only awakens a more intense longing to exchange the dead letter for the living word.

The *Critical Inquiry* is also the cause of my having lost the most precious part of my new-year festivities, viz., the delightful task of putting my papers in order, and of transferring the letters received, from the common receptacle in which they are placed during the course of the year, into their separate portfolios. This always leads to a pleasurable dwelling on the occurrences and feelings of the past year, and to a pleasant survey of the whole circle who share thoughts and

feelings with me, and thus gives me a holiday in the true sense of the word, only that most generally it turns out to be a night, and this year I have put it off until I shall have completed a further portion of the *Critical Inquiry*. Will you, perhaps, chide me for allowing this latter to press so hard upon me? Do not do so; I will not, indeed, maintain, as precipitately as Jette would be inclined to do, that it belongs to my nature to proceed in this unwise manner; but, for the present, I do not see the possibility of altering it, because the conviction that I thoroughly understand my subject never comes to me until it is highly urgent that I should get on with the execution. On the other hand, were I not to fix a term for myself, I should, probably, never carry out anything. . . . .

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CXC.] *Stolpe, 26th January*, 1803.

Alas! my own Jette, how unexpectedly and suddenly this has come upon you! What a strange, critical period is this, which thus suddenly and violently agitates the life of each of us! I look wistfully into the eye of fate, to try and discover what it may be preparing for us out of all this; but up to this moment not a feature has betrayed the hidden purpose. You are quite right in what you say of earnestness. Everything that touches our life nearly makes us earnest, and death more than anything, and more especially such a death; for Herz's relations to you and to your life were manifold and strangely complicated. I will not burden you with many observations regarding your confession, that you were prepared for everything: there are serious impressions and effects of accompanying circumstances, for which it is impossible to be prepared, and these are always the first that are felt. Leave them quietly to vindicate their rights. Your real preparation and tranquillity will not be interfered with by them. However, I wish much to be informed how everything happened, and what is stirring in you. Do write to me, as explicitly as you can in the midst of the confusion in which you are living.

Schleiermacher to Eleanore G——.

[CXCI.] *March*, 1803.

. . . . You cannot but know in what manifold ways all that you say in your letter has affected me, and how I have recognized you in every act and thought, and almost approved of you throughout. But allow me to touch at once upon a point that in a great measure spoilt my pleasure in your letter, and in regard to which I cannot approve of you, however little it may be an act of your own will. You desire me not to send my letters any longer direct to your house. You see that I obey at once, provisionally, but also unwillingly. You know my principles, dear friend, and you have never wished that I should do anything contrary to them. Now, if this request is based upon a promise, whether it be one that has been forced from you or obtained from you by pressing instances, then it will be contrary to my principles to write to you through any other channel. You know how glad I was always to see you alone, at the time I visited your house publicly, and what a necessary part of our intercourse this seemed to me to be. But you will no doubt also remember how firmly we had determined that, if our open intercourse should ever be broken off, we would never meet anywhere clandestinely or by appointment. In regard to writing, the case seems to me to be exactly the same, and I should even think it indelicate to propose to any one to convey my letters to you, when it could not otherwise than soon become evident that I did not any longer write to you openly and directly. Even if G—— himself should be cognizant of it and wish it to be so, I should be sorry to extend the inconsistency from him to myself or any of my friends. If, then, the matter stand so—and I am sure you will tell me the entire truth in regard to it—then I fear that these will be the last lines that you will for the present receive from me. All observations on the subject I shall refrain from. I cannot help thinking that had you been in health you could not have allowed such a promise

to be extorted from you. But under such circumstances, I must say, it is also doubly ungenerous to desire you to do anything of the kind, be it expressed ever so delicately. However, if the case be different, and this request is but a precautionary measure of your own, then I entreat you to consider the matter once more from the point of view I have indicated, before you confirm it. Consider that it would be tantamount to a total interruption of our correspondence in as far as regards my letters to you. . . . Reflect, whether any ultimate object which you may hold in view, would be worth such a sacrifice. How I rejoice at being able to give utterance to this proud thought with so much calmness and so much truth! But you, and that which I am to you, and my faith in this, will always be my pride and my joy. For the rest, you know how fully I resign myself to everything that you may do or determine. . . . In the worst case I shall always have the consolation of being able to hear from you; you may learn from Jette and others how I am getting on; and it will be a new incitement to me, when speaking publicly to the whole world, to treat such subjects that will allow what I say to be spoken to you in particular also. Or will you further promise not to read what I have published? For the limits of your doing and desisting seem to be constantly contracting. Yet I hope that it will not come to this. . . . .

[CXCII.] *March*, 1803.

I wish, dear friend, that I had awaited the arrival of your next letter before writing, for I fear that my uncalled-for scruples may have caused you pain and annoyance. It is true that I could not possibly have guessed the matter to be such as it is; but why did I this once fail in my unconditional faith in you. Did I not know that you were acquainted with my principles of action, and that as long as you had any power of reflection, you would not ask me to do anything at variance with them? Now you must rest satisfied with my remorse—which is also a rare phenomenon—and find an excuse for me in circumstances and the present state of my mind.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CXCIII.] *7th March*, 1803.

. . . . Only think, Spalding sent me not long ago a poem addressed "To a Noble Thinker;" it pleased me very much, and, half in joke and half in earnest, I wrote to him that I was bold enough to apply parts to myself. Now I read in a letter from Heindorff the following: "What do you say to Spalding's poem upon you?" It had never entered my head to think that, prosaic as I am, any one could ever write a poem on me. You will now again say that I am modest, and yet it is not that.

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CXCIV.] *1st April*, 1803.

Accept my greetings, my dear friend, on occasion of your entrance into your new vocation, and my welcome as a brother in a new sense. It is now just nine years since I also, on a Good Friday, performed the first duties of my office. Since then my profession has become ever dearer to me, even in its obscure character and its unfortunate relations to the spirit of the present times; and, I believe, that were I obliged to renounce it, I should feel still deeper grief at all that I have now lost. To be thus attached to it, it is indeed necessary to rise above all mere outward, individual, and petty adjuncts to it, which will otherwise always be causing disagreeable interruptions—to labour constantly, and without diverging to the one side or the other, for the chief object, and ever to hold in view the ideal of our relation to the world, so that we may live and act accordingly. No doubt this is your feeling also; and if it be so, all that is great and beautiful in your vocation will ever appear to you in grander proportions and in a clearer light. Let us frequently, as it beseems friends, interchange our observations and experiences in reference to this. My heartiest wishes

accompany you; and I rejoice in the happy auspices under which you commence your new career.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[cxcv.] *Stolpe, 25th May*, 1803.

. . . . Why am I to arrange it so that Reimer shall bring his wife to see you? Why cannot you prefer the request quite simply on the first occasion that presents itself? I dare say, indeed, that this will have taken place even before I write to Reimer. The wife will please you when you have become more intimately acquainted with her. Hers is a very childlike nature, but not that shallow, empty innocence of which I have not a very high opinion, as you are aware; for in her there is much depth. Do me the favour to make this acquaintance without my mediation; it would really give me great pleasure. . . . . Only fancy that, having an opportunity the other day, when Spalding inquired of me whether I had really written a book that has been erroneously attributed to me, I confessed to him that I was the author of the letters on the *Lucinda*. I wonder what he will say to them. I read them again on this occasion, and cannot tell you how I felt. I have advanced so far in intimacy with him that I should like to get farther still, and my faith in his faith in me makes me bold. B——, in Königsberg, has now entered into a regular correspondence with me; and thus I have, to a certain degree, acquired an addition to my staff! Alas! it is all of no use! I believe, were even Jacobi at this moment to become suddenly my friend, I should hardly feel any joy at it. Nothing gives me pleasure! I seek for it but in vain. But I have laid a plan, dear Jette, which must, I think, give you pleasure: I feel that it will be necessary for me to make a little excursion this summer, in order to regain my elasticity; but to Berlin I cannot go; as long as matters remain as they are now, I could not bear to be there. . . . .

. . . .

[CXCVI.] 10*th June*, 1803.

. . . . I was in wretched spirits yesterday, and was already pondering upon how I should arrange my sick room. To-day I am quite well, and cannot, in the least, understand my mood of yesterday. My work progresses tolerably, yet not with sufficient rapidity. The beautiful things in the second volume of Novalis (which I have only just received), I do not even venture to look at, though at times I stand greatly in need of something that will raise the pitch of my mind higher than it is raised by the dry *Critical Inquiry into Ethics*. Alas, it is a miserable thing to write a book, but more especially such a book; never in my life will I do it again! I really believe, that during the whole time that I have been engaged upon it, I have not had one clever thought, nought but critical shavings. The only fun about it is when I think of how vexed Fichte will be; how much more deeply still I shall sink in his esteem; and how A. W. Schlegel will turn up his nose at its being so very little, and because he cannot discover even the least bit of Schellingianismus in it; and how the old gentlemen will wonder at my having turned out such a sober and profound critic, and will wait to see whether I shall survive the change. Nevertheless, they will soon find out that I am still the same mystic as ever.

Long letters to Friedrich and Dorothea I have commenced; God knows when they will be finished. To E—— and W—— I should also like to write, but I do not see how I shall find the time. The waters are closing above my head, as King David would say. Do you know the sensation of being under water and unable to breathe? Well, it is exactly like that.

To-morrow and the day after I shall, in addition to all the rest, be obliged to go into company. Since Tuesday I have remained quietly at home, more solitary than you; alas, much more solitary! Be kind, and strong, and calm, and write to me as often as you can.

Later.

It is accomplished, dear Jette—she has given me up; she has acted as you thought; but as I, after all her later expressions, could not believe that she would. It is well that I have written the enclosed letter, which you will transmit to her, in the first mild season of my emotion. Now I could no longer write thus. Yesterday evening, when going to bed, I stood undressed, with my hands resting on the table, for two entire hours; then it came over me in all its bitterness. But, unhappy woman, how she will be upbraided for this! She feels already that it is gnawing at her life, and that she will soon die. I could indeed wish that she might die before me; for, were she to hear of my death, she would be seized by remorse in a new form. But she must make haste, for grief and toil will soon turn to poison for me also. As yet I have thought but little of myself, but when I do so, a cold shudder comes over me. What is to become of me? . . . . Here the ground seems to burn under my feet, and I shudder at the thought of the loveless, useless life of a bachelor, equally offensive to God and to man. I must attach myself to some domestic circle; I must help to form a family, and to educate children. Here there are none to whom I could thus attach myself. I long to go back to Berlin: there I could also follow out more perfectly the poor vocation of a scholar; yea, poor indeed it seems to me, when the spice of love is wanting—when the beloved of the heart is not seen moving among the books and the papers.

If she should not avoid you, dear Jette—if she should seek you—as you love me, be kind and gentle towards her; open your arms to her, let her breathe out her deep sorrows in your bosom, and revenge not upon her the indescribable misery she has inflicted upon your friend. Yes, dear Jette, when we shall stand together upon the rock overlooking the sea, you will have at your side an unhappy creature to whom, were it not for you and a few more human hearts, the whole earth would be as barren and as empty as the main below.. . . . I can write no

more, dear friend, I am dissolved in tears and sighs. Woe is me, and it is but morning! Continue to be my consolation and my support; hold fast by me as long as you can, and however high the storm may swell. Could you but be something to her also,—to her who will be a thousand times more unhappy than I am!

[CXCVII.] *Stolpe, 21st June*, 1803.

At last, dear Jette, I am so fortunate as to have two long letters from you before me. If I but knew what to begin with, for there is so much to say in answer. But I cannot do better than begin with yourself, for that is the most important. If I am to say, first of all, in reference to yourself, that which is the farthest removed from all good sense, I must say that it actually strikes me as harmonious that you also should have derived internal suffering from the dreadful blow which has fallen upon us all. There is such a sweet unison with my feelings in the spirit of the words, "When I turn my thoughts inwardly, I am ever inclined to weep," and "it is to me as if I could never again be what I was," that I have actually felt a gratification in reading them; and, indeed, is there not great similarity in the source of our feelings? But, dear Jette, how can you pretend to think that I know nothing of what it is to lose the beloved object by death? Is my loss, then, not greater than if caused by death? I can assure you that my feelings would be much calmer had I lost Eleanore by death. It is true I should even then feel that my life had become superfluous, and I should wish for death the same as now; but, nevertheless, it would be different. My life would, at least, have a character until death ensued, which it cannot have now. True widowerhood gives a character of sweet sadness to life, which may be full of expression. At present, on the contrary, my life is utterly meaningless, unsettled, and worthless. But, see, instead of speaking of you, I am speaking of myself. But here I am, back with you again. For it is exactly this that I wanted to say to you, and you must not understand it as something coming entirely from the

head, for the whole soul is interested in it. You must endeavour as speedily as possible to give a character to your life, and not only a speculative character, such as is derived from your Greek and other scientific studies, but a thoroughly practical character. You must propose definite objects to yourself, and trace out a sphere of activity for yourself. As far as this I really got while I was at Berlin. I knew exactly what I desired to be to the various persons with whom I lived, and in a great measure I attained my object. Only you must take care not to bring into play any despotic means—towards the use of which you have some tendency—but that which you wish to be to others must be in accordance with their own wishes, that is to say, in accordance with their best and highest wishes in respect to themselves.

Regarding your tendency to despotism, I found to-day in my memorandum book the following reflections: "The desire to guide and govern men is a very deep and strong-rooted defect. Latterly I have again observed it in Jette, and she could not even see that it was wrong. From this fault I am sure I am quite free." I do not now recollect on what occasion this was written, but no doubt I have spoken to you about it, if not at the time, at all events later. To-day and yesterday I have, upon the whole, lived a great deal among my papers, and have made some distichs, which I send you herewith. If you think them worth the trouble, give them to Brinkmann when an opportunity offers, and beg him to correct them. You will see from these that I am still able to pronounce mirthful words, and if you have heard none from me, it is only accidental. But, dear Jette, why should that give you such particular pleasure? All mirth is as superficial as A——'s smile when he is sleepy or tired, and which you imitate so admirably. As for my having grown fat, don't believe a word of it. I can assure you my health is most wretched: pains in the chest, spasms in the stomach, headaches and backache, are my constant companions, and render the little life that remains in me quite worthless, so that frequently, out of sheer despair at my inability to think or to work, I go to the club and play away

a great deal of my money. I spare neither the quinine, nor the stimulating drinks, nor any other precautionary or auxiliary measures against the probable rheumatic origin of these evils, brought on by the high sea winds which we are enduring; but all are equally in vain. The *Critical Inquiry* suffers not a little under this; during a whole fortnight I have been drudging at the first section of the third book, and cannot get through it. I have often admired Reimer's patience and self-control.

For ever, I suppose, I shall not remain in Stolpe, dear Jette, but probably as long as I live. Had I had the least foreboding of the dreadful misfortune that has befallen me, I would have endeavoured to get that place at Erlangen, and perhaps I might thus have satisfied my longing for the banks of the Rhine. Now I shall probably remain here, and I already know the vault in which my corpse will be deposited; and here, dear Jette, you will never pay me a visit, except that last promised one. My horrid housekeeping grows every day more intolerable, and if I could but afford it I would ask my eldest stepsister to come and live with me, but I have not the means. In my good hours I sketch for distant times the plans of dialogues, of tales (not yet of a novel), and of a comedy upon the subject of Fichte, but which I fear will never be finished or published. Good night, dear Jette, it is midnight. More to-morrow morning.

. . . . The *Bride of Messina* I know partially from the *Freimüthige*,* and from what I know I suspect that there must be many defects. The choruses are written in the same monstrous northern metre as is used in Schiller's ballads, and that is intolerable. They ought either to be canzones or quite antique. Are they not going to bring Goethe's *Eugenia* on the stage? Why have you not said a word about the Spanish drama? The two comic dramas have afforded me great enjoyment; they are real *pendants* to Shakspeare, so brilliant and full of life, and yet so different; but the *Worship of the Cross* I have not been able to enjoy—

* A periodical of the time.

this side of Catholicism is evidently too gross for poetry. Do try soon to read in Greek Plato's *Banquet;* I read it again a few days ago, and again it made a mighty impression on me, although that heretical Friedrich will not allow that it is authentic. The proof against your capacity for writing, which you have borrowed from your journal, makes me laugh. If it be correct, the journal will be an excellent help. For do not you see, dear Jette, that what I wish is, that by writing new powers shall be developed in you, and if you wrote perfectly I could not entertain this wish. Only have faith in me and follow my advice. What you write must, however, be as subjective as possible; a representation of your views and sentiments. At least this ought to be your chief aim, though for the sake of exercise you may begin with the objective.

Every letter that Spalding writes makes him dearer to me. He hopes to meet you in Charlottenburg this summer. Do your best that this may be realized.

[CXCVIII.] *Stolpe, 9th July*, 1803.

. . . . Your journal I will read while you are in Dresden. . . . . During your first visit there the gallery was too new to you; this time you will be able to receive more definite impressions, and among other things I wish that you would compare the essay in the *Athenæum* entitled "The Paintings," and the sonnets belonging to it, with the paintings themselves, and let me know whether you think there is any similarity in the character and in the impression produced. This kind of translation is of essential importance to me in regard to my theory, and I am anxious to know how it has succeeded. Study also with much attention Friedrich's "Thoughts on Painting," in the *Europa*, and more particularly the observations on Raphael and Correggio. When you have done this, I will try to bring my thoughts on the subject into some kind of order, and communicate them to you. I have at last got hold of *Delphine*, and have read the first three volumes. As regards women I have learnt nothing new

from it, and I cannot conceive how you can think that it contains many of the mysteries of your sex. Do explain to me what you mean. Or is it that I know you so well, that there are no more mysteries to me? The only male character that is well depicted is Serbellane; Mondoville is repugnant to me; there is no consistency in him. I am endeavouring to brush up my French in reading *Delphine;* but there are several things in the book that seem to me not to be correct. The expression *mauvaise tête* appears to be a new French idea; and I cannot say that I quite understand the meaning. For Bonaparte's prohibition of the book I cannot find the shadow of a pretext in these three volumes. There are some very fine scenes, but what I like the best are a few stray thoughts for which I should never have given a Frenchwoman credit.

As for my visit to Stolpemünde and the sea-baths, I do not as yet know whether it will take place. During two months at least I have been suffering from constant pains in my chest, so that I have at length been obliged to consult a doctor. For the present he has ordered a blister, and if that does not help he speaks of carbonic acid, from which I conclude that he suspects, as I do, that there is a tendency to disease of the lungs. Would that it were so! But I cannot, as yet, flatter myself that it is so, for I have not the slightest cough, and that makes me think that the seat of the evil may be elsewhere. Are you angry with me because I joyfully welcome a consumption? Be not so! Verily, it is not from want of love, but it is the conviction that with my nature I must sink into a mere nothing in my present place of abode, and I am sure that it would give you and all my friends more pain to see a wreck of me survive my higher life, than to see me die. If I could live near you, or anywhere else where I could get nourishment for my soul, I would willingly bear life. But only see how, for sheer want of inward capacity, I go on working ever at this *Critical Inquiry* without getting through it, and it seems to me that every sheet that I write is worse than the foregoing; is not

this intolerable? If I had but something less scientific to do, something that would require more inner life, I would rejoice in it. The *Bride of Messina*, for instance, I should like to review, if it were published; it would give me an opportunity of pouring out many of my thoughts. . . . .

[CXCIX.] *Stolpe, 30th July*, 1803.

. . . . I now hope to conclude the *Critical Inquiry* next week. A. W. Schlegel, from whom I have had a friendly letter, thinks that the remarks on Fichte and Kant, in the *Critical Inquiry*, are somewhat too light in tone, and that I ought to have given them a more esoteric character. Frivolous or light I do not think they are; and, as regards their not being sufficiently esoteric, the writers are not sacred enough in my eyes to induce me to treat them in that style. It is only when blaming Spinoza and Plato that I have been very esoteric; and those who have not good eyes will see no blame at all. Otherwise, Wilhelm says many flattering things about it. From Friedrich, I presume, he does not hear, as he asks me for accounts of him. I have now finished *Delphine*. I have seen nothing new about women in it, and, upon the whole, I think that any man who has loved truly, and who is not deprived of the use of his two eyes, knows everything about them, or, at all events, must find it very easy to draw conclusions from the known to the unknown. The men are not well drawn. M. de Lebensai bears some resemblance to me; I should be equally clever and prudent in political relations, in which alone these qualities are called for. Mondoville is thoroughly inconsistent, not on account of his perverse principles of honour, but on account of his vehemence, which ought either to be more equably diffused through his whole character and all his actions, or, if meant merely to be erotic, ought to have been brought out differently. The tragic parts are as good as any to be found in any French tragedy, which is, indeed, not saying much. The same may be said of the moral principles, which, in Frenchmen, are very noble, but in us would be very ignoble. Upon

the whole, it is a rule that holds good of all French books, with the exception of one very limited class, which is thoroughly national, that a German cannot help regarding them with contempt.

From Mrs. Eichmann I have not yet had a line; but each interchange of letters with Spalding gives me new pleasure. I do not, indeed, discover anything new in him, and the limits of our concord remain the same as always; but he learns to understand me better and better, and more especially the best in me, my character; and his refinement and purity of feeling, his candour, his willingness to withhold judgment in regard to what appears strange to him, are rare and uncommonly beautiful phenomena. . . . .

Be persuaded, dear Jette, that my spirit at least is most decidedly in a consumption; I dwindle away visibly, from day to day. Having this conviction, why do I not die? Cowardice it is not, but something not much better, a faint glimmer of childish hope, which often flashes upon me from afar. To live with and for Eleanore, be the time ever so far distant, I would bear this wretched life much longer.

[cc.] *Stolpe, 2nd August*, 1803.

To-day I will finish the conclusion of the *Critical Inquiry*, but a great misfortune has happened to me in regard to it, which I cannot account for. The conclusion which I had drawn up in my mind has entirely escaped my memory, and for three whole days I have been torturing myself in vain to recall it; I shall thus for ever remain in the reader's debt, and the end will not be worthy of the whole. Can you tell me how it is possible thus completely to lose a thought, and one that holds no isolated position, but is in close and necessary connection with all the rest? Is not this a kind of insanity? For the rest, in reading it over again it pleases me better than I expected, and better than, as a general rule, my writings please me, immediately after they are finished. The first book only, taken as a whole, is somewhat obscure, and I almost feel inclined to recast it; in many

other parts also there are separate passages which are difficult to understand, and in regard to which the reader is called upon to supplement more than any one has a right to expect from him. However, with the method, with the composition, and, upon the whole, with the style also, I am pleased. But I will not rest long with my hand on the plough, looking back, but begin at once upon Plato; indeed, I have already commenced reading various matters which will be required for the general introduction. I am not surprised that Friedrich should not have got through Plato and Parmenides in three years, though I believe, if my mind were quite collected, I could accomplish the task in three months, but on a smaller scale. I am willing to work to the utmost of my powers; this is all that is left to me. The announcement of the publication of Plato, which, owing to circumstances, was somewhat difficult to draw up, you will probably not see until you come upon it in print in some newspaper or other.

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CCI.] *Stolpe, 10th August*, 1803.

Here, dear friend, are the *Monologues* for your lady friend; it is the only copy that remains in my hands, and more elegant ones are not to be had. Why did she not tell me at once that she felt sympathy not only with my inner being, but also with my fate? Perhaps she did not know whether I would approve of your having communicated so much to her. In ordinary life we cannot indeed be too careful in speaking of the affairs of other people; and, consequently, also in treating as unheard every communication received. But in friendship it ought to be exactly the reverse. Friendship imparts to every one the proper tact, and the rare but sweet moments during which unlimited confidence, even as regards a third person, is allowed, and during which a new link may be added to the chain of friends, ought to be troubled by no prudential calculations. Man is so little, and effects so little in the world, that in the right places he ought to give himself

up entirely and unconditionally, if he can produce anything, be it only a fleeting but pleasant emotion in a noble heart.

If it were only the empty and senseless difference between Reformed and Lutheran that hindered me from living in your neighbourhood, and in the delightful circle that would exercise such a beneficent influence on me, it would, indeed, be provoking. But, my dear friend, even if this were not, my removal to Rügen would, nevertheless, be impracticable. However, should I live, which my present state of health renders very doubtful, something must be done to free me from this place. Some one whom I love I must have near me, or I shall pine away; it is too repugnant to my nature to be alone; and I must also have some one with whom I can philosophize and study. I ought to be able to master my fate so far as to bring this about. As soon as I have formed a decided opinion in regard to my health, I will take the matter seriously in hand, although it will be quite a new undertaking to me.

Have you read Madame de Stael's *Delphine?* Madame de Stael, though hardly a real Frenchwoman, and possessing considerable knowledge of foreign peoples, is perhaps the highest standard of measure of the susceptibility of the French nation for what belongs to man's inner being. Altogether, there is much more in her book than I had expected; but, it is evident, that she is not conscious of it herself, but speaks it out in the simplicity of her heart.

Schleiermacher to Charlotte von Kathen.

[CCII.] *Stolpe, 10th August,* 1803.

You have gratified me exceedingly by your most kind advances, and by your friendly endeavours to afford me some compensation for the frustrated hope of my journey to Rügen. I did fondly hope that the life with our friend, and the delightful circle into which he meant to introduce me, would have done much to animate my drooping spirits. That you

form a prominent member of that circle, kind Charlotte, you know, and it has given me great pleasure to hear from yourself how right I was in reckoning upon you also. But, perhaps, it is as well that I should have been prevented from going at present. Undoubtedly, I should have found much affection, and have responded to it; but I should also have caused pain to all those who wish me well; and, though I am willing to believe that friends would fain suffer with me, I think that this is not in general the best way of commencing a more intimate connection.

Accept also my thanks for the circuitous route you have made to obtain the *Monologues* from me. Like every good work, this one bore its reward within itself. You have caused me once more, after a long interval, to look at myself in this mirror, and I am shocked to behold myself so enfeebled and altered by sorrow, in the short space of time during which I have been forced, in violation of the essential laws of my nature, to live without the presence of a single friend. I have taken courage to stop myself in the path of destruction; your voice also has had an invigorating effect upon me, and the joyful remembrance of my having called forth much that is beautiful in others, has made me feel anew the duty not to neglect that which I may still effect in the course of a life, that will probably not be of long duration. It is with a joyful feeling that I have glanced over the pages of the copy of the *Monologues*, which I send you herewith. It must have been my good genius that impelled me to depict myself, or rather my aspirations, the innermost law of my life, in this manner. How much do I not owe to this little book! how many an amiable heart it has drawn towards and attached to me! and, perhaps, I have facilitated for many an individual the task of looking into himself and others. You likewise authorise me to rejoice in this consciousness when I think of you; and a joy it is, though it may be no merit. For every human being only finds himself through himself; everything that comes from without is merely impulsion, and at the propitious moment any other might have served as well,

But we have a right to rejoice in that which we thus effect by the unpremeditated action of our being on the free development of others, and derive from it consolation for the fact that the most of what we designedly endeavour to effect by the exertion of our powers, proves a failure. Do you not feel this in regard to the education of your children?

Continue to keep me in loving remembrance, and let me from time to time hear a friendly word from your noble heart. The year that must go its round, before I can look towards Rügen, is a long and uncertain one; but should the delightful period really come about, we shall by that time have become more intimate friends.

Schleiermacher to Eleanore G——.

[CCIII.] 20*th August*, 1803.

Jette has returned from Dresden and will remain this year with her sister in Prenzlow. This has recalled vividly to my mind the remembrance of my stay at that place and the first delightful days of Willich's and my friendship. A lady friend of Willich's whom I had learnt to know through his letters, and who was looking forward with pleasure to seeing me this summer, wrote to ask me for the *Monologues*, which she desired to receive from myself. . . . To-morrow I reckon upon writing the last two or three pages of the *Critical Inquiry into the existing Systems of Ethics*, and then this debt also will be paid. This book is my gravestone, but no one knows it—a remnant of the happy past, but which bears no trace of what it belonged to. I have again taken a new obligation upon myself, viz., to continue alone the translation of Plato, Schlegel having left me in the lurch. Thus with every prospect of a speedy death before me, I begin a work which will at least require ten years of life. But it seems to me that this is right. Just as man ought to do nothing because of death, so also he ought to leave nothing undone, because of death. . . . .

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CCIV.] *Stolpe, 31st August*, 1803.

Allow me, dear Jette, to bid you welcome to Berlin, or rather to Charlottenburg, in a short note, and also to thank you for your long and interesting letter. I am delighted to see the confidence you feel in your own appreciation of art. You will and ought to visit Dresden repeatedly, in order to develop it more and more. I wish fate would allow me some time in my life to try how matters stand with me in this respect; for as yet I cannot venture to decide whether I really have any disposition for art, or whether what I feel in regard to it is but a part of my theory, like so many other things in me. Everything else that I have first acquired in this way, or that has come into my consciousness in this way, has subsequently attained greater vividness; but I doubt whether this would be the case with art. . . . .

[CCV.] *Stolpe, 27th September*, 1803.

. . . . Some of the miseries of my journey I must narrate to you. As I knew that I should not be able to work, and I did not know whether I should meet the amiable and excellent wife of the colonel in Marienfeld, I had taken nothing with me but a thick book for reading—that is to say, I intended to take it—but very wisely forgot to do so. In Rummelsburg, where I stopped for the night, I found a very polite major with his wife, who had given me a general invitation to their house; but I was too lazy to dress, and preferred remaining at the inn, where I read through the first three volumes of a very old and dirty copy of *Rinaldo Rinaldini*.* Now, I ought to have taken the three remaining volumes with me to Marienfeld in case of need, but I had not sense enough to do that; and as I found no one there but the bailiff, with whom it is impossible to talk, I spent two days and a half in exercising the art of traversing every square of

* A famous robber story.

the chess-board with the knight, and noting down upon paper the various manners of doing so. On my way back I was rejoicing at the thought of the three remaining volumes of *Rinaldo Rinaldini;* but meeting an acquaintance from Stolpe at the inn, I was obliged to go with him to the above-named major's. Now the half of *Rinaldo* is wanting in my head, and I am almost inconsolable. However, the last afternoon in Marienfeld a few thoughts really did come to me, and I wrote some distichs of an elegy. I also sketched the plan of four more elegies, which would certainly be very good and produce a great sensation if I could but write them as I have planned them. But, in my case, it is with poetry as with music. *Inwardly*, I can not only sing divine things that I have heard, but also compose such; but when I open my mouth, those who hear me, as you know, are tempted to run away. To make verses I may learn, but never to write poetry. . . .

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CCVI.] *Stolpe, 19th October*, 1803.

It is very long since I wrote to you, dear friend, though I know not how it has happened. I have, it is true, made a little business journey, since I received your last, and latterly I have been so miserable, and have had such dreadful headaches, that I was obliged to be quite idle during a whole week, and had a hard struggle not to take to my bed, which at other times I dislike so much. Heaven knows how I shall get through the winter in this abominable climate and in my damp house. At present all my strength, which is indeed not great, is spent upon Plato, a far more delightful work than the *Critical Inquiry*. But the preliminary studies require great efforts, and unfortunately all auxiliary means for bringing the matter into such a state as I desire fail me. This is also a serious trial. Not long ago I felt so well disposed, that I sat down to sketch the plan of a jocose dialogue on the dispute in the *Literary Gazette;* but immediately afterwards I was seized with such a paroxysm of grief, that mirth and earnestness were alike impossible.

The Mr. Müller whom you mention, wrote, a few years ago, a paper against Fichte's *Commercial State*, which gave me no favourable opinion of him, because it bore evidence of a tremendous amount of arrogance, which was based upon nothing; and such empty impertinence, in a young fellow, towards a man like Fichte is most disagreeable to me. Arguments need not quail before authority; but the authority ought to make one suspicious of one's arguments, at least in so far as to render it evident, from the tone in which they are delivered, that he who puts them forward is aware that a great deal may be said against them. How anybody can agree with me and Novalis, and yet disagree with Schlegel, I cannot either conceive! For what Novalis has in common with me, we both have in common with Schlegel. But we shall see what the young man will do further, and how he will work himself out of this.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CCVII.] *Stolpe, 21st November*, 1803.

Yes, dear Jette, your little note did arrive in time to greet me on this my birthday, and that in the early morning. This, together with a still shorter one from B——, was the first event of the day. My answer, however, is but the last evening salutation before the close of the day, because I was obliged to tear myself away from the feeling of my misery. The most unhappy year of my life has been brought to a close; but what can all those that follow be, but the continuation of this? only made more bearable by that beneficent puerility in human nature, which allows time to blunt and wear out every impression, and which would, with me more particularly, be the case, were I to follow your advice, to bear but not to struggle. Take back this advice, dear Jette. It is not your knowledge of me, but only your wishes for me, that have prompted it. For me there is no other way of bearing than by struggling; every other would be nothing more than moody despair. I cannot bear my present misfortune without

hope, and mere hope without action is the hope of a fool. I must struggle to be able to hope, and I must hope to be able to bear.

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CCVIII.] *Stolpe, 26th November*, 1803.

It has not been possible for me, dear friend, to thank you sooner for your explicit and affectionate letter; even now you must not expect an answer, for I am up to my ears in work, and must to-day send an instalment of Platonic manuscript to Reimer. Your letter gives me such a vivid impression of what my life will be among you and yours, that I would willingly overleap all the intervening time between this and then, were there only not so much work to be done in the interval. But for the present, at least, I will overlook this, and enjoy in prospect the cheerful and joyous days you depict. A very long stay you must not reckon upon, for I shall hardly be able to afford to travel post, and shall therefore be pretty long on the road; nevertheless, if we manage well, and make the best use of our time, it will be a great enjoyment. For you are right, dear friend; it is a very essential matter in friendship to have participated in each other's daily life: without this we can form no living and perfect image of a person. I trust I shall not fall ill while among you; for that would indeed be unfortunate, as my illness is generally serious; but nevertheless I shall require your care, as you will see that even in health there is that in me which wants nursing. If it be possible, I should like also to see you exercising the duties of your office, and in the pulpit.

About the *Critical Inquiry* I have as yet heard very little, only that it is generally said that I have treated Kant and Fichte very ill, and that some people fear it will cause great scandal. Do tell me your opinion on this point. I flattered myself that I had done all possible honour to Fichte; but, as I did not wish to propound my own system, I was of course obliged to point out all in which, according to my my opinion, he fails. But that some persons should find that

I have made him ridiculous, puzzles me, for I cannot conceive how such a result can have been attained without the slightest intention of producing it.

You express a wish that I may soon be able to *complete* the translation of Plato in peace; dear friend, there can be no question of this within five or six years at least, even should everything go well. Farewell. I hope soon to be able to write more and better.

Schleiermacher to Charlotte von Kathen.

[CCIX.] *Stolpe, 26th November*, 1803.

Our Willich writes me, dear friend, that you are suffering in health; this grieves me the more, as the present time of the year is most unfavourable for bodily ailments. I also have suffered much since the beginning of the autumn, and I believe that those who picture to themselves my solitary state, devoid of all the aids of friendship, cannot but feel pity for me. However, I can endure a great deal of physical pain, and have often wished that I could take it from suffering friends, and, happily, I was able to struggle through without being obliged to take to my bed, or to neglect my professional duties. When the evil is of a kind that will permit of mental exertion to keep it under, this exertion is in itself often a better remedy than any medicine. It seems to me no more than just that persons like myself should have to bear more than their proportionate share of physical suffering. For nothing that surrounds them suffers by it, and death, appearing in the background, may be a pleasant sight to them, and fill them with yearning towards itself. To a housewife and a mother, however, death cannot appear thus, and, therefore, she ought to be healthy. This reminds me of a painfully happy meeting which I enjoyed last spring. I was in the house of the sister of an intimate friend, whom I may also, in a certain sense, call a friend, but whom I had not seen nor had much direct inter-

course with for ten years. I had known her only as a girl, and saw her again as a mother. A few months previously she had lost a daughter; one lovely, healthy, and lively child still remained to her, and she expected another, yet she was full of longing for death. I cannot describe to you how melancholy that made me feel. Yet melancholy is not the right word, for there was something disagreeable in the impression which I received. Was I right to feel thus? Blessed are they who have children! They need crave for no other immortality than that which they enjoy.

No woman, dear Charlotte, has ever given such pure expression to my ideas of education as you have. You may imagine that this has rendered you still dearer to me. In truth, in as far as regards the inner life of children—and this is true of all children, do not therefore with maternal partiality think that it is so of yours alone—there is nothing to be done but to look on and to prevent them from being disturbed; and then again to allow them to witness the effects of love and the rule of reason in the life that surrounds them. Those who do not turn out well in this way cannot, I think, be educated into goodness, or driven out of badness in any other way. The better feelings which we derive from living in this manner with young minds, is surely fully worth the empty fancies that look upon everything good in man as the work of education—fancies which, according to the principle that underlies them, in fact destroy all higher consciousness.

My unhappy fate, with which you sympathize so heartily, weighs particularly heavy upon me during this season. This is a time in which the saddest memories force themselves upon me. My life here is not empty, though I am very solitary. I follow a vocation which I may say I love almost enthusiastically, I have occupations which give me the consciousness that it is not my fault if I am not useful, and many kind and noble hearts are attached to me. But the aim of my life has been displaced, and all these treasures torture me, because I feel of how little avail they are to me; and then when I think of her who has not one of these consolations,

and who has not only lost me, but who has destroyed herself as well, I feel as if I could die from grief. Farewell, dear friend.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CCX.] *Stolpe, 7th December*, 1803.

I have received by the post to-day the melancholy intelligence of the dangerous illness of the good Heindorff. It is a strange feeling that comes over us, dear Jette, when we contemplate the approaching death of one who has been in any degree dear to us. On reflection, however, I find that the feelings thus awakened bear no general character, but are different in the different cases. It is, therefore, not the death itself, nor the contemplation of our loss, which is the principal exciting cause of these feelings, but the relation in which the dying person at his death stands to the fulfilment of his destination. Thinking as I do, it is this that will ever affect me the most. Can you not conceive that this has confirmed me very much in the idea which has taken strong possession of me, that I shall die as soon as Plato is completed? For this is a debt which I have taken upon myself, and which I must first pay. Not that I am so sadly presumptuous as to think that I myself shall then be complete; on the contrary, it is the still sadder conviction that, in the condition in which I now am, I shall never attain greater perfection. If, therefore, all of you who love me will look at death from my point of view—and *my* death you should at least view thus—it ought not to make a very gloomy impression upon you, but ought to appear to you as something quite right and just. For there is nothing that calls for deeper pity than to see a human being existing in vain, and he who does not progress, but is petrified and forced to remain what he was, verily he exists in vain, not only as regards himself, but also as regards others.

[CCXI.] *Stolpe, 17th December*, 1803.

. . . Again, we disagree in our theory of life, or we do not understand each other. I, for my part, do not place great value on the *useful*. If we consider life to be nothing more than what man effects in and upon the great mass, then indeed it is not worth our while to live. In this sense, however, there would be little difference between your life and mine; they are both insignificant. But I understand human nature to be a necessary stage of spiritual life, and viewed from this side no human being is insignificant who has in him something peculiar, which represents human nature from a new side. Such individuals are we both, you as well as I. You will not surely be so modest as to maintain that you are only part of the mass, and not a substantive being, and I shall not stand upon ceremony as regards myself. But every life is a constant coming forth; there must be no stagnation; it must advance in uninterrupted development. Now to the fulfilment of this your essential destiny, no obstacle has been raised; you have the same means towards its attainment as you ever had, and perhaps some impediments have even been taken out of your path. I have played the desperate game of placing everything on one card, to win or to lose, and I have lost; what remains to me? You tell me that I may yet *be useful*, but that is nothing, nothing to me. If you can convince me that I may yet progress, then certainly I shall not wish to die. But even my being able to be useful, is very questionable. You cannot help seeing that people are on their guard against, or repel, everything that I do. This, as you know, does not make me swerve from my path, nor does it embitter my life; but under such circumstances I cannot possibly attach great weight to my usefulness.

Göthe's *Lieder Almanach* is as yet as unknown to me as his *Eugenia*. The songs of the Minnesingers you must not read with the idea that they are supposed to be better than our present poetry, but you must look upon them from a historical point of view, to the choice of which Tieck has furnished a

very good guide. I think that when you do this, and endeavour to realize the times, they will awaken a stronger feeling of interest in you, though they may not exactly amuse you.

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CCXII.] *Stolpe, 28th January*, 1804.

I hardly know, dear friend, if I ought to write to you during the present unsettled state of my affairs; yet were I to postpone until everything is settled, you might be too long without accounts of me. As your correspondence with Mrs. Herz does not seem to be very lively, I do not know whether you are aware of what is going on, viz., that I have most unexpectedly received through P—— the offer of an appointment as professor of practical theology at the University of Würzburg. Everything concurs to induce me to accept it. From Berlin, they write me that I have nothing to expect from that quarter, although there is no reason to doubt the good-will of the ministry towards me. But certain persons have succeeded in prejudicing the Privy Councillor Beyme very much against me; and without him, nothing can be done. As regards the appointment in Königsberg, everything is still doubtful; and the prospect of remaining here or of receiving in time a more lucrative living, but not a more favourable sphere of activity, is too bad. Würzburg, on the contrary, has many attractions in my eyes, and my isolation there will be more apparent than real, as from thence I shall have greater facilities for making little excursions.

They are anxious that I should enter upon the professorship as early as Easter; but this I have very strenuously resisted, and I hope that they will yield to my reasons. If so, I trust nothing will prevent my visit to Rügen, which I look forward to with an intensity of desire which you can hardly realize. You may conceive in what a state of mind I shall be until this matter is settled.

I have lately received, through a third person, a very

excellent opinion upon my *Critical Inquiry*, by Scheffer, of Königsberg, an intimate friend of the late Hippel, and a very clever man. As yet, he is only the second person that I feel sure has read the work with close attention, and the judgments of both are very gratifying to me. Scheffer is also an old friend of Kant; nevertheless, he says that although no one has everyet been so hard upon Kant, no one, on the other hand, has treated him with so much consideration. Fichte has distinctly declared that he will never read the book. This is quite in accordance with his system; for he always believes he knows in advance what others say, and does not think much of it. In a scientific garb, my own system will probably not appear so soon, but I may possibly be obliged to put it forward in the form of Christian ethics, already in the first half-year of my professorial career at Würzburg. It seems so strange to me that I am to deliver lectures; and sometimes I am surprised that I do not look upon it as quite impossible, as it is so entirely new to me, and I am, in reality, wanting in so many of the necessary qualifications. My knowledge of literature, more particularly, is not sufficiently extensive.

At Plato, I am at present working very industriously; yet I shall be obliged to stipulate for a couple of working hours daily in Stralsund as well as in Rügen—in asking for which, I further reckon upon the fact that I require much less sleep than other people. You seem to have formed a very inadequate conception of this undertaking, which is, in reality, an immense one; for it will comprise no less than nine or ten volumes. That which I had completed while working with Schlegel, was only my part of the first volume, constituting about the half of it; however, even this I have in a great measure recast; but I hope to complete the volume next month.

[CCXIII.] *Stolpe, 25th February*, 1804.

My best blessing upon you, dear friend, and your Henriette. You know how long I have wished for you this,

the best part of life; and I always thought that it would be a fresh, youthful character that would attract you towards itself for ever. Therefore I trust entirely in your confident belief that the one you have found is the right one for you; and although you have hitherto told me so little about Henriette, I do not for a moment entertain any fear that you may have been misled by something merely external and unessential—that you may have mistaken that which is merely evanescent for that which is eternal and most exalted. This is a great deal for me; for, in general, I am very anxious and suspicious, when I have not myself witnessed the growth of my friend's love. Therefore, as Charlotte has called me in to witness your sweet alliance, I confirm it, and rejoice most heartily that she has at once turned your loving thoughts towards me. You and I have understood love in the same way; therefore, your life in love must be such as I would ever willingly be a witness of; and what can be a greater consolation to me, dear friend, in the midst of the desolate uncertainty of my own fate, than to see those who are dearest to me enjoying a life of love and happiness? It would have been very gratifying to me had you sent me the letter of your Henriette, in which she gives you her yes; and being so near herself, you might have parted with it, in order to give me something direct from her, and to allow me to enjoy, with you, in thought, the delicious moment.

[CCXIV.] *Stolpe, 28th March*, 1804.

I will no longer retain the sweet pledges, dear friend, which you have entrusted to me. Most heartily do I rejoice in everything that you tell me about your Henriette, and in all that I have read from her hand. This first unconscious loving of a pure, fresh, womanly soul, is to me a most precious phenomenon, which I have not for a long time beheld. The few months that separate me from the living contemplation of this will soon pass, and I shall enjoy a sweet, though fleeting, happiness amongst you all. This time being so near at hand, I shall ask you no further

questions about Henriette, but refer myself to the approaching meeting. My trust in the choice of your heart is as firm as anything can be. The heartiness with which Henriette enters into your life, and into all your relations of friendship, is in my eyes very decisive, and with you I say, "the lovely bud will develop itself more lovely still." As soon as I learn when my successor will be here, I will let you know something more determinate about my departure.

Towards the close of last year I published a little pamphlet, the subject of which had long occupied my mind, but which I have never mentioned to you. It was, at first, my intention to maintain the strictest incognito in reference to it, but I find that it will not do, as several persons in Berlin have already guessed my authorship. It is entitled, *Two Impartial Judgments on Protestant Ecclesiastical Affairs.* I will remind Reimer to send you a copy when an opportunity occurs, that you may have everything that I have written.

Farewell, dear friend, my time is very limited, but I entreat you soon to give me further news of your happy life.

[ccxv.] *Stolpe, 25th April,* 1804.

To-morrow, dear friend, I start upon a business journey to West Prussia; I will, at the same time, pay a visit to Alexander Dohna, and shall be absent about a fortnight; I therefore write you a few lines, though in a great hurry.

I almost rejoice now at your having deferred your marriage so long; for it is delightful to sip deliberately, as you are now doing, the first draught of happiness! I listen with my whole heart to all that you tell me; and while I am thus sharing your felicity, the sweet and holy joy which I feel is not even disturbed by the thought that for me there is no other happiness but that of my friends. Verily, he who has such friends, and can participate in such happiness, is not poor. Greet Henriette most heartily in my name; I only hope she will continue to like me as well when she sees me. I cannot tell you how I rejoice at the thought of my visit to Rügen! Amid all the strange perturbations in me and around me, it

is the only stable point towards which I have for some time been looking, and always with equal pleasure. It is the only speck of life that I see before me, like a little island in the midst of the waste of waters, and I gaze at it with the same calm and quiet melancholy as I would gaze at the island upon the waters.

In your position the first half of my little pamphlet can hardly interest you; about the latter half I hope to hear more from you. But of what use is it to write? nothing is accomplished by it, and it seems to me very pitiable that I cannot desist from it.

. . . . I am now involved in new complications, out of which I do not, as yet, see my way. Instead of granting me my discharge at once, as he might have done, the minister has reported my case to the king, and the king has, in an order to the ministry, expressed a wish that I should decline the offered appointment, and has promised an addition to my salary for the present, and a future appointment in Berlin. I have, however, been obliged to answer that I had given my word, from which I could not be absolved, unless the government decidedly refused to grant me my discharge. What will be resolved in consequence I cannot say, but before my answer had been received, a proposal was already made to give me an appointment in Halle similar to that which has been offered in Würzburg. In reply to this, I have already declared that I could not entertain it, except on condition that the difference between the two confessions be obviated, as my hands, as a member of the Reformed Church, would otherwise be too much bound. The final result of these declarations and counter-declarations, I suppose I shall not learn until after my return. As soon as I am back again, I will write to you, and hope then to be able to fix the date of my arrival among you.

Schleiermacher to Henrietta Herz.

[CCXVI.] *April*, 1804.

The government have now distinctly refused to grant my discharge, and the idea of sending me to Halle as professor and preacher to the university seems to be entertained in full earnest; but whether they will be able to carry it out is another question. Alexander did not believe it possible that they would decidedly refuse to grant my discharge, and thought that I should be obliged to go to Würzburg. The whole turn of the affair is very gratifying to me, more especially because it proves to me so unexpectedly how much I am appreciated, and because it also is a pleasant proof that something may at times be done for a man entirely without what is called connection. Further, it is of some importance to me to remain in my fatherland, amid an ancient and well-established order of things, under the same circumstances and laws as the greatest number of those whom I love, and, moreover, under laws to which I have already assimilated myself, which, upon the whole, I love and honour, and of which I know that they can, and will, lead to good results. I think that when you reflect upon the matter you cannot either help feeling pleased at this, that is to say, if you can place yourself in the position of a man who is in a certain measure an active member of the civil community.

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich.

[CCXVII.] *Stolpe, 21st May*, 1804.

My fate has been decided in this way, that they have formally refused to grant me my discharge, for the purpose of going to Würzburg; and, on the other hand, have appointed me as preacher to the university, and extraordinary professor of theology in Halle. When I am to proceed thither I know not as yet, but the people in Berlin say at Michaelmas. This appointment, in some measure, carries out the idea expressed

in the first division of my pamphlet; perhaps, indeed, the pamphlet has given rise to the appointment, as I know that Privy Councillor Beyme, at least, who is mostly concerned in the latter, has read it. This renders the appointment highly gratifying to me; otherwise, I must look forward to many drawbacks in Halle also, though of a different nature to what I had to expect in Würzburg, so that the distant prospect of an ultimate appointment in Berlin still remains the most attractive.

[CCXVIII.] *No date.*

Verily, my dear friend, the time we have spent together was one of those delightful periods of which the life of man affords but few, and so entirely did it fulfil all that we could wish under the given circumstances, that every thought of the possibility that many things might have been better still, is discarded as false as soon as it arises. It was quite right that the special was often absorbed in the general, and, more particularly as regards yourself, nothing was wanting in this respect. I have seen you in your love and in your professional vocation, and these were the two conceptions of you which I wished to form. United as we now are, actual personal presence will no longer be necessary for whatever other particular matters we may have to communicate, and we will gradually make up for what we have neglected, until at length a less excited time shall come when we may spend some quiet days together in Stralsund. But how, O rare friend! come you now to the thought of excusing yourself for the extravagance of your happiness, as if we had upbraided you with it? Nay, we rejoiced to see how the higher life that has dawned upon you, spread itself over your whole being and spoke in every act; in like manner as we delighted in witnessing every expression of your love and every direct effect it produced upon yourself; and I more especially rejoiced in the latter, because it is only blithe, light-hearted, unclouded happiness that can produce such effects. I think that you will find it but natural that I should have the feeling, that

even should Eleanore become mine, there will never be any of this joyous overflowing in the happiness of my love. For not in the strength of youthful effervescence will our cup be quaffed. Our happiness will be like the wine which the Rhinelanders flavour with spicy and bitter herbs, and which is strong and beneficent, but free from all effervescence. Nevertheless, believe me, Ehrenfried, I can feel the purest and most unalloyed joy at that which I cannot possess myself. I say this because it often struck me that you might both possibly interpret the emotion which your happiness caused me, and which you so often witnessed, as not springing from pure joy, but from a remembrance of my own unhappy fate. But your happiness was never to me a disturbing reminder, but, on the contrary, a strengthening solace. The conviction that you two will realize such a life as I dreamt of, and that I should be cognizant of it and bear my share in it, this was what each of my glances, each pressure of my hand, each embrace, was meant to express with a blessing upon you.

I have been terribly busy since my return; and although I am far more industrious than I ever was before, I cannot see my way through all my work, more especially when I think of the possibility of such interruptions as have occurred during the last fortnight. But even in my work, I feel the new energies inspired by the happy time that lies behind me, and I have just concluded a very difficult piece of work, the introduction to *Parmenides*, with the greatest ease and confidence. You are right in thinking that in science I am following a path of my own, which leads me ever farther and deeper; and that there is a certain distance between us, I also believe; but this does not imply that I am in advance, and that you ought to follow. But I think, as you do, that your intellectual life ought to assume greater activity; and this it will do almost as a matter of course now that, as far as the principal object is concerned, you have got beyond the vague and uneasy aspirations of youth, and that through love you have gained a clearer consciousness of your mental powers. However, the adoption of some one particular branch of science seems to

me by no means to be an arbitrary act, but to presuppose a decided tendency of the mind in one direction or another, which forces the man into the path he is to follow. I have not perceived any such tendency in you, and I think, therefore, that you will satisfy your intellectual cravings in some other way. I see you already, in thought, as a happy father of a family, such as Wedike, who instructs his own children, and who, teaching and reflecting, enters into all the sciences, but only so far as to be able to impart a true and vivid conception of them to his pupils; a father who, having zealously studied human nature, as exemplified in the life of all nations at all periods, has placed himself in relation with the whole universe, and is hereby enabled to aid in educating his children to be citizens of the world in the noblest sense of the word. Believe me, dear friend, such free, pleasurable, and most sweetly practical mode of cultivating knowledge has peculiar and most enviable charms, and may be more intimately blended with our daily life than any separate and particular study.

But I must conclude, dear friend, in order to be able to send some enclosures.

Henriette von Mühlenfels to Schleiermacher.

[CCXIX.] *Sunday, 8th July*, 1804.

I may then write to you myself, may tell you from time to time how dear you are to me, how I revere you, how the remembrance of you ever follows me; and it is your wish that I should do so: how consolatory and how gladdening to my heart is this assurance! Yes, it was a delight to see you here—it is a glorious thought that my joy at the event will never cease. If you but knew, my dear friend, how it has affected me, and how it has elevated my nature. I feel deeply how much I have to thank you for, and my debt will ever go on increasing. I will faithfully treasure up all that I have beheld in you, and I shall learn to understand you better and better, and shall be conscious of this with holy joy, the more I grow akin to you in soul.

What two glorious epochs in my life! first love, and then yours and Jette's friendship, and how much have I not yet before me—how much that is good and great! But I will also be very grateful; I will become truly gentle and good. I give you my promise, my fatherly friend. You will, I am sure, ever judge me with the same indulgence as at present, and how easy will not everything become to me, living a life of love with my Ehrenfried. May I but make him truly happy! My fatherly friend, do you also sometimes think of your little daughter? Oh, yes, certainly, I felt that you would, when you were parting from us, and therefore I experienced no grief. Now, I am once more with my beloved Lotte, and have already habituated myself again to our quiet, monotonous life. What a gratification it is to us both to be able to speak about you to our hearts' content! I have also many little outward tokens which remind me of you —a nosegay which you presented to me at Stubbenkammer, a sugar-plum, which was the last thing you gave me, and which I will keep until I receive another from you.

Dear friend, am I not inexpressibly rich? What glorious people has not my Ehrenfried brought me into connection with—people that I can love with my whole soul, and who adopt me with friendliness and respond heartily to my feelings, and these treasures I know will not diminish, but rather increase. With what joy I shall receive a few lines from you. It is so good of you to think of writing to me, for the only pleasure that this can afford you must be that of giving me pleasure. But I will write to you as often as you will like to read my letters—it is such a delight to me.—Farewell; may God hear my wishes for you!

Your HENRIETTE.

Schleiermacher to Henriette von Mühlenfels.

[CCXX.] *No date.*

Had you been sorrowful when we parted, dear Henriette, I should not have been pleased; nor have you any

reason to boast of your merit in not having been so; for not even I was sorrowful, although I was parting from so much happiness, and returning to a life so solitary and desolate. It always appears to me to be a kind of ingratitude when we desecrate the joy we feel at what is stable and eternal, by pitiably repining at the fact that that which is perishable perishes according to its nature; and such repining is only seemly in those who can do no more than luxuriate in present enjoyment, and who know not how to value the possession of which it is but a prefiguration. But we will rejoice again and again at having spent that happy time together, which will ever remain one of the brightest spots in my existence. Could I but describe to you, dear daughter, how incredulous I am, how very incredulous, as to that one point of the highest happiness, and how I always tremble, even in the case of such persons as ourselves, lest some mistake should have taken place! But with what untroubled glances I followed you two! With what a light heart I could claim from you all that I demand of the most happy, and how gratifying it was to me that Mrs. Herz, who, in general, fully participates in my incredulity, in your case participated as fully in my joy and in my confidence!

Yes, you are rich indeed, my dear daughter, and I confess to you, with fatherly pride and joy, that never before have I beheld so rich a marriage, and never did I witness so perfect an application of the old rule, that riches beget riches; but never fear, dear Henriette, you shall not be left to enjoy them alone, for as we all form part of your possessions, so will we also all draw upon them. One thing only I do not understand, and that is, why you lay so much stress upon making Ehrenfried truly happy. Is that happiness then something foreign and separate, that you must lay yourself out to bring it about? I think that if love, the chain of life, be only what it ought to be, then we have but simply to live and act, and the *pattern* of our happiness will form itself spontaneously, and I have never heard a particular wish expressed on the subject. If you will follow my advice, do not give this a thought, lest

you should become artificial. But I dare say I am wasting my words, and that you feel just as I do. . . . .

*Schleiermacher to Charlotte von P——.**

[CCXXI.] *Stolpe, 28th July*, 1804.

Your beginning is very little consolatory, my dear friend. Have I, then, really nothing better to hope for, than to be told this once that I am a little dear to you? But of what use is it, in fact, to me to be aware that you know me, when you will have nothing more to do with me? I find it difficult to understand this in you, who are so fond of writing letters. I had laid quite a different plan, and I venture to hope that you will discard your comfortless one and adopt mine. It never entered my mind that all the delightful intercourse that I had enjoyed, and all the good-will that I had gained, in Rügen, was to be entirely terminated and relinquished after those few short, though most pleasant, weeks; but I hoped that on all points I should find that I had formed lasting and continuous relations. Can you not allow this to be so? is there anything particular that prevents you?

Even before I saw you, I had something on my mind against you; but I could never find an opportunity for a verbal explanation. Permit me now to broach the subject. First of all, I must begin with the confession that I commenced in Stralsund to read your letters to Willich. He must bear the responsibility, but I cannot conceal the truth from you. In those letters you say that if I be such as I represent myself in the *Monologues*, I must be an extraordinarily perfect man. Now, I believe, that if you know me, you will have faith in my truthfulness; and, in truth, I cannot bear that you should believe me to be an extraordinarily perfect man, simply because I am not perfect; and I must, therefore, formally protest against the correctness of your conclusions. In the *Monologues* I have put forward my ideas, which do not, indeed, mean dead thoughts that have been worked out in the brain, and

* A friend of Charlotte von Kathen and E. von Willich.

which calculation tells you must come pretty near to the truth, but ideas which really live in me, and in which I live. However, these ideas were not bestowed on me at my birth as a fairy gift, but, like all that is best in man, they dawned upon me gradually after many errors and many mistakes; and in my life, therefore, they are exhibited in progression only, and in constant conflict with the influences and remnants of what preceded them. If, notwithstanding this, no traces of a conflict with myself are apparent in the *Monologues*, it is because in these I have resigned myself to the fact that man only forms himself progressively, and I had not, therefore, any interest in describing the exact point at which I then stood. Of perfection, therefore, there can be no question, yet it was, no doubt, because of this apparent absence of conflict that you attributed it to me. The ideas themselves give me no kind of superiority over my friends, who have all recognized them as their own, and have not merely adopted them because they were mine, as, indeed, ideas cannot be adopted. Therefore, dear Lotte, abjure your errors (among which I reckon your veneration), but remain attached to the imperfect man. You will perceive that this is a point on which I cannot feel quite easy, and I lay it upon your conscience to restore to me my tranquillity.

Schleiermacher to Charlotte von Kathen.

[CCXXII.] *Stolpe, 4th August*, 1804.

I know well, beloved friend, that I live in your heart, and, therefore, a wish in reference to this could as little arise in me as a doubt. But to be mixed up largely with your daily thoughts also, and with your outward life, as I should be were I present, that I wish because, more than any one else, perhaps, I know, from my own experience, what disproportion there may be between this living of dear and kindred souls in our hearts, and their living in our thoughts. Therefore, also, I rejoice in my tree in your wood,* and in every

* A tree, in the little wood belonging to her estate, had in playfulness been made over to Schleiermacher.

new outward remembrance of me. However, therein, also, women are more fortunate than we; their occupations demand a part of their thoughts only, and the yearnings of the heart, the sweet inner life of phantasy, always occupies the greater proportion. On the contrary, when I sit down to my work, I am obliged to take leave of my dear ones, like the father of a family whose business calls him away from home; and if, during my occupation, a conscious thought of them flashes through my soul, I can only, as it were, give it a friendly nod in passing, just as the father nods to his children who are playing around him, though he cannot at the moment occupy himself with them. Indeed, from whatever side I look at it, the nature of woman seems to me nobler than that of man, and their life more happy. Therefore, if I ever find myself sportively indulging in an impossible wish, it is, that I were a woman.

You have allowed me to share in the enjoyment of a delightful day of your life, dear friend. In how significant a manner have you not been initiated anew into active life; strengthened as you have been by the feeling of the power and happiness of friendship. What a happy thing is it not for the poor disinherited children of this world, like myself, that even wives and mothers, who might well rest content with their great vocation, the joys of which might also suffice to brace them for their duties, are yet willing to acknowledge the blessings of friendship! Whither should we otherwise go with our love? and how could we otherwise have any direct share in the greatest and noblest business of man? I have now seen your children also; my eye has dwelt upon them with deep tenderness; and on the day that you devoted yourself anew to your usual activity, you so kindly remembered me. Now, do me further the favour to speak to me very often about the little ones, and allow me to be a constant witness of their progress, and a participator in your maternal cares and your maternal joys.

You wish to know a great deal about Eleanore. This gives me true pleasure, and I have often regretted that I did

not take any of her letters with me to Rügen. You may conceive that it is a sweet occupation for me to make you acquainted with the best beloved of all my belongings. You dear, good souls, on the beautiful island, how you have expanded and filled my heart! What a beautiful whole does not that circle form to which I also now belong! But little is wanting, and it would comprise every noble and lovely feature which we cherish in humanity. I know that I form a part of it that no one else could form; and it gives me new strength to feel that what I do, I no longer do alone, but in all your names. And how sweetly do we not all cleave with the same pious feeling to the loving and informing Christ! Never since I left the Herrnhut congregation have I so rejoiced in my Christian feelings and in my Christian faith, nor have I beheld its living power so spread around me.

Henriette von Mühlenfels to Schleiermacher.

[CCXXIII.] *Götemitz, 3rd September*, 1804.

Once more, before I enter upon my new life, I feel an irresistible longing to say a few words to you, my father! It is so long since you heard from me—all your own ones in Rügen, except myself, have written to you, yet I feel certain that you knew all the while how often and how affectionately I was thinking of you, and that only outward interruptions prevented me from communicating with you; indeed, how could I have forgotten you? and at this time, at this most solemn period of my life, you are nearer to me than ever. When I partook of the holy communion yesterday, I felt the lovingkindness of God; I felt that I might enter into the communion of saints. You stood vividly before me, as did also all the other noble souls of our circle; my whole life, transfigured in the tender light of love, appeared to me like a quiet, peaceful, sunny day, tempered by a balmy breeze from heaven. All this penetrated me with deep emotion—the thought of my Ehrenfried, who was at the same time performing the holy act, the impending separation from my

dear Lotte, the approaching festive days—oh, I am so rich, that my heart is hardly wide enough to hold it all, to feel it all! To-morrow I shall see my Ehrenfried; and the day after to-morrow is the day on which I shall place my whole life in his keeping, and with what complete trust and tranquillity!

Schleiermacher to E. von Willich and H. von Mühlenfels.

[CCXXIV.] *5th September*, 1804.

You have invited me, dear friends, and here I am—come to live and to love amid you all. Is not the spirit of man there where it is active? If so, then certainly I am among you, and our friend in Berlin has also left her solitary cell and joined you. I do not know who will pronounce the blessing on your union; perhaps, quite a stranger. But if he does not speak according to your hearts, then listen not to him, but to me. You know where to find the essential ideas of my wedding sermon in the *Monologues*. You know also the sweetest mystery of Christ and the Church, how this is built up through his love, how it glorifies and exalts Him; and how, through it, the whole world is born anew and sanctified. You know the beautiful prayer of Christ, that the Church might be with Him, and in Him; and, therefore, you must know what I would say to you.

Dear daughter, I hold to-day the place of your father, and give you to the man who is my friend and brother. You know the eyes overflowing with tears of tenderness that have often been fixed on your dear countenance. At present, they are moist with tears of fatherly delight and solemn emotion, and pronounce a blessing upon your every joy and every sorrow, which will, however, be alike to you, and consecrate you to the performance of that which men call duties, but which will flow from your noble heart like spontaneous acts of love, and to the great vocation which you are entering upon, which is the holiest that man can attain.

And you, my beloved brother, when receiving the sweet maiden from the hands of our dear Charlotte, receive her also

from mine. She has given herself to me as my child, and I trust that my love for her is a bridal gift which you will not reject. You will be all in all to her—father, brother, son, friend, lover; and yet each one of us may in our special way be something to you both. The young roots of your wedlock are planted in a noble soil, and, surrounded by excellent friends, looking ever forward to a more perfect life, the plant will thrive gloriously under the manifold blessings poured upon it. I will rest in its shade, and enjoy its fragrance, and taste of its sweet fruits, when I find that I am unable to bring to maturity my own sickly plant. But should mine also thrive, then we will form together a common hospitable shelter, under which all our lonely friends shall find peace and activity, and to which all those who love the good and the beautiful shall make pilgrimages. Our union, dear friend, likewise receives to-day its highest crown. You and she are to-day placed beyond every danger that I might fear for your happiness; and through your love, as through your marriage, I now call you with full confidence mine. On the day of its birth I cradle your marriage in fatherly arms, and gaze at it with fatherly eyes. Let me hereafter often behold it in coaxing childhood, in joyous mirthfulness, and in solemn earnestness! Let all your friends join with me in wishing for your union, early wisdom, and eternal youth! Life, secluded from the world, but rich and vigorous in the feeling of immortality! I feel myself strong in you, and in your happiness, and I embrace you with all the love of which my heart is capable.

Henrietta von Mühlenfels to Schleiermacher.

[ccxxv.] *Thursday, 7th September*, 1804.

With deeply moved heart I come to you to-day, my father. Your blessing, your love, is a precious bridal gift which we will carry with us through life, and God's peace will dwell with us, and his glory will ever be revealed to us more clearly. Our life shall be carried on in the name of

Christ, and He will be with us. The confidence with which you regard us is indescribably gratifying to me, and I fear not. I know that I shall keep my eyes steadfastly fixed on the great goal of humanity, which is also mine, and which dwells in infinitude. In the sweet vocation that has been allotted to me in the world of love in which I live, all the powers that dwell in me will freely develop themselves, but otherwise I am poor and weak. Trust ever in my good-will, but not too much in my inward strength.

How entirely present you were with us the day before yesterday! At the very moment that the blessing was pronounced upon us, and we fell into each other's arms, full of joy and emotion, we whispered to each other, "Schleiermacher and Jette;" and then our brother presented to us your letter, and we felt deeply how much you love us, and how entirely we belong to you.

END OF VOLUME II.

Printed by Smith, Elder and Co., Little Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, E.C.


00140799

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018